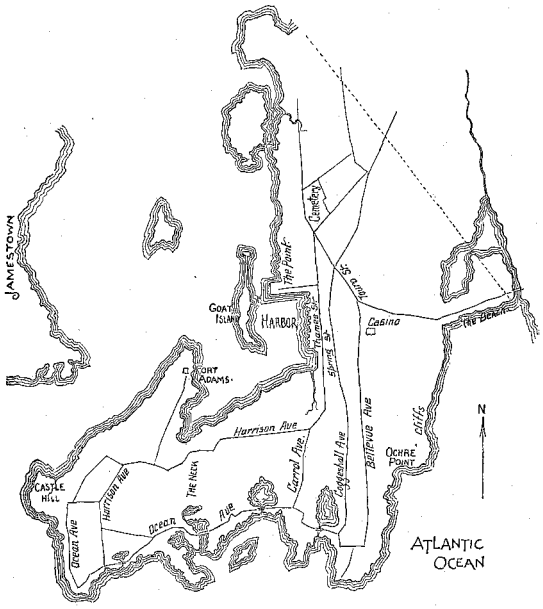
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI AUGUST 1894 No. 2

NEWPORT

By W. C. Brownell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN



I

A BENEFICENT fairy of æsthetic predilections could not have arranged a composition containing more efficient contrast and balance than Newport presents in its combination of old and new, of the quaint and the elegant, picturesqueness and culture. Nowhere else does fashion rest with such feathery lightness on such a solid pedestal. The mundane extravagance gains immensely by being related, seemingly at least and as to ocular setting, to a background of natural beauty and grave decorum. The background gains a little, too. The people that inhabit it, addicted as they are to observant criticism of "summer visitors," nevertheless receive an electric fillip from their contact with what is gay and joyous and no doubt fleeting. In spite of their most conscientious efforts they are affected in a way that broadens their horizon in proportion as it sharpens their critical faculties. They "size up" the brilliant butterflies that but hover about the lovely town a few brief months in the year, and in rather remorseless fashion; but they are justifiably if secretly proud of their opportunities for doing so. What other city with any pretensions to be a watering-place has any such chance? The whole town is in consequence visibly braced up. The clerks in the shops along Thames Street betray the influence in their deportment. A higher standard of manners than would otherwise obtain is universally apparent. School-children, even, treat each other with noticeably more decorousness than elsewhere. The comedy of society is repeated, in fact, in infinite and often humorous trituration. But the result is pleasant. The hack-drivers are, socially considered, *poseurs*. They crack jokes with their fares if they divine responsiveness, but their self-respect is still more obvious than their companionability; the "old Newporter"

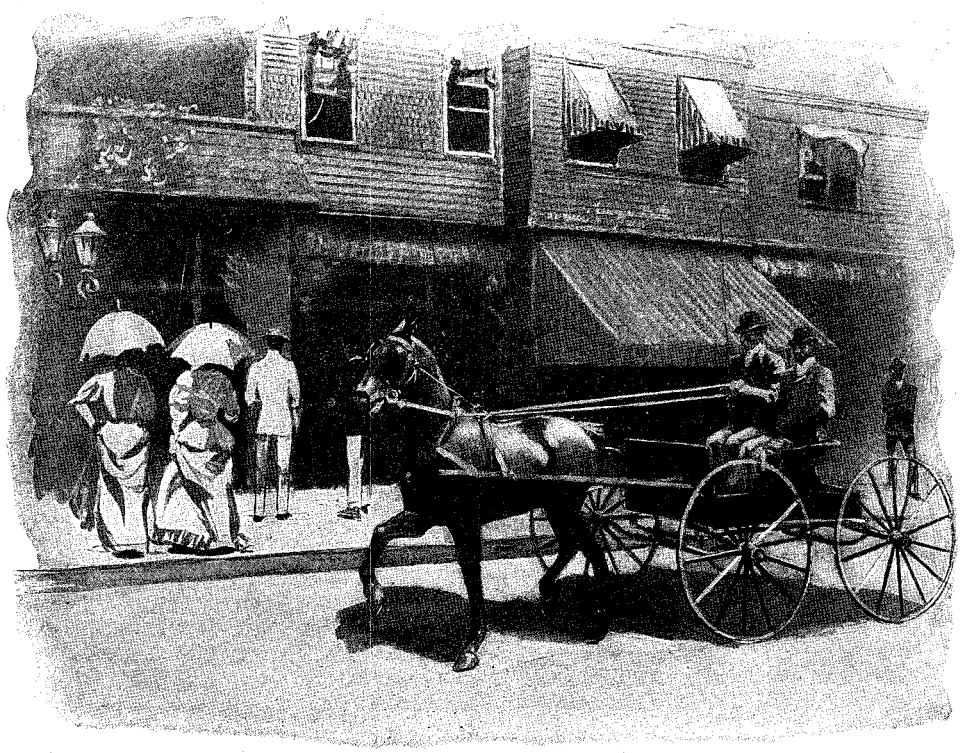
Copyright, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is not above showing the place to a party of negro visitors whom he drives down the Avenue with conspicuous good-humor, but it is his good-humor that is the most striking element of the spectacle. Even in such extreme instances one perceives the effect of the social ideal due to the "summer visitor."

On the other hand, an impartial chronicle must admit that the moral effect of a foreign body of wealth, leisure, and measurable frivolity in an environment of thrifty commonplace, such as indigenous Newport for the most part is, has its weak side. Brought up in more or less close contact with and at any rate constant sight of the attractive activities of so much irresponsible wealth, the strictly Newport people—who once constituted a very honorable and peculiarly self-respecting community—have suffered a sensible demoralization. Not "hatred" nor "uncharitableness" has been the result of this contact with superior forces, but certainly "envy" has had a subtle influence, with the result that "Newport" has come to mean less to them and to others. The town is still—and may be in the future still more—an interesting place to speculate about as a New England town of excellent traditions and unequalled attractions, but unquestionably it has lost something of its once very positive character through contact with ideals and examples by no means its own. Among the shop-keepers—especially among those whom recent changes in "business methods" have rather relegated to the business background—and among the householders on the streets leading from Thames Street to what used to be called "the Hill," I am sure one would find an echo of such a judgment.

At first sight and to those who take but a perfunctory view of Newport this may seem of slight importance. But to my own mind that which makes Newport what it is, is the balance hitherto maintained between a self-respecting, organic, and permanent community and



In Front of the Casino.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

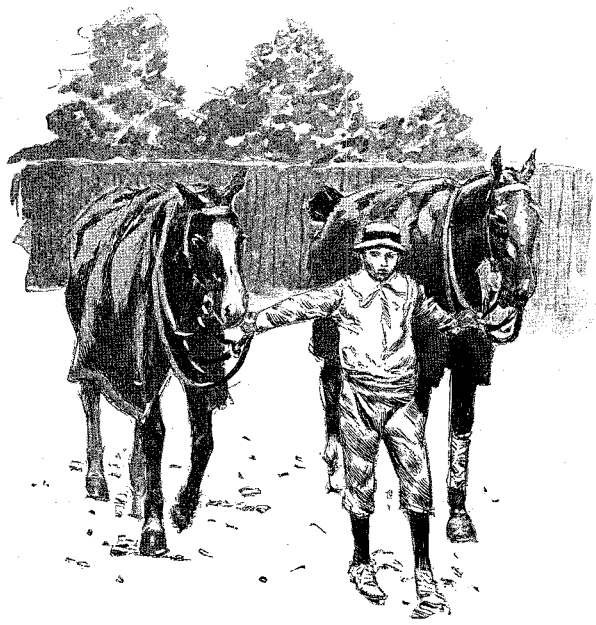
The Casino Quadrangle—Morning.

the artificial, decorative, and more or less transitory element that makes it our chief watering-place. If the latter of these forces withdraws into exclusiveness, which to anyone who knows its composition may easily seem ridiculous, but which may nevertheless occur; or if the former declines into vulgarity and the loss of self-respect involved in the bravado of self-assertion, to which constant envy of what is quite beyond one's reach indubitably may lead, Newport as we know it now and have known it for years will certainly suffer a sea change. In other words, the future of Newport is, one must admit, considerably complicated by the peril of snobbishness, and snobbishness of both varieties exemplified by the Anglo-Saxon race. The English snob, according to an acute observer, meanly admires what is above him, the American meanly despises what is beneath him. Newport undoubtedly has its full share of both species, but it has also, I think, the unusual advantage of sincerely attaching both to it, with the consequent prospect of circumventing each of them.

The place is supposed to owe its growth and eminence to the summer residents. It really owes these to four persons—all of them indigenous. They would nowadays be called "the Big Four." Without their foresight and realization of its potentialities, the city would still be what it was before the war, when its summer life was almost altogether a desultory and caravansary affair. It owes them, indeed, more or less indirectly, the summer residents themselves. Without their labor of preparation and seduction, opening streets and drives, modelling estates out of barren tracts, artistically cutting up the landscape into attractive lots, stimulating civic improvements, mak-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing known and visually exhibiting the immense attractiveness of the place to everyone who had taste and money, Newport would have been to-day far different in almost every trait that now makes it "Newport." They found their account in the process, of course. They were or became capitalists in the course of advancing the interests and widening the prospects of the town. And, naturally, they are now forgotten. I need mention but one of them; but anyone who knows Newport well, or at least anyone who has known it as I have for upwards of thirty years, will appreciate what I mean to intimate in querying what the city would now be had it not been for the intelligence and enlightened enthusiasm of the late Alfred Smith, a man of ideas and imagination which, applied to anything more tangible and determinate than the gradual evolution of the first watering-place in this country, would have given him a national reputation. One needs but a passing reflection upon the imagination and ideas of our American "smart set" to assure him whether or no it is likely that unassisted it would have hit upon the real Eden of America wherein to erect its "barbarian castles" and display its varied and leisurely activities.

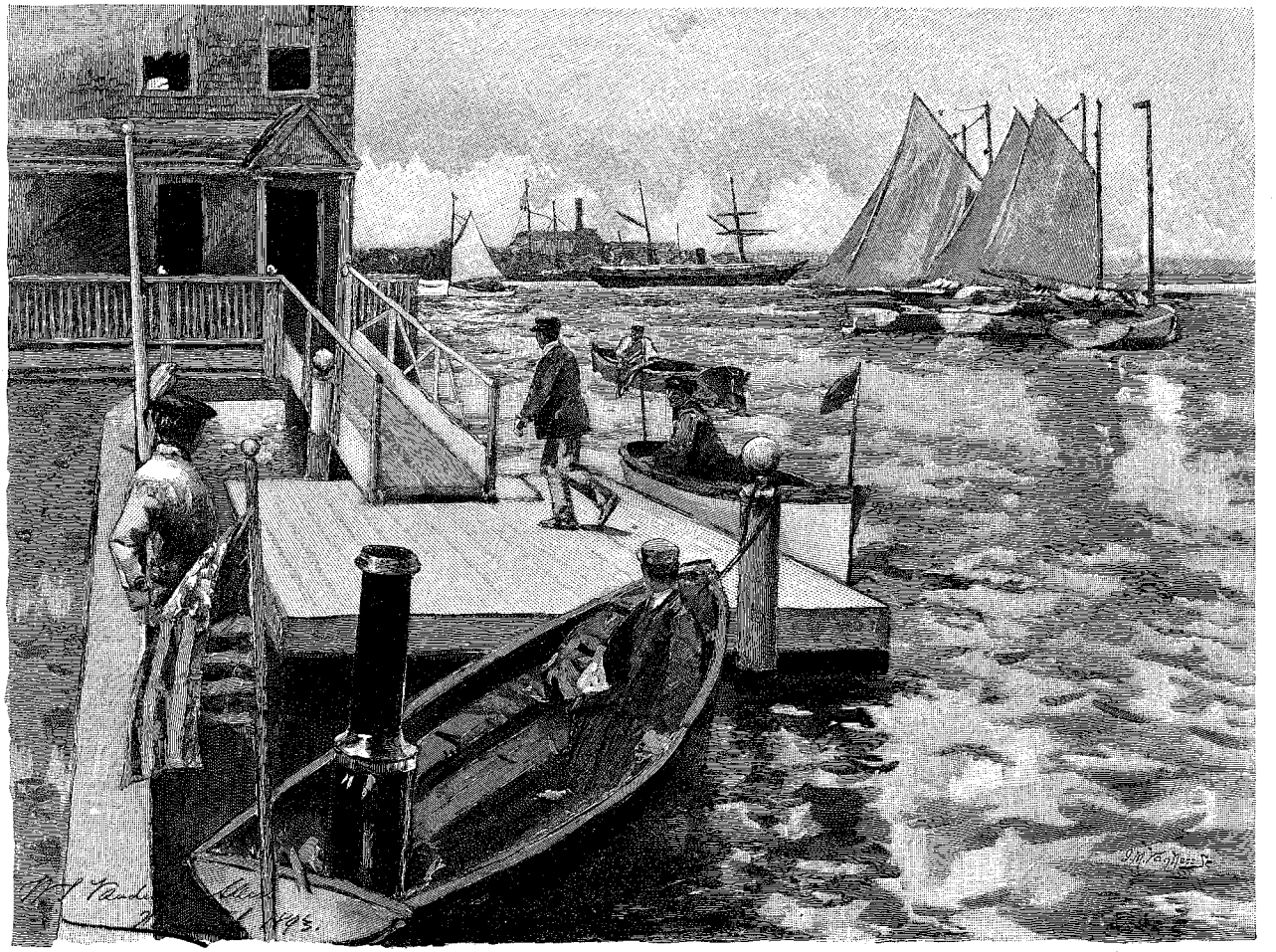


Exercising the Thoroughbreds.

The summer residents do not all belong to the "smart set," it is needless to say. Indeed, I doubt if any watering-place in the world of anything like equal eminence has a summer population characterized by so much elegance and refinement. There was long ago a large nucleus of elegance and refinement in Newport, and it has since grown proportionately with the increase of those whom envy and emulation have gathered around it; but certainly for these latter the way was made easy and its advantages indicated by the enterprise, energy, and enthusiasm of the men I have alluded to. Somewhat mixed the summer population now undoubtedly is. It has grown so large as to have grades and classes of its own. And to judge from the newspapers, which scrupulously record its doings, it has possession of the town from June to October. It has certainly worked a great change in the summer life of the place.

This was always artificial and exotic, and always delightfully so. But the rise and immensely increased number of great fortunes have worked changes in Newport as they have everywhere else. Less here, however, than elsewhere, I am inclined to think, and certainly less here than is generally supposed. It is a commonplace that the hotels have been supplanted by the cottages. The Ocean House survives somewhat as a landmark and a reminiscence, but in obvious isolation. You can no longer sit on its broad piazza and watch with interest the serried defile of equipages — almost all of them readily to be identified. The Atlantic, the Fillmore, and the Bellevue are only memories, though to anyone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



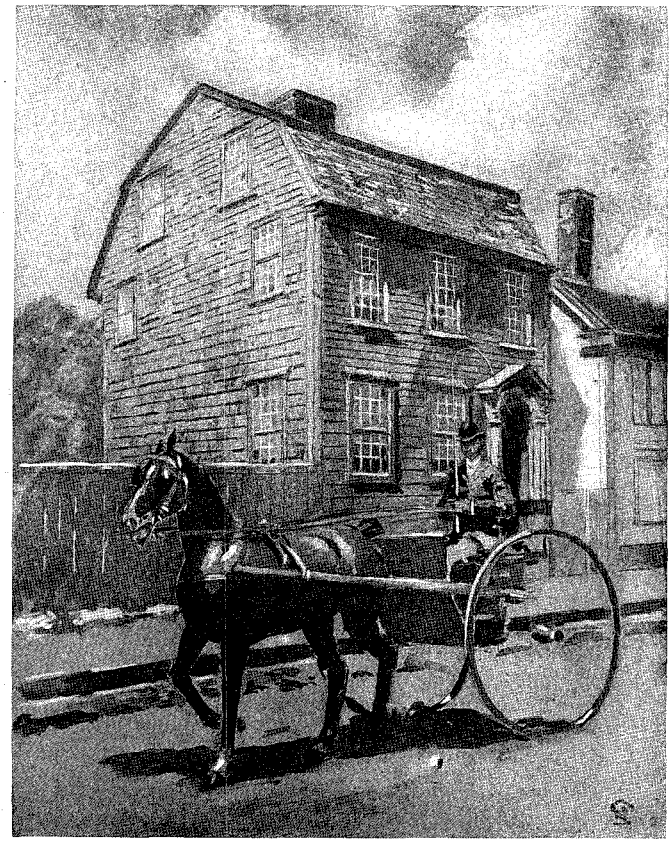
DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

Yacht Club and Landing-Stage.

ENGRAVED BY VAN NESS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who knew them even in their decadence and when they no longer harbored Southern folk and Southern manners I have even met—people who preferred a Jamestown barrack to a Newport cottage at the same price, maintaining that



An Old Revolutionary House.

with all the gayety and light-hearted *camaraderie*, characteristically Southern, they are charming memories still. Can it be that the hotel life of Narragansett Pier, for example, is a fair reproduction of its old-time Newport analogue? But this is a question of only speculative interest. As a matter of fact, hotel life has disappeared in Newport. What is curious, however, I think, is that so few people are alive to the fact that cottage life is just as feasible for persons of modest means. People go to Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, every summer and live in the hotels that have magically sprung up there at prices which would more than enable them to live in Newport cottages. Tastes differ proverbially, and I can fancy—for the life was freer in Jamestown. I dare say it is; it is freer still at Asbury Park, N. J. Costume and manners may both be legitimately more *négligés* than would be quite seemly in a denser population and amid surroundings that suggest more decorum. But there are persons to whom a certain degree of decorum is in itself pleasant to witness and practice, and to these life in Newport during the season may be as simple as it is in a village. To such persons the only obstacle to enjoyment is the constant presence of an elaborate and expensive life which they cannot share. This has capacities for making the envious and the feeble-minded, people who have no pride of tradition or shrewdness of philosophy or instinctive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

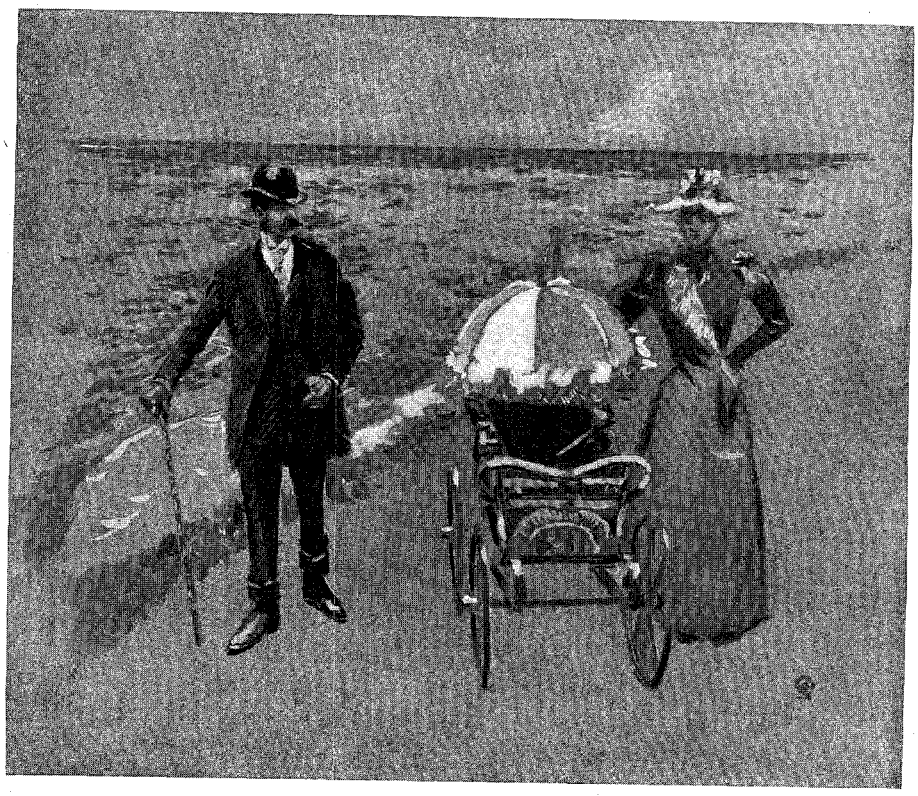
DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

Bellevue Avenue—Afternoon.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fastidiousness, extremely unhappy, no doubt. For others with small means the advantages of Newport are unequalled. The markets seem high-priced, especially to a New Yorker, but they are much more than counterbalanced by the low rents; and the conveniences obtainable at low rentals, due to the way in which cottage-building has been speculatively overdone, are unexampled. Bathing, rowing, sailing, driving, walking, picnicking are to be had in perfection, under a sky of infinite delicacy, in an atmosphere of unique softness, and in an environment of natural beauty and artistic distinction that exists nowhere else.

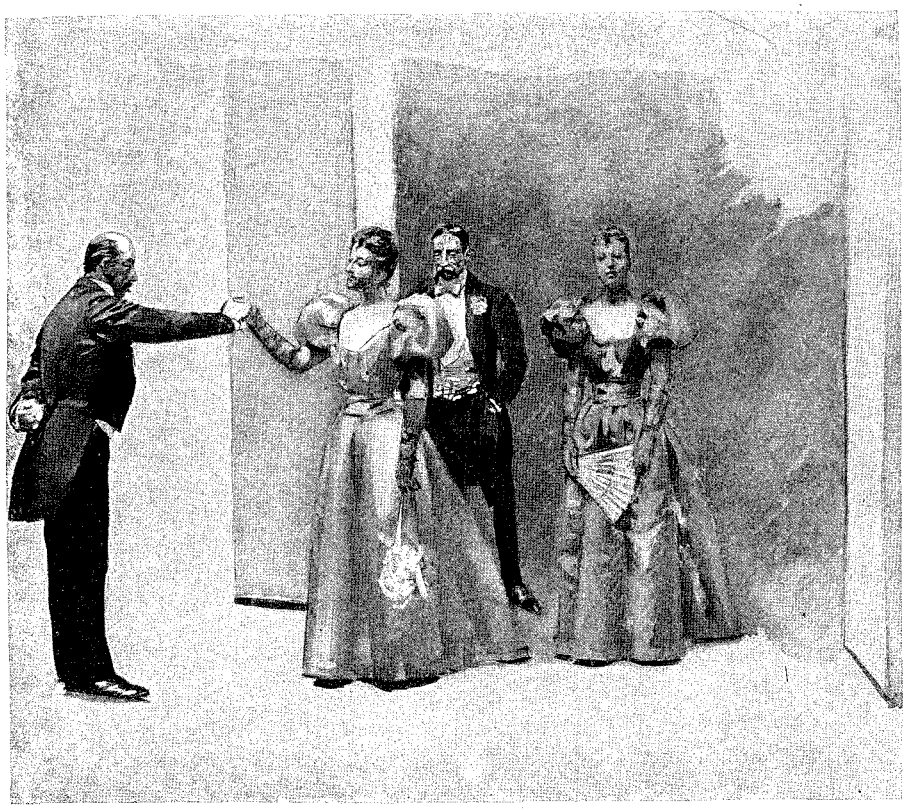
Then there is the passing show—the social spectacle. The social spectacle as well as the summer life has greatly changed of recent years. Opening the Ocean Drive from the end of the avenue digiously disseminated the stately procession that used to pass decorously up and done the Avenue, turning at Bailey's Beach and at Kay Street where the houses ceased. Though the procession is much augmented nowadays it no longer produces the same effect as formerly and has, indeed, ceased to be a procession; the "establishments," as they used to be called, are strung along without cumulative effect. And owing to their greater number no one knows and can gossip about more than one in three of them. "Newport" seems less condensed in consequence. Its old lovers feel a certain lack. The procession's smartness, too (an epithet, by the way, we should not have thought of using twenty years ago), is now deeply infiltrated by plebeian elements — Stewart's, Hazard's, or other so-called "drags," with their



On the Cliffs.

to the fort made a great difference to it. Ten miles more of macadam pro- mammoth loads of excursionists anxiously curious to see and fix in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

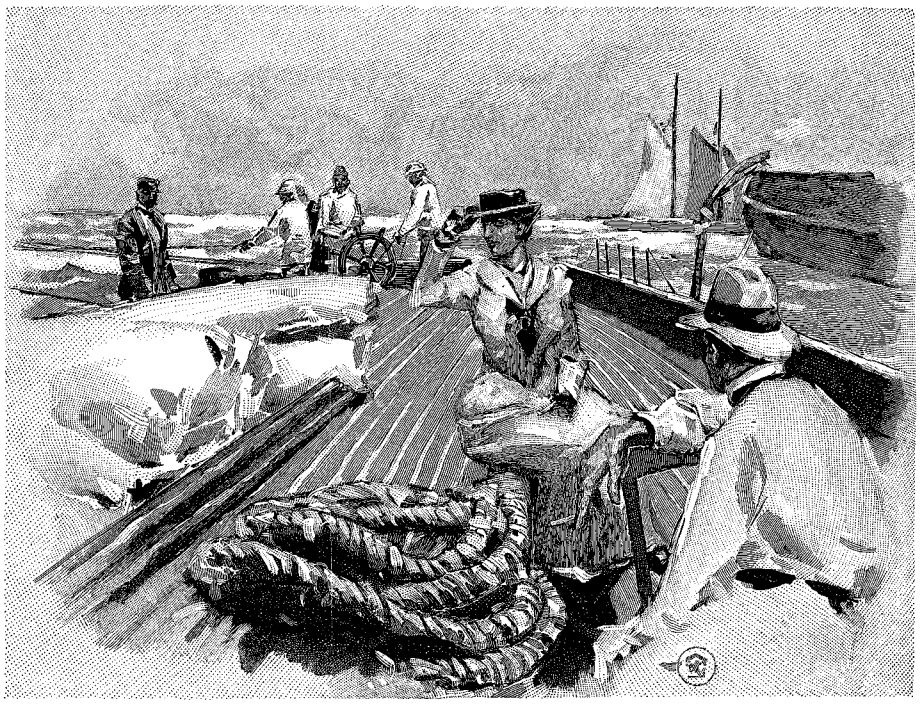


The Ball-room of the Casino.

memory the mansions they have read about in the Sunday papers, and also frequently recurrent vehicles of the ultra-shirt-sleeved *bourgeoisie* of the town itself, in whom the desire of parade has altogether outrun the capacity of creditably attaining it. These new elements "have a good time," in our American idiom, and certainly no place in our democratic country, not even Newport, can consistently elevate any ideal above that of providing people in general with a good time at any cost to the æsthetic or other sensibilities of "the remnant." Only, a *laudator temporis acti* in thinking of Newport may, perhaps, without feeling quite a snob, make the reflection that the present situation is the result of artificial rather than of natural selection.

This overlay of *nouvelles couches* is obvious elsewhere than in the driving procession, of course, with the result of social and political rather than æsthetic cheer to the spectator. The accursed but convenient trolley system clangs and sizzes through erstwhile sedate Spring Street and out the wide expanse of elm-lined Broad Street, now characteristically become Broadway. The colored population has increased after its prolific racial fashion, and the anomaly of a barouche full of darky dandies and dusky belles conducted by an Irish, or even, as I have before mentioned, a native Newport driver is a frequent phenomenon. The appalling excursionist from Providence and Pawtucket, with his and her paper bags and odor of peanuts and ginger-pop, infests the squares, the cliffs, the beach, and awakens echoes with enjoyment. The Irish contingent has augmented proportionally with the African. The city government is largely in its hands, with perhaps the usual consequence of its own prosperity and a deterioration of public works in general. There are larger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Yachting.

crowds of expectorating loafers around the Post-office and the City Hall. The commercial traveller, with his samples and his manners, is more numerous. In fine, the city is no longer, to the eye as well as in fact, composed of a summer aristocracy and a resident *bourgeoisie*, its self-respecting admirers. It has moved with the rest of the world and with similar results. And with all its changes, which the dilettante or the lover of old Newport may deplore, it is perhaps more pre-eminently than ever the loveliest, the serenest, and most smiling, the most refined and decorous civic *ensemble* that the country possesses.

The quality of the summer life is its elegance, its defect is its artificiality. It is undoubtedly elegant, but its elegance is not quite a natural evolution. It is surrounded with ease, comfort, and distinction not merely material, but æsthetic. Its stage is carpeted with the loveliest of lawns and decorated with the greatest profusion of flowers anywhere to be seen. It is characterized by a great deal of high-breeding, of decorum triumphing over frivolity, of taste, reserve, and composure. A large element of it certainly is superior to the envious fleering or the obsequious flattery of vulgarity. Its self-respect is perfectly obvious and real. But one would like to see this carried a little farther, to the point, I mean, of unconsciousness, of absolute free play. Self-respect is admirable, but respect for one's traditions is admirable, also. The Newport summer life has traditions, and it should not abandon them in the chameleon-like way characteristic of it, and appear imitative and artificial. It is only comparatively new, and yet by its rather systematic imitation of what is positively old—by its studied modelling of itself on English country life, with which it really has but the most superficial relations in the world—it creates the effect of a reflection and not of an original. In English country life the flowers make no such display, it is true, but the lawns are deeper and richer, the houses have infinitely older associations, and the entire environment is infinitely more established and sedate. Why abandon our own heritage of vi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vacity and high-spirited decorousness in favor of an exotic, and to us esoteric, ideal? Anglomania is, perhaps, not conspicuous in Newport, certainly not in comparison with the rest of the East; but in Newport it is less excusable than elsewhere, and its effects more regrettable accordingly; in Newport more than anywhere else with us imitation by the new thing of the old, failure to insist on one's own idiosyncrasies, and, as Arnold says of ritualistic practices, "vehement adoption of rites till yesterday unknown," seem to imply that we do not "know a good thing when we see it."

So great, however, is the unifying power of Newport that when its summer life appears in any concrete manifestation one feels that to inquire into it is eminently to inquire too curiously. It is true that with the extension of the drive, the decline of the hotel-life and their withdrawal from the beach, the summer people are certainly less in evidence than they were formerly. They make far less of a spectacle for profane contemplation and somewhat consciously and uneasily, perhaps, study exclusiveness, if not seclusion. They visit among themselves and have teas and dinners to themselves, quite as they do in their several winter social circles. It is perfectly clear that they do not have anything like the good time they or their fathers and mothers used to have; but that is their affair, and is only interesting as it affects and modifies "Newport." They still come out quite strong—as they are beginning to learn to say—at the Casino; though the Casino has never paid for itself and is a monument to the unwisdom of its originators' efforts to domesticate an essentially foreign institution. It embodies the transplanted fancies of the staid

An Afternoon Spin.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

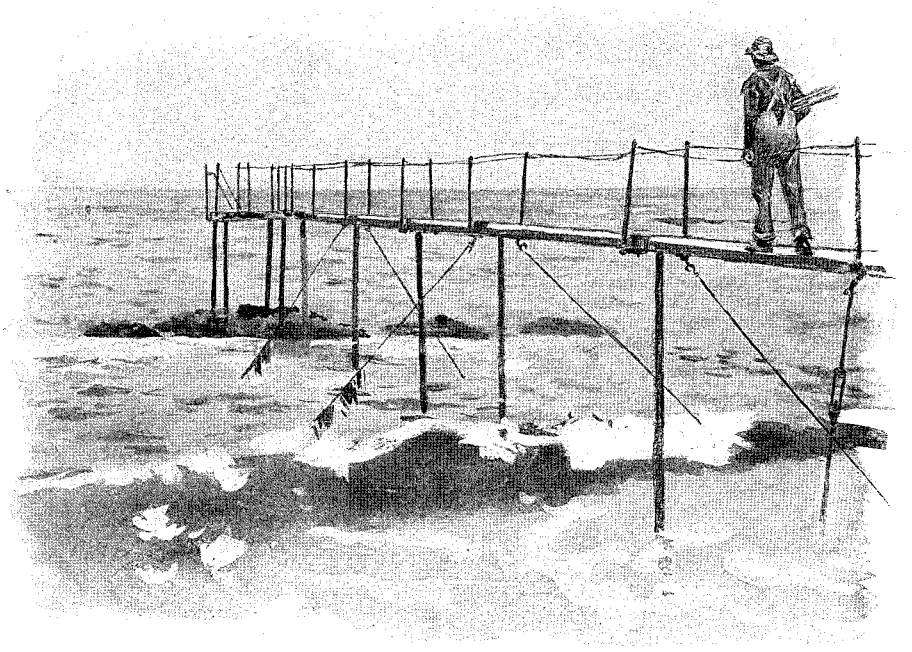
burghers of Holland in conjunction with the predilections of the lawn-loving Englishman, and includes a restaurant more or less reminiscent of France. But it has been found to be unduly costly and adjudged to have "forced the note." Yet it has weekly concerts and dances which at all events the outer fringe of the society people do not hesitate to attend and participate in, and it witnesses one festival in the year to which they contribute their presence with the utmost cordiality—the annual lawn-tennis tournament. There are probably few prettier scenes than that of which this contest is the centre. Perfectly trimmed lawns swept by the freshest and daintiest morning dresses, young men in flannels, rosy with health and irresponsibility, fashion in its freest and least conscious manifestations, the mass of "best people" in their most attractive inadvertence, the rising seats around the courts clad in the most refreshing variety of clear-colored costumes pricked out with patches of brilliant parasols, the water-color note everywhere, as a painter would say, and the well-groomed young fellows in the centre of the composition obviously exhibiting both strength and skill—make a picture which for combined animation and refinement, both of actors and spectators, it would be difficult to match anywhere. Jean Béraud—or better still Raffaelli or Forain—would find it quite as well worth fixing as Longchamp, though the types, of course, are less various.

Newport owes, too, to the summer resident, not only a high standard of social life and a decorous employment of leisure, but also an æsthetic ideal of architecture and landscape gardening. Architecture has perhaps been as much travestied as illustrated. The feeblest whimsies abound. Reflections in frame of reverend stone *motifs* are not infrequent. The art of building is often caricatured in houses of which the only inspiration is plainly the desire to be conspicuous. And though some of the old houses, such as the Bareda mansion and Mr. Wetmore's palace, are their own excuse for being, there are not a few elaborate examples of exaggerated bad taste and worse grammar. On the other hand, such a house as the late H. H. Richardson built for Mr. Sherman, or that of Mr. Marquand by Hunt, and others easily mentioned, form a notable leaven and rectify the effect produced by perhaps the predominant inapposite sportiveness. But there is no doubt at all of the immense service to the place rendered by the summer resident's landscape gardener, who has covered broad acres of it with lawns and boscages, clumps of trees and bushes, heaps of flowery luxuriance walled in by privet and buckthorn, and has more than any other agency, except the climate and the natural lay of the land, exhibited the potentialities of elegance inherent in these latter. A good word should be said, in addition, for the way in which—often an awkward and somewhat absurd instrument in the hands of Providence—the summer resident has circumvented the purely utilitarian and ignoble activities that, left to themselves, would have done their disastrous utmost to vulgarize Newport, wholly and deplorably unconscious that the life of the goose that lays for them such golden eggs is really in peril.

II

The old town may be called picturesque in distinction from the general pictorial effect that is noticeable. It is full of narrow streets and quaint turnings; little squares left undisturbed by the march of municipal improvements within their old-time staid and rectilinear demarcation; trapezoidal houses built originally, it is evident, in exemplification of the sound principle that expression of function is the one thing needful in architecture; gently inclining gambrels in themselves a composition. But even its streets and houses, its courts, *impasses*, and docks have as detail too much character and individual sap justly to be termed the mere material of a picturesque whole. They have none of the indeterminate and huddled look of the detail of Amalfi or Assisi. They make a harmony that is sensibly organic. They are individually quaint now and then, without, however, the sharp accent that we usually

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

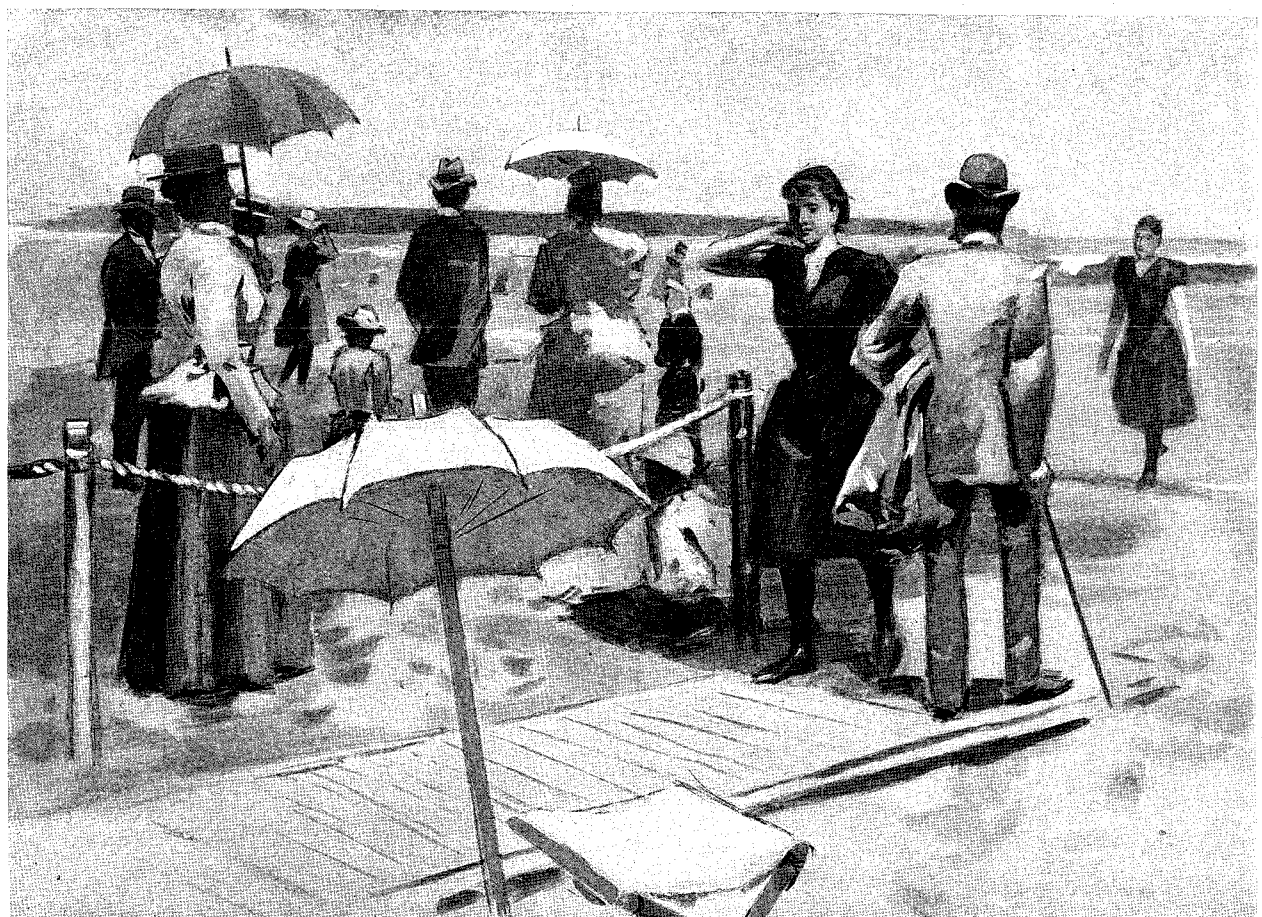


Bass-fishing Stand.

associate with quaintness, and they fit the landscape "like the paper on the wall." Some of the narrow gambrel-roofed houses have gables that gaze on the streets, on which they often look, like human faces. Cotton's Court, Wanton Avenue, and similar places, contracted as they evidently are in area, have an air of complication and variety that tempt and would reward the exploring sense. Curious juxtapositions of shop, dwelling, stable, warehouse, and what not form incomparable "nooks." The public buildings are interesting. The City Hall, admired by Allston, is a charming bit of classic, and the State House a colonial monument of much dignity and character. The jail, on Marlborough Street, is absolutely delightful and characteristically domestic; there is a legend of its one prisoner once complaining because there was no lock on her door. In all the world probably there is nothing like the Long Wharf, with its succession of boat-builders' shops, tenements, ignoble saloons, heaps of junk, sail-boat moorings and floats, terminating in the railway freight station and the steamboat wharf. It is hardly changed within my own recollection. Deacon Groff's succession to James Hart, the boat-builder and letter, in whose airy shop a parliament of local sages meets now as it has for several decades, amid the shavings and spars, the oars and "tackle," to look out over the harbor and speculate on the political state of the nation and the social state of the town, is the chief variation I note, and that is not revolutionary. On the hottest day there is always a breeze here, and much to be learned besides.

Nor is there anything, I fancy, quite like Thames Street from end to end—the business street of the town—though its banks and butcher-shops, and book-stores and fish-markets, and hardware and dry-goods and haberdashery are punctuated and faintly diversified with dwellings now and then. They have been dwellings a long while, and count many generations of probably the same families. The subdued note of age, of "silence and slow time," is distinctly audible, and vibrates gently throughout the old town, with its gray and white and green blinds; but I must admit that of recent years there has been to some extent an intrusive discord of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY W. S. VANDERBILT ALLEN.

Scene on the Beach.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commercial modernity even here. The one-price clothing store, the bee-hives of humming retail industry, and the universal emporium are foreign bodies in the general environment and contribute a foreign color to the quaint old street—like an overflow of Fall River or Providence. But as yet they have not greatly detracted from the general character of the thoroughfare, which is still sufficient to afford one of the most piquant contrasts in the world, I think, when the drags and dog-carts, the broughams and phaetons of fashion weave their way along its narrow length at what it pleases everyone's humorous fancy to call the shopping hour. Thames Street, whatever its transformations, will indefinitely, I think, continue to perform its distinguished function of binding together summer and winter, transitory and permanent Newport with a notable welding force.

The Point, too, is a part of the old town, and is rather neglected, which it should not be. It is somewhat inaccessible, and anyone who lives there or inhabits the neighborhood for a summer has need, perhaps, of a horse and trap of some kind. But it has its advantages and qualities of its own. To begin with it is very far removed from the artificial summer life. One may live there as much in retreat as at Jamestown. Land is very cheap, and if I were tempted to "build" in Newport I am not at all sure that I should not select some site on the water's edge in this region. One could have his fill of still-water bathing, his cat-boat and row-boat, and a certain measure of seclusion wholly consonant with the most delightful out-of-doors activity and within easy reach of whatever is attractive in the town itself.

III

Newport is longitudinally divided by three main streets which run north and south. Following mainly the harbor line and projecting thitherward its many slips is Thames Street, where is almost all the business of the town, extending from the cemetery, with its characteristic contrast of old and new, the old slate carvings of winged cherubs' heads hard by, the joint product of La Farge and St. Gaudens, to the lower end of the harbor. A few rods up the hill Spring Street, with its prim houses and old Trinity and other churches, parallels it, running from just above the Parade or Mall where the State House is south to the ocean. And on the crest of the ridge are the nearly straight two miles and a half of Bellevue Avenue. At its north end is the romantic and trimly kept Jews' Cemetery, celebrated by Longfellow, where sleep amid flowers and cypresses Abraham and Judah Touro and other Hebrews, who amply repaid the early toleration and respect here extended to their race long before it received them elsewhere. Next come residences, boarding-houses, a little row of lesser commerce, the Newport Reading-room—the club euphemistically so-called—the Redwood Library, now a more hushed but less hospitable bookish retreat than many old Newporters remember it, and Touro Park, where the Old Stone Mill stands and a band plays on summer evenings. Then a stretch of shops till one gets to Bath Road, the broad street leading to the beach, the Casino, and the stiff, stark caravansary of the Ocean House just beyond.

Here begins the succession of cottages and châteaux of the summer resident, set wide apart in elegant lawns bordered with hedges and blazing with flowers, that extends for a couple of miles to the sea. And the slope that shelves gently eastward from the crest of the hill that the Avenue follows has also within the past few lustra (especially in the neighborhood of Ochre Point) been covered with elaborate mansions the average of whose pretensions exceeds perhaps that of those appertaining to the Avenue itself. This is the region—the rough parallelogram formed by the Avenue, the cliffs bordering the sea a half mile or so to the east, the southern shore, and an east and west line from about the Ocean House to a point a little south of the Beach—where chiefly reside the summer people whose activities the papers chronicle so copiously, and where, better perhaps than any-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where else, an American may see his "young [and old] barbarians all at play"—to recall Arnold's application of the line to Oxford. The northwestern part of the city has grown greatly also of recent years, and is covered with cottages of modest cost and considerable architectural character. Past the Beach is another district whose houses, some of them ample and elaborate, stand in notable isolation amid rural fields, then Paradise with its farm-houses, ponds, junipers, and gray rocks, the Second Beach, and finally Sachuest Point, which brings one to the Seaconnet River and the verge of Newport. All around here and north from the town proper, delightful drives lead out into the island itself. Six miles out is the Glen, an almost artificial arrangement of romantic nature, driving whither one may stop at Mrs. Durfee's for tea and waffles, and enjoy a truly English interior. Then there are Pebbly Beach, with its unexplained geological conformations, and romantically situated, cool, and cosey St. Mary's Chapel, and Vaucluse and its deserted close, eloquent in reflections such as Mr. Swinburne has crystallized in his incomparable "A Forsaken Garden;" and no end of quaint cross-roads and long vistas beneath overhanging elms or between trim poplars—the whole greatly vivified and highly colored by the local inhabitant, with his sturdy and salient characteristics, lounging in front of country stores and post-offices, or jogging past in his open wagon, smiling the while, with good-natured cynicism at any exuberance you and your party may exhibit.

To go back to the town itself, is there anything in the world like the two miles and more of the Cliff Walk? Setting out from the Beach the sea is on one's left, its near shallows, "with green and yellow sea-weed strewn," and beyond its stretch of varying blues and purples, the long, graceful reach of Easton's Point, at the end of which a solitary cottage stands sentinel, and shimmering in the more distant haze the shore of Seaconnet and its neighboring rocky islets around which the breakers are flashing in foam. On the right of the path, which undulates along its edges and rises and falls with its rolling unevenness, extends that succession of lawns which, more than any other feature perhaps, sets the pitch of Newport's elegance. In these smooth expanses of soft green glowing with unexampled profusion of aristocratic flowers, the art and nature of the place meet in effective fusion. So elegant is it all that one fails to note how high and rugged are the cliffs themselves, the highest on the Atlantic coast from Cape Ann to Yucatan. On a day of storm, with the waves driving in from the ocean and beating angrily against them, they are more impressive; but they are always picturesque and make a striking dividing line between the sea, wherein the forces of nature are always visibly at play, peaceful or turbulent, and the broad shelf of land which the hand of man has moulded and decorated with the most cultivated art. Curious, is it not, that certain proprietors of the villas to which these lawns appertain should have tried by every means to circumvent the undoubted riparian right of all the world to follow this unequalled path at its will, provided trespass be avoided? They are newcomers, one infers, to Newport at any rate, if not to *id omne genus*, for a prolonged submission to Newport influences could hardly fail to modify the Hyrcanian hearts and Bœotian brains to which in such circumstances as these monopoly could suggest itself.

Beyond the southern extremity of the Cliff Walk, and extending westward to Castle Hill (whence one may see the fringe of hotels and cottages that compose Narragansett Pier) and Fort Adams, stretches out the charming region known of old as Price's Neck—variegated with ponds and embayments, hill and dale, rock and marsh, and skirted and reticulated with the famous Ocean Drive and its tributaries. The Ocean Drive is the finest, I think, in the world; at least to my own taste its mingling of stimulus and suavity, its alternations of wildness and culture, its invigorating iodine-laden breezes, the sedative softness of its mists, the piquant aroma of its huckleberry bushes, the infinite variety of its "effects," combine to produce an im-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pression to which that left by the Cornice from Nice to Genoa is a shade saccharine and monotonous. This and the Paradise country are the regions that appeal most, perhaps, to the few landscape painters who have had the sense to appreciate that in Newport they had but to reproduce, whereas elsewhere the heavy burthen of origination is laid upon them. Mr. La Farge is a notable exception, by the way; and curiously, thus, it is the most imaginative of our painters who, almost alone, has illustrated the most pictorial landscape that we have. The Neck has been greatly changed within the last few years, and some fastidious spirits who are displeased with any intrusion of man into the realm of nature (I should greatly like to know if Mr. La Farge were among them in this instance), have esteemed it "destroyed." The change, at all events, is at the charge of the summer residents. To me, I confess, it is to be charged to their credit.

IV

Another effect of the evolution of the summer resident as an important and controlling class has been the transformation—I was about to say the destruction—of the Beach. The Beach is no longer what it used to be. The "bathing hour," with all its characteristic features, has departed. You may bathe at any hour when you can find a "house," but it is no longer fashionable to bathe at all. There are a few private houses sometimes occupied, and at Bailey's Beach others whose owners use them very constantly, but the bathing at the Beach as a feature of social summer life is over. The carriages do not come down and draw up on the sand to watch the bathers. The place is no longer a rendezvous both for bathers and spectators, as, say, the *plage* at Trouville is. "Society" has abandoned it, and in general, probably, confines itself to "tubbing." The philosophic lover of Newport must recognize the change as inevitable, no doubt, but the sentimentalist may be permitted to regret it. Perhaps it would have been asking too much of the summer people, to preserve in this respect the simplicity and really democratic elegance which they evinced before they became consciously so much of a force as to be uneasily careful with regard to even chance companionship. And it must be confessed that of late years the Beach has been invaded by people with whom fastidiousness may excusably find it disagreeable to mingle. On Sundays it is given over to excursionists and servants, as was quite to have been expected, of course, with the increase of Newport's general popularity and its facilities of access by rail and water. But even on week-days it has "developed" immensely in a popular direction. "Pavilions" that recall Coney Island more than old Newport have arisen, and the aroma of chowder pervades them. The travelling photographer sets up his shanty. Wrapping-paper abounds, and "lunches" are surreptitiously munched. The sunshine and salt air minister to the greatest good of the greatest number. Of the "best people" in general, only those who find the bathing hygienic or positively pleasurable, enter the water, and only their immediate friends attend and observe them. Still I, for one, cannot help thinking that things might have been different but for the society fiat that bathing was to be considered unfashionable, and that the fiat itself rather unnecessarily preceded any real occasion for it. Certainly, were the natural advantages of the Beach appreciated as are those of the European watering places whose summer population is both popular and select, they would be utilized instead of neglected. They are, as a matter of fact, unequalled. There is but one natural disadvantage. The Beach fronts southward, and after a storm gets more than its due proportion of seaweed; and seaweed is a distinct discount upon the pleasure of bathing. Otherwise it is unrivalled. It is absolutely safe. It shelves in the gentlest gradation. The water is always warm. Even at high tide there is plenty of room for carriages. The dunes are high enough to afford protection from the wind when it happens to come from the north. It is a mile in extent and affords a driving prome-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nade at low tide of almost unique exhilaration. The "scene" is invariably animating. Indeed, it must not be supposed that in finding excuses for the "best people's" recent neglect, one really quite acquits them of stupidity in the matter—only in speaking of most of their characteristic manifestations, one is naturally more interested in explaining them than in speculating about their intelligence and tact. There are plenty of people who bathe daily in the season at the Beach, and have done so, they and their fathers and mothers, for more seasons than most of the now prominent summer residents can count, and who get along very well both without the old confraternity and with the new popular element, with whom visual association only is necessary, and that in general more interesting than disquieting. But, of course, the number of persons in any community whose breeding is sufficiently sound to give them a sense of security in such matters is comparatively limited, and however philosophic they are in this instance, I fancy they will welcome the formal social re-establishment of the Beach, even at the expense of the social differentiation by which this may be accompanied.

V

For rheumatic and respiratory maladies there are no doubt better climates than that of Newport, and there are others whose tonic properties are greater. But the Newport climate is balm to those manifold temperaments that are consciously or unconsciously threatened with any manner of nervous valetudinarianism. It is a poultice to the nerves, an anodyne to irritability, a sedative to excitement, and an assuagement of exhaustion. It not only performs the important function of keeping the skin moist, but it is balm to the tired mind. Arriving from New York in the early summer morning, the sensation of relaxed tension, of being swathed in soft salt dampness, of breathing the *primeur* of iodized air, is sybaritic. One proceeds to sleep like and long and often as a child. One may almost speak of quaffing deep draughts of dreamless repose. And in ensuing days the blessedness of having fatigue assail only the physique and spare the faculties is unspeakable; one is tranquilly instead of feverishly alert.

There are "dog days," of course. From July 25th to September 1st exertion is profitless and energy misplaced. The fog that drifts in from the southeast and struggles with the sun vainly in the morning and victoriously in the late afternoon complicates abnormally any unusually high temperature. It does not last long and oftenest is condensed by the wind's shifting to northeast into cooling downpours that one enjoys from piazzas, the dripping trees and damp fragrance of everything having a distinctly tonic effect. Still it is in July and August that the lotos-eating which the soft climate and insular atmosphere make an almost universal habit in Newport most prevails. The *segreto per esser felice* is not really in "a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian"—it is, to anyone who has ever eaten of this ambrosia, in the lotos of Newport. More than anywhere else there are days here "always afternoon," days on which one may even with a sense of elation that exceeds that of virtue forget what elsewhere is duty. The most prosaic submit to the spell of the place. Everyone is physically lazy without suffering mental stagnation. A larger proportion of Newport boys return to the place of their nativity, probably, than is true of any other even New England town—drawn back, after no doubt often futile vicissitudes in the exterior world, by the loadstone of its subtle attractiveness. No one once inoculated with its serene and searching charm ever thoroughly recovers his independence, I think. His energy may be sapped by it, but his spirit is soothed and for him the battle of life is won by avoiding profitless engagements and tempering one's ambitions.

But more potent even than the caressing climate in its effect on a delicately organized sensorium is the Newport landscape—its aristocratic lines, its elegant expanse, its confident high-bred air as it lies stretched out in the sunlight or yields itself to the soft en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

folding of sea mist. I remember a Newport lady writing from Athens itself to her little nephew at home, "Don't you think it is a piece of good fortune to live in the most beautiful place in the world?" and share her sentiment. Everything is pictorial; every series of objects is an *ensemble;* the vista in any direction exceeds the interest of the purely picturesque — the picturesque with its crudity, its fortuitousness, its animated and uneasy helter-skelter. Nature here is conscious—by comparison with much of our American landscape, infinitely developed. She is elegant and reserved as well as suave, and smiles at one with patrician softness and delicate sympathy, as who should say, "To enjoy me depends a good deal on yourself." At the crest of a yellow-green elevation, variegated with browns and shaded with cool grasses, the granite elbows itself gracefully out of the earth and warms itself in the moisture-tempered sunshine. A white cloud rests affectionately on it, as you look up from the hollow, truly Titianesque in its depth of fulness. The sky at the horizon is a light blue, like a child's sash. Streaks of vapor are spun across the zenith toward which the blue deepens into sapphire. The beach is white—white, however, over which every tint plays in opaline iridescence. Berkeley's rock stretches out purple, sage, and olive, toward the sea. The white sand dunes are crested with yellow sedge. Black rocks jut out on the sea horizon. The afternoon curtain of gray shadow gradually descends in front of the Purgatory ledge. Five or six dark dots of bathers (there is no "hour" for bathing at the Second Beach) move about in the ripple of the gently dissolving breakers. A wreath of children is running along the damp sand that fringes the ebb and flow, starting the sandpipers from tip-toeing into brief flight. Seaweed carts drawn by oxen and horses are hauling away their dripping loads at the other end of the two-mile crescent. The clouds are violet at the north horizon and white overhead, and long, graceful lines of shore frame the ever-changing blue-green of the ocean on two sides of the triangle of which the sky forms the third. Back from the beach is "Paradise"—but indeed paradise is all around one.

Or take a July morning down at Bailey's Beach, at the end of the Avenue and the beginning of the Ocean Drive. The sun illumines every cranny of the rocks. Above them are slopes covered with bright-green, shiny huckleberry bushes, and beyond a little grove of artistically placed pine saplings. Over the hill is an elaborately picturesque house. Seaward the sand glistens and sparkles, wet from the spray, the water folding itself over it in narrow hems. The rocks are seamed and spongified and accented with gold-brown seaweed, and their own local color runs the gamut from brown with pinkish tints to cool gray, from fawn and mauve to pearl. Above are the constant Titianesque clouds, overflowing with opaline effulgence. A bloom of gray Timothy furze rests on the deeper green of the splotches of grass. The varied blue and green of the water whose wimples are winking in the sun ranges from cobalt to malachite. Spouting Rock is booming melodiously nearby. A couple of six-year-olds in fresh light blue cambric dresses are climbing an adjoining acclivity, showing in delicate contrast of values against the green and gray hillside. Around all and unifying everything the moist Newport air tones and centralizes into a true picture the various objects that it makes contribute to a harmonious color composition.

What is especially characteristic of the Newport landscape is the co-operation it demands in the beholder's appreciation. It appeals to one's alertness, rather than to a lazy receptivity. You miss its quality entirely if your own faculties are not in a state of real activity. This does not exclude composure or imply excitement. There is nothing keyed up, nothing especially exhilarating in the soft air and suave prospect stretching out in every direction wherever one may be. Only, still less is there any enervation, any relaxing somnolency inviting to the *far niente* state of the mind. One's soul is distinctly "invited," not soothed in any narcotic sense. The appeal of the place is to an intelligent rather than a purely sensuous appreciation. You know

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

why you like it, why it charms and wins you, why, indeed, it takes a never-to-be-disengaged hold on the very fibre of your affections, why you remember and regret it on Lake Geneva, in Venice, in Sorrento, why and how, in a word, it is beautiful.

VI

Newport Harbor is one of the best roadsteads in the world, being land-locked, easy of access, and having no bar. But its utilitarian advantages are slight in comparison with its æsthetic attractiveness. It is not merely one of the most, but, I think, from what I have heard and seen, the most beautiful of the world's harbors. Of course, such an opinion is largely a matter of taste, and a lover of Newport, so far from dissembling his partiality, is inclined to profess it. There are doubtless enchanting fjords in Norway, and reef-protected stretches of lovely purple water in the tropics; there are the Bay of Naples, whose beauties no amount of cockney admiration can render commonplace, and the blue reaches around the Piræus and Phalerum and Salamis. There are Constantinople and the Golden Horn, and so on. So far as my own experience goes, the water view from the Athenian Acropolis gives one the nearest approach to the sensation produced by Newport Harbor. Arriving at the Piræus from Naples, the Italian drop-curtain seems to have lifted and disclosed a scene of natural beauty, in whose presence one's memory of the Vesuvian Bay is that of an exotic and artificial aspect. When the sensitive traveller awakes after a night on the Sound boat, now moored to Long Wharf, and notes the gradual unfolding of the placid prospect before him, as the summer sun comes up over the gray roofs and green trees of the town, and reveals the beautiful Rhode Island Harbor and its refined landscape environment, he feels, to be sure, that his eyes, which closed the night before on the actual world, are opening on the delectable phenomena of fairy-land itself. Yet, the sense of contrast once overcome, the impression of the scene is curiously like that of the Athenian Harbor. There is the same commingled softness and freshness, the same brilliancy combined with suavity of color, the same gray-green envelope thinly overlaying the same stony geologic structure, the same absence of tropicality on the one hand and presence of exquisiteness on the other.

Newport Harbor, however, is too actively characteristic for even the least fanciful comparisons. As day advances it becomes a busy as well as a beautiful scene. The wharves that jut out into it, covered with piles of lumber and (piquantly) heaps of junk, do not attest great commercial agitation. But the Conanicut ferry-boat issues at regular intervals from her slip, the Fort Adams and Torpedo Station and Coaster's Harbor launches ply back and forth, the Wickford and Narragansett Pier boats, and an ever-increasing number of excursion steamers from Providence, Bristol, Fall River, Rocky Point, and Block Island churn their way among the yachts and trading-schooners at anchor, and the fleet of cat-boats gliding breezily hither and thither in all directions, but plainly without specific destination and following courses laid by the fancy of absolute leisure. The sense of life and activity is omnipresent. The air is salt and full of savor. Lobster-pot buoys bump against a passing keel and bob in its wake. Fishermen with short briar pipes and sou'westers lean lazily against the tillers of their boats coming in from "outside" laden with the day's catch. "Naphtha boats" spin along with incredible speed, puffing stertorously. Beyond Goat Island lies one — or two or five — of the White Squadron, spick-span in the sunlight. Up at Coaster's Harbor the boys are drilling on the slope to the music of a brassy band heard faintly across the stretch of water. The "wash" of the Richmond flutters aloft. A crack cutter shoots by leaning over like a skater, and skimming the smooth water like a sea-gull.

Sensations are of all kinds, and the connoisseur doubtless has his preferences. For myself I know no sensuous beatitude equal to that to be realized in the stern-sheets of a cat-boat in Newport Harbor of a bright August

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

afternoon. It is so exquisitely poised between anodyne and excitant. You must know how to "sail a boat," and though no great seamanship is implied in the competent management of a catboat, in which it is said only a lubber or an expert navigator ever comes to grief, there is enough of the unexpected to be considered to demand constant attention. A reasonably spirited horse requires less of his rider, when you remember the number of extraneities to be looked out for in a populous harbor, to say nothing of wind and weather eccentricities. You may have a party or not, but with your hand on the tiller, even in the serenest sailing it is the boat and the environment that furnish the acutest pleasure, to anyone of philosophic years at least.

VII

In winter the town is still unique. The wealth of leafage has disappeared and the multitude of trees is even more noticeable in its bareness than in its clothed estate. It counts less as a restful and mysterious mass and emphasizes itself by its starkness. Myriads of sere and gray branches glisten in the bright sunshine and cast a network of shadow over the sidewalks and houses. Dusky spaces and rich boscages have given place to the staccato tenuity of arboreal anatomy—sharp accents everywhere instead of the soft toning of the deep green summer luxuriance. The quaint houses look in consequence insubstantial, tiny, and isolated; the background in which they were set and into which they fitted so cosily is gone, and they stand out in somewhat insignificant silhouette. One divines, however, the interior comfort of contented hibernation. Spring, summer, and "the season" are coming, and even in frame structures and in icy weather such a prospect is sufficiently sustaining. The macadam is ridged and furrowed by the frost. An occasional stretch of brick pavement oozes trickling rills at noonday. The long plank walks, interspersed with ash and clinker substitutes at recurrent intervals, echo crisply to an incredible distance the tread of a brisk pedestrian of a Sunday returning from church. The air is absolutely still. Sounds carry miraculously. One may hear a dog bark or a wagon rumble as if by telephone from a spot beyond identification.

After Thanksgiving and toward Christmas a silver sheen succeeds the autumn bloom as this in its time had overlaid the summer warmth and soft suffusions of color. On a brisk December day which begins with ringing clearness and crispness it takes the sun an hour or two only to bring everything into a harmony, whose keynote, higher than at any other season here, is yet of a mellower brilliance than elsewhere in America at this time a similar temperature suffers. The lotos-eating season is over, plainly, yet there is the same agreeable absence of demand on any specific energies as in summer. The envelope of color—that delightful garment that Newport never puts off—is as evident to the senses as in midsummer, though more silvery in quality, as I said. At noon there is positive warmth—a glow that one enjoys the more for feeling a little as if one had earned it, with other than the hothouse enervation born of whiffs of roses and orange trees and tempting one to forget the season instead of improve it that is characteristic of Cannes and San Raphael. The water is blue, beautifully blue, but of a hue more marked by crispness than suavity and full of character. There are no breakers, as earlier in the season, or as in and after foul weather, but the ceaseless folding over and self-hemming of the long, tranquil waves in regular recurrence is eloquent to the eye, as their faint but voluminous sound is to the ear, of the steady pulsations of the Atlantic, beside which the plashing ripple of the Mediterranean seems special and occasional.

Over the eastern hill and out at Paradise the turf is grown dry and brown with the frost, yet the sense perceives that Nature is only sleeping, and notes an absence of that mortuary aspect which she wears at this season in New England generally. The summer delicacy of color has grown, in steady autumnal gradation, diaphanous to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

verge of dreariness, but has stopped there without overstepping the line. The slopes and fields and stretching marshes are not grayed into desolation, but harbor here and there, in little dells and hollows, or even more minutely under the lee of hummocks and tufts of herbage, warm hues and hints of green, color evidences of life reminiscent of summer luxuriance, and softening the austerity of the prospect with an undertone of deeper and richer hue. And in key with this background the wealth of Paradise cedars and junipers contribute their evergreen freshness and vitality, and attest the vigor of the deep-lying sap of Newport earth, the consciousness of whose presence prevents one from

"——petting
About the frozen time."

The sky, which always unites every detail under it into a pictorial composition in Newport, counts in winter more than ever in the fading competition of elements terrestrial. It is cloudless and of a soft cobalt hue during the early part of the day, if the sun be shining and if the curtain of gray mist and cold colorlessness that, of course, drops in winter with more frequency and less charm than in the summer season, be lifted. But noon once past, on these bright winter days, a soft glowing light creepingly suffuses the western sky, and is faintly reflected in the eastern firmament. The most delicate of yellow-greens imaginable quietly distributes itself as background, upon which purple cirrhus clouds speedily spread themselves in long, feathery plumes. Then the zenith becomes sapphire, flushed at the fringe with salmon and pink wreaths of vapor. Filaments of mauve stretch themselves in haphazard fret-work across the heavens. The eastern half of the vault takes on a pervasive rose-leaf tint of pink. Then, as the sun sinks and the temperature falls and twilight comes on, there is a sudden burst of deep-red, that fades out into infinitely long horizontal ribbons of orange; the zenith grows dull and declines in lead color; when finally the sun disappears beneath the rolling stretches of Conanicut, the clouds become more and more diaphanous and fade away into the everlasting ether, that now shows itself unfathomable and austerely blue, with two or three stars just blinking themselves into the reach of human vision.

Walk down quaint and quaintly-called "Wanton Avenue"—an alley bordered with picturesque and preposterous frame buildings, one inhabited by an old Newport "character;" the next a storeroom; the next a boat-house—and look out over the incomparable harbor at such an hour as this—the hour of a winter sunset with the shades of night drawing themselves slowly together over the lovely scene. The water is steel-blue—a hard and chilling light reflected from its fretful wavelets. White cat-boats and sloops anchored near by bob briskly with the desultory rise and fall of the breeze-roughened water. There are faint red lights struggling with the coming obscurity and the dying daylight on Goat Island. Fort Adams is a dark and not unromantic mass of sombre lateral extension. The cold has blended all colors into a harmony of frigid witchery. Familiar objects—the City Wharf, with an unloading coal-schooner alongside; Alger's and Groff's rickety piers; the vast white mass of an Old Colony steamboat lying next the end of Long Wharf; the chimney of the torpedo station on Goat Island—take on a romantic aspect as the accidents of a purely artistic and immaterial *ensemble*. An hour or two later the boat leaves for New York. It is as hard to take it and leave this permanently enchanted spot, as if the season were midsummer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A BALLAD OF CROSSING THE BROOK.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

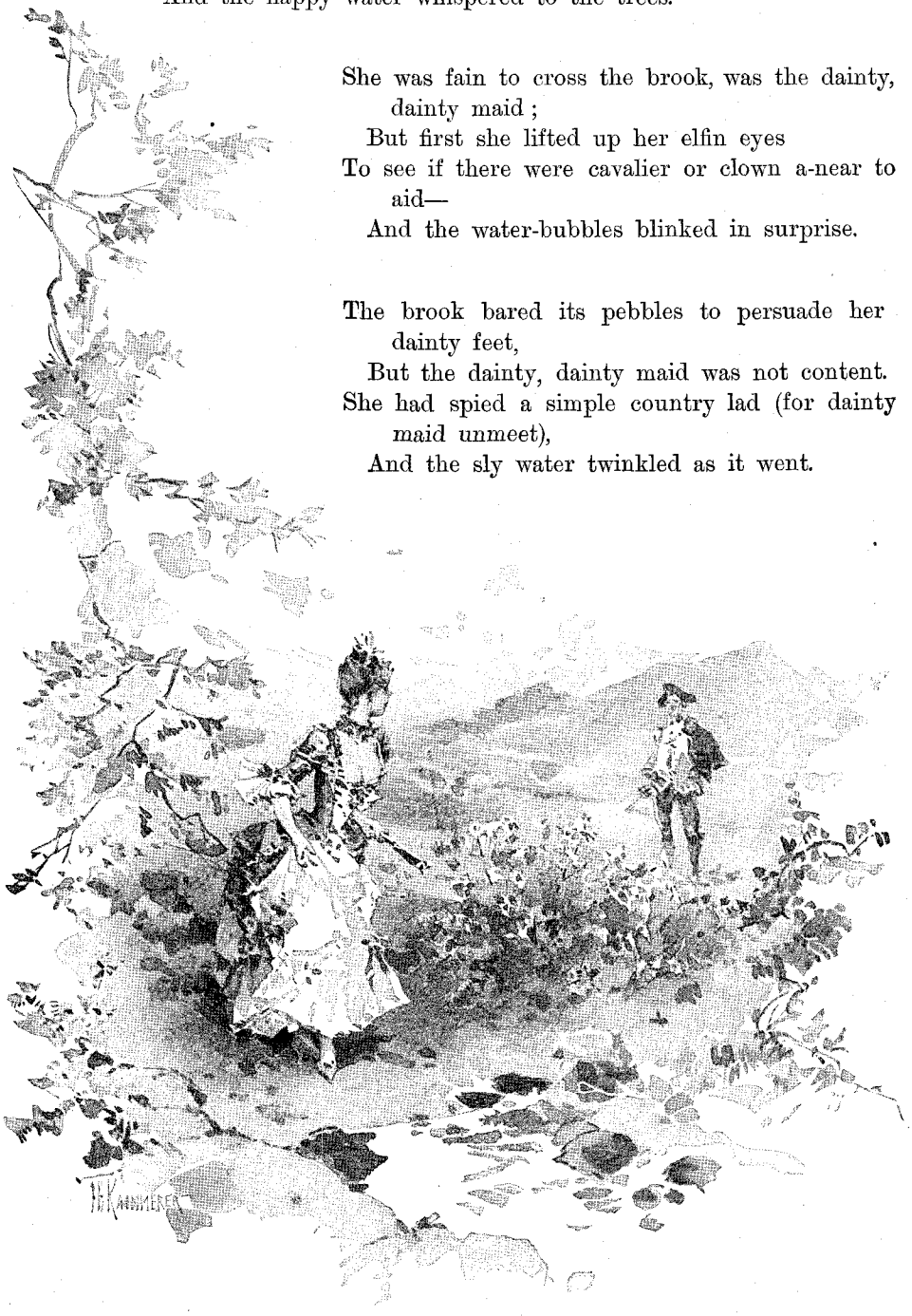
ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. H. KAEMMERER.

OH, it was a dainty maid that went a-Maying in the morn,
A dainty, dainty maiden of degree.
The ways she took were merry and the ways she missed forlorn;
And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

The little leaves above her loved the dainty, dainty maid;
The little winds they kissed her, every one;
At the nearing of her little feet the flowers were not afraid;
And the water lay a-whimpling in the sun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oh, the dainty, dainty maid to the borders of the brook
Lingered down as lightly as the breeze;
And the shy water-spiders quit their scurrying to look;
And the happy water whispered to the trees.



She was fain to cross the brook, was the dainty, dainty maid;
But first she lifted up her elfin eyes
To see if there were cavalier or clown a-near to aid—
And the water-bubbles blinked in surprise.

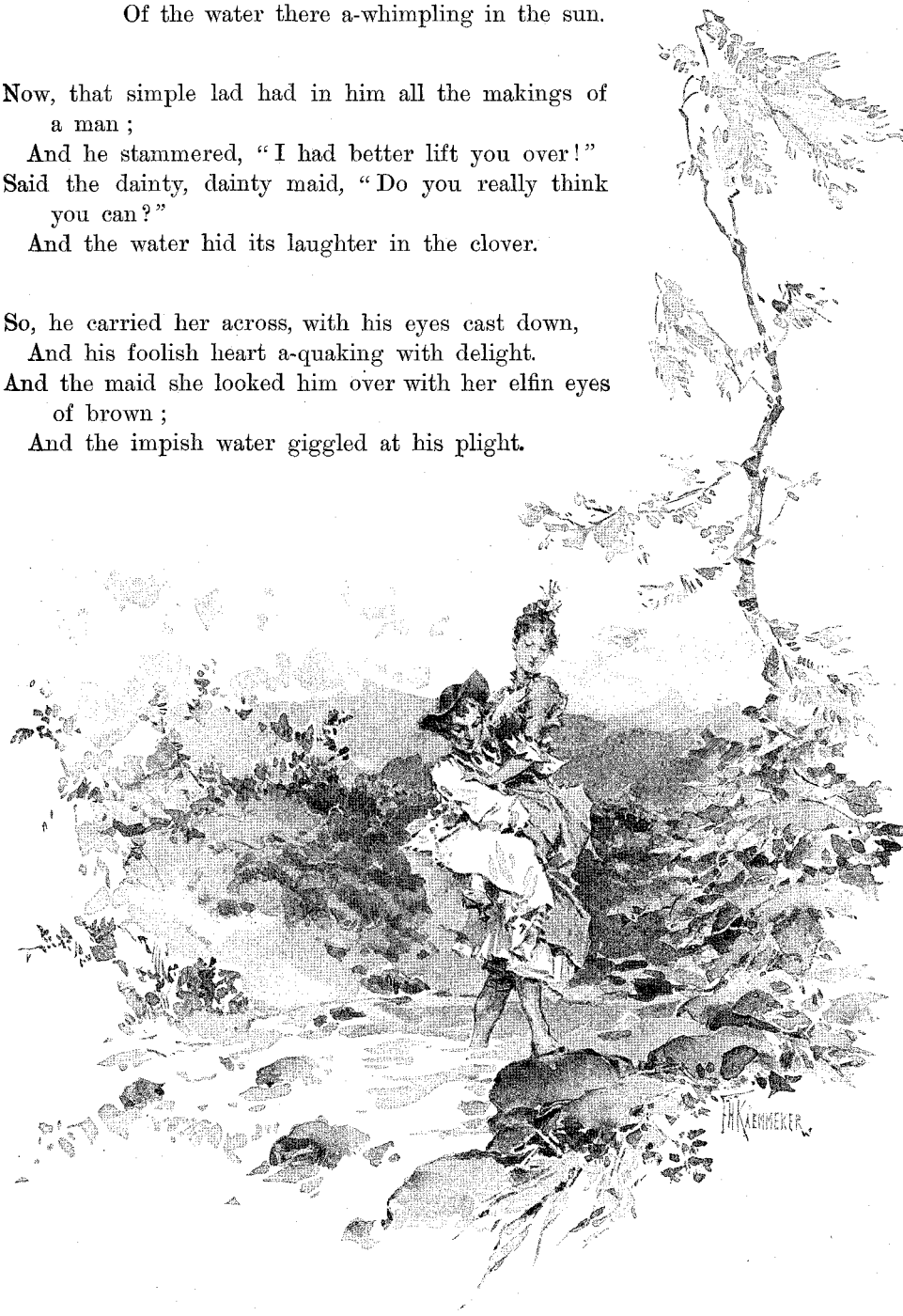
The brook bared its pebbles to persuade her dainty feet,
But the dainty, dainty maid was not content.
She had spied a simple country lad (for dainty maid unmeet),
And the sly water twinkled as it went.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the simple lad drew nigh, then this dainty, dainty maid
(O maidens, well you know how it was done!)
Stood a-gazing at her feet until he saw she was afraid
Of the water there a-whimpling in the sun.

Now, that simple lad had in him all the makings of a man;
And he stammered, "I had better lift you over!"
Said the dainty, dainty maid, "Do you really think you can?"
And the water hid its laughter in the clover.

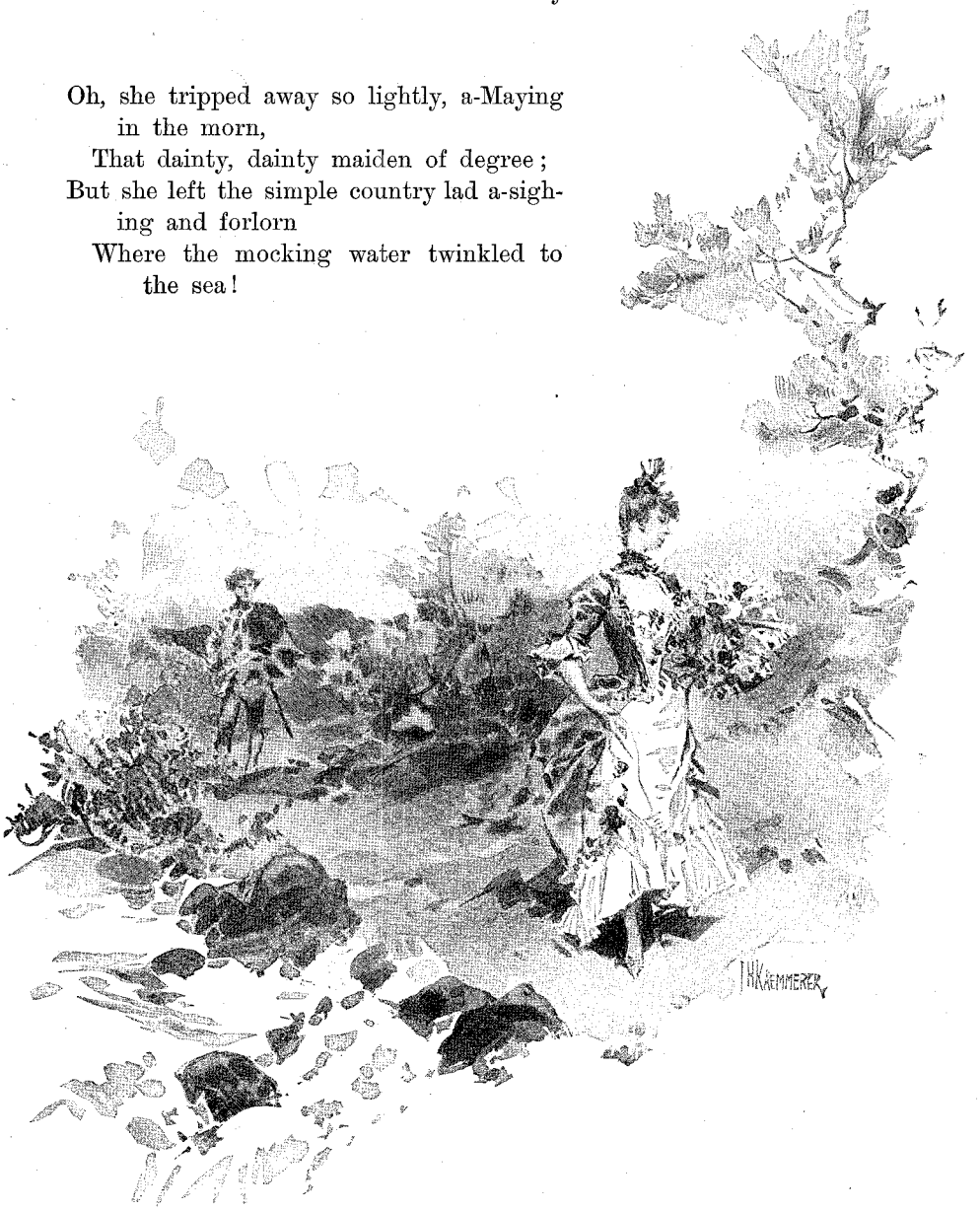
So, he carried her across, with his eyes cast down,
And his foolish heart a-quaking with delight.
And the maid she looked him over with her elfin eyes of brown;
And the impish water giggled at his plight.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He reached the other side; he set down the dainty maid;
But he trembled so he couldn't speak a word.
Then the dainty, dainty maid—"Thank you, sir! Good-day!" she said—
And the water-bubbles chuckled as they heard.

Oh, she tripped away so lightly, a-Maying in the morn,
That dainty, dainty maiden of degree;
But she left the simple country lad a-sighing and forlorn
Where the mocking water twinkled to the sea!



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRENCH FOR A FORTNIGHT

By H. C. Bunner

"Oh, dear!" said the Reverend Mr. Pentagon. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

Then he tossed uneasily upon his neat white bed, and ground his broad shoulders into its snowy depths. He looked out of the window, and saw, through the pale green panes of flint glass a bough of darker green bob up and down, shaking off great drops of rain as the last gust of the summer rain-storm agitated it and gently subsided. Beyond, the gray sky, that had but now been weeping, was slowly growing blue; not smiling yet, but tearfully clearing up to tranquil brightness. To people not in an unpleasant frame of mind it might have suggested the face of a child coming out of a crying spell. To the Reverend Mr. Pentagon, who was in a very unpleasant frame of mind, it suggested nothing beyond the fact that he had to wait before he could walk out under the blue sky. He stared and tossed, and stared and tossed again, and once more he said, explosively:

"Oh, dear!"

If the Recording Angel sets down our words according to what they mean to our hearts rather than by their dictionary meaning, he credited the Reverend Mr. Pentagon's account with a right, good, healthy bit of profanity on the score of that last "Oh, dear!" And, indeed, if he had said some awful thing with "Damn" in it, he could not have meant anything worse. For the Reverend Mr. Pentagon was lying in bed and thinking of the days that had dropped out of his life during a long period of unconsciousness and delirium.

"Fifteen days," he said to himself. "Fifteen days! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

. . . . . .

The Reverend Mr. Pentagon was a clergyman of culture and understanding, who, writing and preaching from a small provincial city in Massachusetts, had made a name for himself all over the country, and indeed wherever the old Church of England points its spires toward the sky, or drops earthward the clangor of its square belfries. So great had grown his fame that when he gave up the charge he had held for fifteen years, being forced thereto by ill health, and, going into the Canada woods, was, in the course of one summer, recovered of fifteen years of dyspepsia, why, it so happened that this modest provincial parson found himself given to understand that if a certain series of sermons which he was invited to deliver in New York should please the congregation to whom they were addressed, he would in all probability be called to fill the pulpit of one of the great city's fashionable churches. It was a very old, a very rich, a very exclusive church. The old Rector was about to resign by reason of his age: not wholly to the regret of certain members of his congregation, who found that in the years of his stewardship the dear old gentleman had "slowly broadened down from precedent to precedent" until he was almost as broad and charitable as the New Testament itself. So, naturally, they wanted a man who, if he had to broaden down, would start from a higher plane of orthodoxy, and such a man they were sure they had found in the Reverend Mr. Pentagon.

So, too, Mr. Pentagon thought, and he came down from the Canada woods, and in a pretty little town among the rocks of the Maine coast set himself to write his series of sermons. There were to be six in the series, but I know the heads of only three of them. The first was "On the Reciprocal Duties of the Church and the Pastor." The second was "On the Duty of Church-going." The third was entitled, "On the Duty of a Strict Observance of the Sabbath."

It was while he was writing this sermon that the Reverend Mr. Penta-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gon chanced to ask himself whether it would not be well for the rector of a New York church to know something about New York. He had had enough acquaintance with Boston, which he considered a large city, to grasp the idea that large cities have ways of their own which they are not at all inclined to change at the pleasure of the casual stranger. Moreover, Mr. Pentagon was a man whose native habit of mind was liberal enough, and he happened to be free from the usual intolerant provincial hatred of big cities. And he made up his mind that he would go at once, all by himself, to see what New York was like. He had been in New York, of course, but only to stay for a few days at a boarding-house with a delegation of his own townspeople at the time of a great convention of the Church.

He knew that New York was almost intolerably hot in summer-time, and so he conceived for himself the notion of a resting-place in the suburbs, from whence he could make brief incursions into the body of the town, coming back at night to the green fields and fresh air. He consulted with his brother of the local church, a Portland man who had been in New York in 1874, who gave him just the address he wanted—a nice, quiet little place in Westchester County, on the Bronx River, where he could board most comfortably at next to nothing.

Clergymen are wonderfully like sheep in many things. The Reverend Mr. Pentagon packed a large old-fashioned travelling bag—*of course*—and set out for the nice place on the Bronx River. He found it readily enough, for there was only one other house within five miles. It had been an excellent house, but it was now getting along without doors or windows, in a sad and paintless old age. The family that had entertained his clerical friend so hospitably in the year 1874, had moved out in the year 1875, and the house had had no tenant since. This much he learned of the man of the other house, who was a fat and kindly French tavern-keeper, with the reddest of faces and the whitest of aprons, and an amount of politeness that made the Rev. Mr. Pentagon feel more awkward than he had felt since he was a little boy at school and got up on the platform to speak his little piece just as the four awful school inspectors dropped in on a sudden visit of inspection. On that occasion, he remembered, his little bare legs felt as if they had ten joints in each one of them, and he certainly had fourteen fingers on each hand.

As awkward as a child and as lonely as a lost child, the Reverend Mr. Pentagon stood in front of the house of Monsieur Perot and stared blankly at the inn and at the landlord until an idea slowly crept into his mind. The inn looked very clean and neat. It was an odd little old-fashioned structure with green palings and trellises stuck about it in various places, and it overhung the margin of the placid Bronx and mirrored its whitewashed front in the calm stream. The landlord's face inspired confidence, so, too, did a smell of crisp clean cooking that came from the kitchen of Madame Perot. Why might not the Reverend Mr. Pentagon take lodgings at the inn of Monsieur Perot? There was no reason why he might not and in the end he did.

Very comfortable he found himself, and very friendly were the *famille Perot;* and a multitudinous family they were. Mr. Pentagon never succeeded in taking the census of them all, which need not be wondered at when it is said that the eleventh infant of Monsieur and Madame Perot was exactly of the same age as the third child of their first married daughter. And all of them, of every age and size, were polite by birth and inheritance, and took a cheerful view of life.

The first day of his arrival, which was a Saturday, Mr. Pentagon took out his unfinished sermon, meaning to set to work. Then he read it over and it struck him that really it was so very strong, especially the passage in denunciation of the Continental Sabbath, that he really ought to wait until he found himself in just the proper spirit to go on with it. He had a feeling of chastened pride in the thought that he had denounced that sinful Continental Sabbath very aptly indeed for a man who had never seen it. So that day he went for a walk and saw some of the pretty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

places which are too near to New York for most New Yorkers to visit. The next day was Sunday, and he went into the City and worshipped at Trinity, and on his way home went out of his course to view the great church to which he expected to be called, and stood and looked at its closed doors ; and his heart beat hard.

On Monday he went to New York again, and again on Tuesday, and again on Wednesday, and again on Thursday. Hither and thither he wandered, bewildered at first, then fascinated. The cosmopolitan variety of the life amazed and interested him. He had a slight book-knowledge of several languages, and in his ramblings he heard them all and many that he could not recognize. On Friday he stumbled on the Polish quarter in Attorney Street and thereabouts, and then, strolling aimlessly on, got into Mulberry Bend and was suddenly seized with a nervous fright at the swarming vastness of that mighty ant-hill. He gazed about him at the countless foreign faces that streamed this way and that through the narrow pass ; he blinked at the marvellous street-stands with their wild confusion of reds and greens and whites ; he looked up at the thin strip of blue sky between the tops of the towering tenements ; and then his eye fell upon the huge form of the Irish policeman who sauntered grandly through all this bustle and turmoil of agile Italians, and he said to him :

"Do you think that any of these people would offer me violence if I were to proceed farther along this street ?"

The policeman looked down at him kindly, but from an infinite height of scorn.

"An' ME here ?" he said.

Mr. Pentagon went on unmolested, and before he had reached the end of the street he had some glimmering realization of the fact that it was not only the big policeman who was keeping order for him, but the spirit of good-natured, happy, all-expectant industry that is the salvation of the poor whose feet are on the road that may lead to prosperity if they will but keep to it. But not then, not till long, long afterward, did Mr. Pentagon learn the awful difference between the hopeful and the hopeless poor.

. . . . . .

Friday found the Rev. Mr. Pentagon tired and footsore, with not one word added to the sermon "On the Duty of a Strict Observance of the Sabbath." Then, having lain on his lounge all day Friday, of course he needed a little exercise on Saturday. He thought he would take a row. He had rowed at college, and once or twice on the broad river that ran by the town that had been his home for fifteen years.

But he had never rowed on the Bronx, and the Bronx is a river that requires a special education for its navigation. It winds, it twists, it turns, it doubles upon itself, it spreads out into a pond, it contracts to a mere thread of water ; in fact it is the most capricious and absurd little water-course on the face of the civilized globe.

And so it happened that Mr. Pentagon, coming around a turn with an unnecessarily powerful stroke, and with his head bent down, ran into a stone bridge, struck his forehead full on the spring of the arch, and went backward into his boat, unconscious of everything in this world, save a dim sense of grinding pain, and of alternate heat and chill.

After this came a long period when he had a certain fitful knowledge of things and people about him. He saw faces—the faces of the elder members of the Perot family, the red good-natured face of Monsieur Perot, the kindly withered face of his old wife, the sweet and pretty face of the married daughter ; now and then wondering faces of children looking in at the doorway, and at certain regular intervals a man's face, grave and gentle, with searching eyes that were somehow connected in his mind with the word "Doctor."

Then came the time when he awoke to know that he had been sick nigh unto death, and out of his head, and out of this world more or less, for a period of days. When he asked how many, the Doctor answered him evasively, and he fretted over the evasion with all the futile insistence of a convalescent. He could learn nothing from Madame Perot, who could have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made a professional cross-examiner change any given subject for any other one he did not want. But at last he caught Monsieur Perot and bullied him into an admission. Perot would not absolutely defy the Doctor's orders, but in the end, being in an agony of perspiration and trepidation, he told Mr. Pentagon that he might calculate the rest for himself; it was now fifteen days since the reverend gentleman had honored the house with his presence.

"Quinze jours," said the Reverend Mr. Pentagon to himself, "Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday"—and he went on counting on his fingers. "Why, to-day must be Sunday!"

Even as he spoke a church bell tinkled faintly in the distance. It tinkled long enough to remind the Reverend Mr. Pentagon that instead of scolding at the week that lay before him, it behooved him to thank the Lord for his deliverance, and he accordingly did so, without the aid of his Book of Common Prayer; for his injury had somewhat endangered his eyesight, and he was absolutely forbidden to read.

. . . . . .

Mr. Pentagon was a strong, healthy, temperate man; and he made a most rapid recovery. To be more exact it was soon to be seen that his case would have no *sequelæ*, as the good grave Doctor loved to call the secondary consequences of an ailment. Instead of a week, he was kept but a day longer in bed, and two days in his room, and after that he was allowed to wander the whole day long under Monsieur Perot's cherry-trees, or to sun himself on the little veranda overlooking the stream. He could not read, which tried him a little, but his young friends of the innumerable tribe of Perot made life bearable, in fact, delightful for him. His French, what there was of it, was of what might be called the passive sort; and he understood perhaps one word in three of what the elder Perots said to him. But the children, as is often the case with Franco-American youngsters, spoke two languages with equal fluency and incorrectness, and moreover combined the two as they saw fit. Thus Mr. Pentagon conversed with them in a sort of Pigeon-English, or lingua franca, after this fashion.

Mr. Pentagon.—Kee ay ploorong, Mahree?

Marie Angélique Eulalie Rose Étienne Perot *(aged seven)*.—Mais, m'sieu, c'est Toto qui pleure, parce qu'il a tveesté la tail à la chatte, et puis papa lui a fetchée des gifles."

That's what the beautiful language of France comes to on the banks of the winding Bronx.

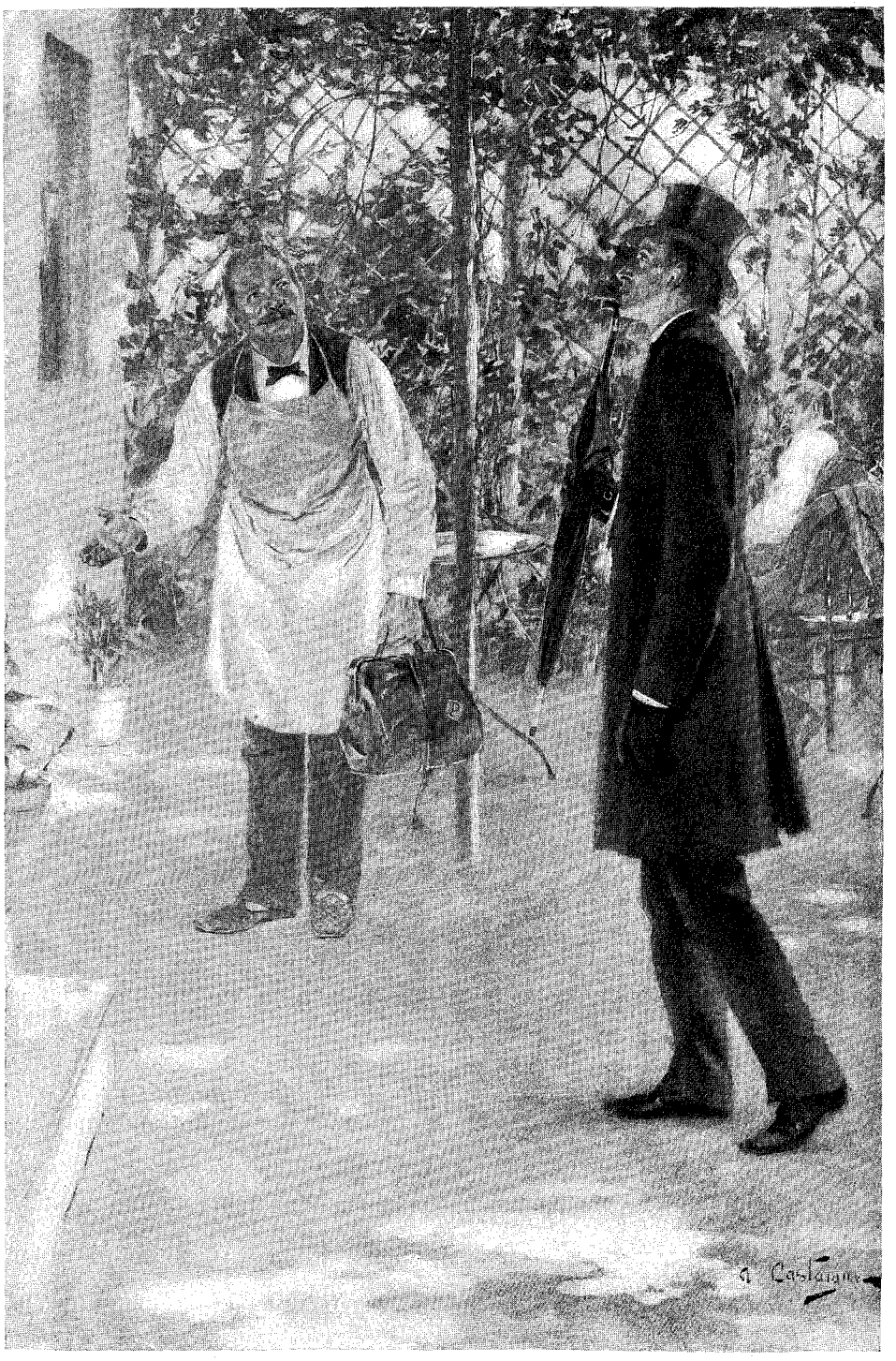
. . . . . .

Mr. Pentagon had never married, he had no near kin, and he was not in the habit of keeping up close correspondence with even the best of his many friends. But when he awoke on the third morning of his convalescence as an *externe*, he reflected that he must very soon find some way of notifying those who cared for him of his present condition and whereabouts. He thought he would ask the Doctor, who still came to see him once a day, if he would not write the requisite letters for him. The Doctor was a serious man, his face was almost sad in its thoughtfulness, and he was chary of speech to the verge of taciturnity; but there was an earnest kindliness in his thoughtful eyes which made Mr. Pentagon feel sure that he would write the letters, and would write them well.

Much cheered by this conclusion he finished his dressing and was about to start down-stairs, when the door opened and he beheld Monsieur Perot, in gorgeous attire, with a large tri-colored bouquet in his buttonhole; Madame Perot in her very best dress with a marvellous and complicated white cap on her gray head, and the married daughter, with her husband, both costumed in the most advanced art of the Bowery. Behind them, like the incidental cherubs with which the Old Masters used to fill up the odd corners of their canvases, surged a selected group of small Perots, the girls all in white dresses with big sashes, and the boys all in white shirts with tri-colored neckties.

There was a flood, a deluge, an explosion of French, and after Mr. Penta-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

Why might not the Reverend Mr. Pentagon take lodgings at the inn of Monsieur Perot?—Page 162.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gon had struggled with it for some time, and had been helped out by the younger members of the delegation, he got it through his head that he was invited to join the Perot family at the Summer Festival of the French Society to which they belonged, this festival being a combined fête and pique-nique at Tomkinson's Summer-Garden Park, a paradise of unspeakable delights situated in the immediate neighborhood.

It would have been impossible for Mr. Pentagon to refuse, if he had wished to refuse, which he did not in the least.

"I ought to see about the letters," he reflected; "but then, this being Saturday, they could not go until Monday, and I need only miss a single mail. And really I must not lose this opportunity of seeing what a French Festival is like."

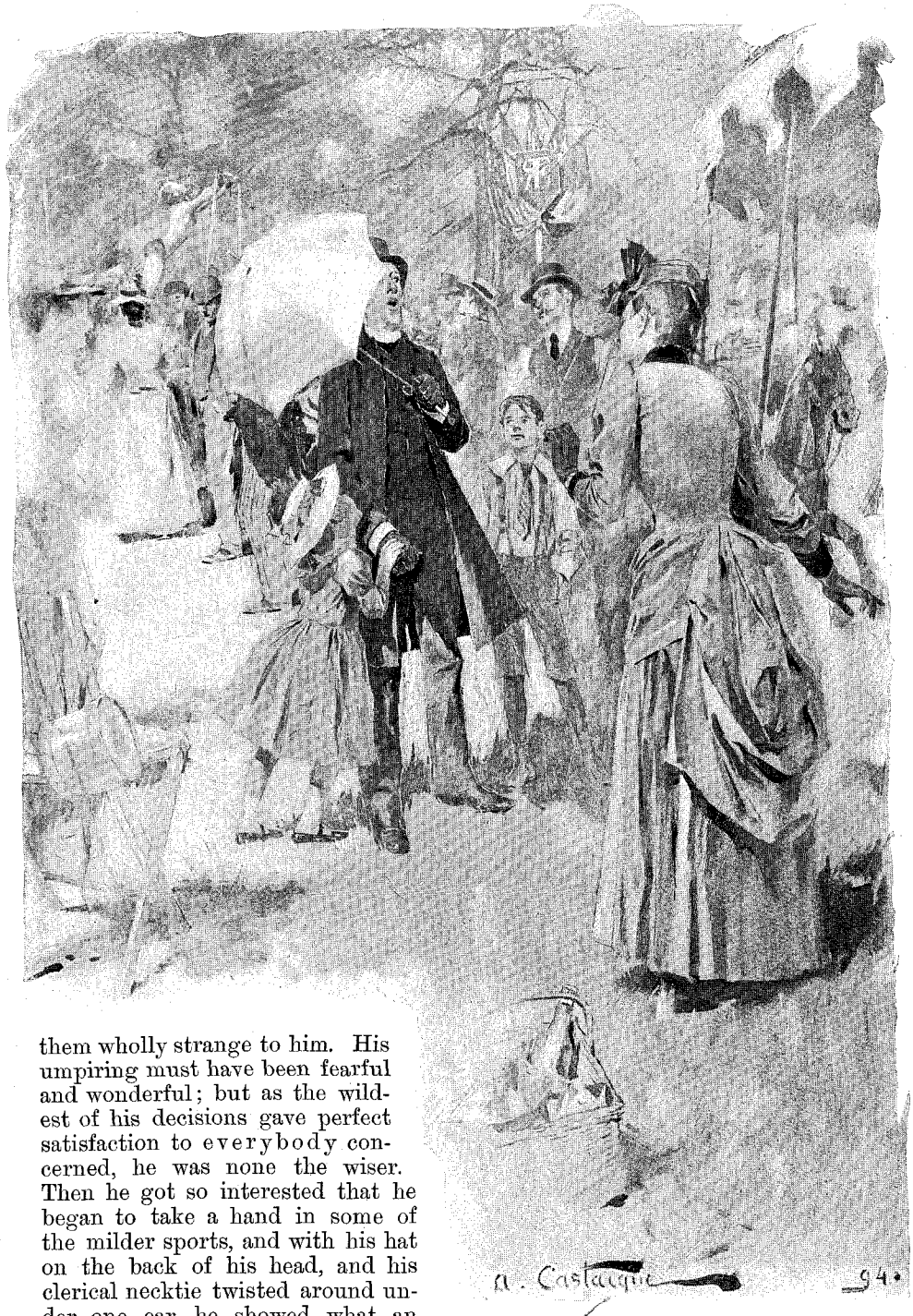
Three country stages of vast age and of unlimited capacity transported the Perot family through clouds of dust to Mr. Tompkinson's Garden, which was shut off from the rest of the world by a high yellow fence. Through a gateway decked with the fluttering flags of all nations and several defunct yacht-clubs, the party was whirled, in such a tumult of joyous shouting and shrieking as Mr. Pentagon had never in his life heard before. His head whirled with it, and it was with the sense of being in a dream that he found himself seated at a table under a tree, drinking a milky sweet stuff called orgeat, and by the aid of a spoon sharing his beverage with a warm and sticky little Perot, who had perched on his left knee. In front of them a company of eleven amateur soldiers, attired in uniforms that would have made Solomon in all his glory look like a Quaker, performed evolutions of a mysterious and rapid nature, looking extremely fierce all the while, and thumping the butts of their guns on the ground every now and then, with a snort of defiance. This done, they mopped their hot faces, accepted the congratulations of the Perot family with smiling satisfaction, took off their hats and bowed in the politest way, and went off somewhere else to do it again.

In every direction somebody was doing something. The "Park" was a poor bare place, with dusty trees, and dry and faded grass, and the little booths that lined its yellow walls were old and weatherbeaten, and their sparse decorations of red, white, and blue bunting were pitifully faded with sun and rain. But the people made it gay—the swarms of happy holidaying folk, some of them in quaint, old-world costumes, some of them in brilliant uniforms of designs that would have looked equally strange on either side of the water — all of them wearing hot and smiling faces. Mr. Pentagon opened his eyes wide to take in the unaccustomed scene. The women's caps were wonderful to him; so were the waistcoats of the men. As to the various sports and games, he had never dreamed that there were so many ways of amusing one's self in the world. There were shooting-galleries, and merry-go-rounds, and "Aunt Sallies," and the tiniest little switch-back railway, which was labelled in letters as big as itself, "*Aux Montagnes Russes.*" And in every little open space of the extensive grounds there was a club or a society, or a league, or a group, or some other aggregation of from six to a dozen young men, practising some athletic sports with infinite perspiration and ardor. The fencers fenced, the strong men lifted their heavy weights, the military companies drilled, the athletes tumbled and twisted, and climbed, and ran, and turned hand-springs; and the sportsmen and sharp-shooters shot, and shot, and shot, till their popping fairly peppered the general hum and buzz as if the place were undergoing a miniature bombardment.

And when nature needed refreshment or stimulus, one bottle of thin blue wine sufficed for the needs of any six of the participants; some of them, more ascetic, indeed, preferred lemonade, and shunned the wine-cup.

Before long Mr. Pentagon found himself in the very thick of it. He was introduced to everybody, and everybody made him welcome. As an American, he was regarded as a prime authority upon "*le sport*," and he was called upon to act as umpire and referee in all manner of contests, most of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Mr. Pentagon opened his eyes wide to take in the unaccustomed scene.—Page 166.

them wholly strange to him. His umpiring must have been fearful and wonderful; but as the wildest of his decisions gave perfect satisfaction to everybody concerned, he was none the wiser. Then he got so interested that he began to take a hand in some of the milder sports, and with his hat on the back of his head, and his clerical necktie twisted around under one ear, he showed what an able-bodied American clergyman can do when he puts his whole mind on the noble game of ringtoss. And when Madame Perot came to tell him it was time to go home, she found him hand in hand with a string of little Perots and their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He saw for the first time two huge signs.—Page 169.

playmates, capering clumsily but cheerfully to the tune of

"Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse, danse,
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond."

As he approached the gate, weary but happy, he met the Doctor, who bore in his face a look more bright and more kindly (if that could be) than Mr. Pentagon had ever seen there before. The Doctor shook Mr. Pentagon warmly by the hand.

"My dear sir," he said, "I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see you here. I am afraid I should have expected to find you literally and figuratively on the other side of the fence. I have never yet been able to convince any one of your cloth of the necessity of allowing to the working people confined in great cities a chance for innocent and wholesome recreation on the one day that they can call their own. The workman in this country, and especially in New York, works harder and has fewer holidays than any workman in civilization. What with the climate and his three meals of meat a day, he has a tremendous head of steam on, and the standard of work which he makes for himself is such as no European employer would dare set up for his operatives. To condemn such a man to absolute idleness and inactivity one day in seven; to take his beer from him on that one day; to shut him out of every place of innocent enjoyment in a city that is tropically hot in summer, and cold as Russia in winter, and that has only one narrow outlet to country walks, is cruel, my dear sir—positively cruel. And when *you* lend the sanction of your presence to Sunday amusements, so innocent and helpful as these, you are helping hundreds and thousands of stunted lives, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doing more good than your own eyes can see. Look around you! Is there drunkenness here? Is there dissolute conduct or disorder? Why, my dear sir, these people are not only good citizens, but devout members of their own church—it is not yours or mine, but it is theirs. They have been to early mass, and finished their devotions before you and I were out of bed, and——"

The Doctor was growing eloquent, and seemed to be but just started in his discourse. Somehow the Reverend Mr. Pentagon, limp, terrified, white of face, and weak as to his knees, slipped away and out, through the big gate on whose portals he saw for the first time two huge signs on which he read but two words "FÊTE" and "DIMANCHE."

. . . . . .

The next day Mr. Pentagon went to New York, although he had neither supped nor slept the night before. He wanted to evade the Doctor's daily call, or at least to think things over with himself before he should meet that grave and thoughtful face. He was slowly and painfully walking down Fifth Avenue, his thoughts turned in upon himself, when he felt his hand grasped and warmly shaken. Lifting his eyes, he saw before him a face that gradually revealed itself to his memory as the face of the little vestryman, of the great church of his hopes, who had called upon him some months before to suggest the possibility of his coming to New York. The little man was beaming, and he flourished a newspaper.

"Good! good!" he said, shaking the clergyman's hand up and down, "you have done nobly, Mr. Pentagon! It was a daring thing, sir, very daring; but the very audacity of it has settled the business. The conservative element in our vestry is fairly frightened out of the field. Why, sir, Mr. McGlaisher, the leader of the Sabbatarian wing in our church, actually said that while he could not vote for you, he would not vote against you; and that he could not help respecting a man who had the courage of his convictions. You will be called, sir, you will be called; as sure as my name *ain't* McGlaisher."

And he bustled away, leaving the daily paper in Mr. Pentagon's hands; and Mr. Pentagon's weak and blinking eyes read:

NO BLUE LAWS FOR HIM!

THE REVEREND MR. PENTAGON ATTENDS A SUNDAY PICNIC.

AND DANCES WITH THE BABIES

WILL ST. PHYLACTERY'S CALL HIM NOW?

. . . . . .

That evening the Reverend Mr. Pentagon made a confession to the Doctor—or rather two confessions: one of error, and one of conversion.

"But," said he, "will you tell me how it was possible for me to make such an error? The man certainly said *fifteen days*."

The Doctor's amused smile broadened.

"My dear sir," he said, "we Anglo-Saxons think we belong to the most logical race on the face of the earth, and yet the accurate little Frenchman can give us points three times out of four. With him a week is a *week*—seven days—with us it sometimes is, and sometimes is not. When you speak of something that happened 'a week ago this Monday,' you really speak of a period of eight days, or a week and the present Monday. The logical Frenchman does not even think of that space of time as a week; he calls it 'huit jours,' in the same way. On the third Wednesday of your stay here, which happened, by the way, to be a saint's day in the Catholic Church, Monsieur Perot very rightly told you that you had been here fifteen days. But with your habit of counting '*exclusively*,' as we call our stupid fashion, you counted the days *done* and not the day you were in. You would not have done it if you had been calculating the date of payment of a note; it was simply illogical habit that counted for you. But you see," he concluded, with a little laugh, as he took up his hat, "you had been French for a fortnight."

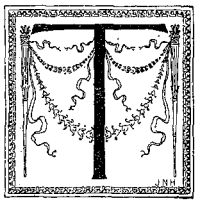
"Ah, yes, I see," said the Reverend Mr. Pentagon.

And as he heard the Doctor close the front door behind him, he picked up his half-finished sermon "On the Duty of a Strict Observance of the Sabbath" and tore it into small pieces.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOWELL'S LETTERS TO POE

Edited by George E. Woodberry



HE correspondence between Poe and Lowell is of considerable interest as an illustration of the character of the former, who was Lowell's senior by ten years, and it affords much biographical matter in details. The letters of Poe, with the exception of one which had passed out of Lowell's possession, were published in the biography of Poe which appeared some years ago in the "American Men of Letters" series. The letters of Lowell were among the papers which came into the hands of Dr. R. W. Griswold, as Poe's literary executor, and remained, after Griswold's death, in the possession of the gentleman who then took charge of his effects; they have recently come by inheritance, together with the other papers of Griswold, to the latter's son, Mr. William M. Griswold, of Cambridge, Mass., from whose copies they are now made public. While the interest of the Lowell side of the correspondence is considerably slighter than that written by Poe, the story of a notable literary connection is made complete by the aid of these documents, and the letters themselves are of equal value with others belonging to Lowell's early years. They require but little comment except what is furnished by Poe's replies. Lowell had undertaken to edit, in conjunction with Mr. Robert Carter, then living near him in Cambridge, the magazine called *The Pioneer*. The venture was unfortunate, and after the third issue the magazine was discontinued. Poe's first letter was written to offer contributions to it, and in each of its three numbers there was something from his pen. Lowell's first letter is in reply to Poe's application.

LOWELL TO POE

"BOSTON, Nov. 19, 1842.
No 4 Court St.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Your letter has given me great pleasure in two ways;—first, as it assures me of the friendship and approbation of almost the only *fearless* American critic, and second (to be Irish) since it contains your acquiescence to a request which I had already many times mentally preferred to you. Had you not written you would soon have heard from me. I give you *carte blanche* for prose or verse as may best please you—with one exception—namely I do not wish an article like that of yours on [Rufus] Dawes, who, although I think with you that he is a bad *poet*, has yet I doubt not tender feelings as a man which I should be chary of wounding. I think that I shall be hardest pushed for good stories (imaginative ones) & if you are inspired to anything of the kind I should be glad to get it.

"I thank you for your kind consideration as to terms of payment, seeing that herein my ability does not come near my exuberant will. But I can offer you $10. for every article at first with the understanding that, as soon as I am able I shall pay you more according to my opinion of your deserts. If the magazine fail, I shall consider myself personally responsible to all my contributors. Let me hear from you at your earliest convenience & believe me always your friend

"J. R. LOWELL,

"E. A. POE, ESQ.

"I am already (I mean my magazine) in the press—but anything sent '*right away*' will be in season for the first number, in which I should like to have you appear."

LOWELL TO POE

"BOSTON Decr 17. 1842.
"No. 4 Court St.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I ought to have written to you before, but I have had so much to distract me, & so much to make me sick of pen & ink I *could not*. Your story of 'The Telltale Heart' will appear in my first number. Mr. [Henry Theodore] Tuckerman (perhaps your chapter on Auto-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graphs is to blame) would not print in the [Boston] Miscellany, & I was very glad to get it for myself. It may argue presumptuousness in me to dissent from his verdict. I should be glad to hear from you soon. You must send me another article, as my second number will soon go to press.

"Wishing you all happiness I remain your true friend—torn to pieces with little businesses—"

[Signature cut out.]

The Pioneer failed in March, 1843. The contract bound Lowell and Carter to furnish the publishers five thousand copies on the twentieth of each month under a penalty of five hundred dollars in case of failure and the publishers to take that number at a certain price. The March number was eight days late, and the publishers, in the face of what was probably seen to be an unfortunate speculation, claimed the forfeit, but offered to waive it if the contract should be altered so as to require them to take only so many copies as they could sell. The result was that the editors were obliged to stop printing from a lack of credit, and were left with a large indebtedness for manufacture as well as to contributors. It appears from Poe's letters that he was paid his small claim a year later.

LOWELL TO POE

"BOSTON March 24 1843.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have neglected writing to you too long already, in the hope of being able to remit the money I owe you. When I shall have stated the facts, I think that you will excuse my want of punctuality. The magazine was started on my own responsibility, & I relied on the payments I should receive from my publishers to keep me even with my creditors until the Magazine should be firmly established. You may conceive my distress when the very first note given me by my publishers has been protested for nonpayment, & the magazine ruined. For I was unable to go on any farther, having already incurred a debt of $1800. or more.

"I hope soon to make such arrangements as will enable me to borrow this sum—pay all my debts & leave [me] free to go [to] work & apply my earnings to getting the load off my shoulders. The loss of my eyes at this juncture (for I am as yet unable to use them to any extent) adds to my distress. I shall remit to you before long—meanwhile do write me on receipt of this & tell me that you forgive me for what truly is more my misfortune than my fault—& that you still regard me as ever

"Your friend in all ways

"J. R. LOWELL.

"P. S. I hear you have become an Editor [of the never realized *Stylus*] Is it true? I hope so; if it were only to keep our criticism in a little better trim."

LOWELL TO POE

"BOSTON April 17, 1843.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Hawthorne writes me that he shall be able to send an article [for "The Stylus"] in the course of a week or two. His terms are $5. a page, but probably, as your pages will "eat up" Copy with a less anacondalike appetite than the fine print magazines, your best plan would be to pay him so much by the article. His wife will make a drawing of his head or he will have a Daguerreotype taken, so that you can have a likeness of him.

"As to my own effigies. [Published with a sketch of his life in *Graham's*.] Page has painted a head of me which is called very fine, & which is now Exhibiting (I believe) at the National Academy in New York. This might be Daguerreotyped—or I might have one taken from my head as it is now—namely in a more civilized condition—the portrait by Page having *very* long hair, not to mention a beard and some symptoms of moustache, & looking altogether, perhaps, too antique to be palateable to the gentle public. But you shall use your own judgement about that.

"I write now in considerable confusion, being just on the eve of quitting the office which I occupy as "attorney & Counsellor at Law". I have given up that interesting profession, & mean to devote myself wholly to letters. I shall

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

live with my father at Cambridge in the house where I was born. I shall write again soon & send you a poem and some data for a biographical sketch. Take my best love in exchange for your ready sympathy & use me always as you may have occasion as your affectionate friend.

"J. R. L.

"My address will be 'Cambridge Mass' in future. I do hope & trust that *your* magazine will succeed. Be very watchful of your publishers & agents. They must be driven as men drive swine,—take your eyes off them for an instant & they bolt between your legs & leave you in the mire.

"J. R. L."

Lowell to Poe

"Cambridge May 8, 1843.

"My dear friend,

"I have been delaying to write to you from day to day in the expectation that I should have received an article from Hawthorne to send with my letter. I am now domiciled in the country & have been doing nothing but ramble about, gardening, farming, tending an increasing flock of poultry & in short, being out of doors & in active exercise as much as possible in order to restore my eyes effectually.

"I have got the idea of Hawthorne's article so fixed in my mind that I forgot that I did not send you a poem in my last. I have such a reluctance to go into the city that though I have been here nearly three weeks I have not even brought out my Mss. yet. But I mean to do it in a day or two & shall then send you something which I hope will be to your liking. You must forgive my dilatoriness, My dear friend, the natural strength of which is increased by the pressure of my debts—a source of constantly annoying thought which prevents my doing almost anything as yet.

"With regard to a sketch of my own life my friend [Robert] Carter thinks that he can give it better than I—and perhaps he will send you one. Meanwhile I give a few dates. I was born Feby 22 1819 in this house at Cambridge—entered Harvard College in 1834 & took my degree as Bachelor of Arts in regular course in 1838—my master's degree in 1841. While in college I was one of the editors elected to edit the periodical [Harvardiana] then published by the undergraduates, & also to deliver the Class poem—a yearly performance which requires a poet every year who is created as easily by the class vote as a baronet or peer of the realm is in England. I was in the Law School under Judge Story for two years & upwards took a degree of Bachelor of Laws by force of having my name on the books as a student—& published a volume of rather crude productions (in which there is more of everybody else than of myself) in Jany, 1841. On the Mother's side I am of Scotch descent.

"I forgot to thank you for the biographical sketch of your own eventful life which you sent me. Your early poems display a maturity which astonished me & I recollect no individual (& I believe I have all the poetry that was ever written) whose early poems were anything like as good. Shelley is nearest, perhaps.

"I have greater hopes of your 'Stylus' than I had of my own magazine, for I think you understand editing vastly better than I shall for many years yet—& you have more of that quality—which is the Siamese twin brother of genius—industry—than I.

"I shall write again shortly meanwhile

"I am your affectionate & obliged

"friend J. R. L."

Lowell to Poe

[No date. Postmark, Boston, May 16.]

"My dear friend,

"I send you this little poem with some fears that you will be disappointed therein. But it is on the whole the most likely to please of any that I could lay my hands on—my Mss. being trusted to fortune like the Sybils leaves, & perhaps, like her's, rising in value to my mind as they decrease in number. You must tell me frankly how you like what I sent & what you should like better. Will you give me your address more particularly so that in case I have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a package to send you I can forward it by express?

"With all truth & love
"I remain your friend
"J. R. L."

The following letter is from Robert Carter, then Lowell's intimate associate, and belongs in this place:

CARTER TO POE

"CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
"June 19, 1843.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I send you with this letter a copy of the Boston Notion, April 29, containing an abridgement which I made of the sketch of your life and writings which appeared in the Phila. Sat. Museum. I was absent from the city when it was printed and did not see the proof; consequently it is full of atrocious errors. What has become of the Stylus? I trust that it has not been found prudent to relinquish the enterprise though I fear that such is the case. It would give the friends of pure and elevated literature in this region great pleasure to learn that it is only temporarily delayed.

"Mr. Lowell is in excellent health and his eyes have nearly recovered their usual strength. He has entirely abandoned his profession and is living at his father's house in the vicinity of this village. About a fortnight since he began to scribble vigorously and has within that period written about a thousand lines. You will see in the next Democratic Review, or at least in the August no., his longest and [piece of top cut off] blank verse and is entitled Prometheus. It contains nearly four hundred lines I think, and was written in seven or eight hours. At least, I left him one day at 11 A. M. and he had concluded to begin it immediately and when I saw him again at about 8½ P. M. the same day he read to me upwards of two hundred and fifty lines and he had written besides before he began some stanzas of a long poem in ottava rima which has occupied him chiefly for the last two weeks. Graham has also a poem from him and there will be one in the next New Mirror.

"Within a week I have read for the first time, Pym's Narrative. I lent it to a friend who lives in the house with me, and who is a lawyer, a graduate of Harvard, and a brother of Dr. O. W. Holmes, yet is so completely deceived by the minute accuracy of some of the details, the remarks about the statements of the press, the names of people at New Bedford &c. that, though an intelligent and shrewd man he will not be persuaded that it is a fictitious work, by any arguments drawn from the book itself, though [piece of top cut off] the latter part of the narrative. I dislike to tell him that I *know* it to be fictitious, for to test its truthfulness I gave it to him without remark and he has so committed himself by grave criticisms on its details that I dread to undeceive him. He has crossed the Atlantic twice and commented on an inaccuracy in the description of Pym's midnight voyage with his drunken friend. I have not the book in the house and knowing nothing of the sea, did not clearly comprehend the objection, but I think it was upon setting a 'jib' or some such thing upon a dismasted *sloop*—I know that the words 'jib'—'sloop' & 'only one mast' occurred in his remarks.

"To return to a safer subject—I am extremely desirous of knowing the name of your novel in two volumes alluded to in the 'Museum' [this alleged novel was never named by Poe] and if it be not a secret, or one that can be confided to a stranger would be obliged by its communication. And while I am in an inquisitive mood, let me beg of you to tell me whether the name of the author of Stanley is *Walter* or *Wm* Landor and whether he has recently or will soon publish anything. Also who is the author of 'Zoe' and the 'Aristocrat?'

"My address is still 'Boston, care of Rev. Dr. Lowell.'

"Truly & respectfully
"Your friend"

LOWELL TO POE

"ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, March 6, 1844.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"When I received your last letter I was very busily employed upon a *job*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

article on a subject in which I have no manner of interest. As I had nothing to say, it took me a great while to say it.

"I made an expedition to Boston to learn what I could about our lectures there, & found that the lectures for the season are now over. I mean the *Society* lectures. There are different gentlemen employed dilligently in lecturing upon 'physical sciences' & 'the lungs' &c &c. admission ninepence, children halfprice, but all the lectures of a more literary class are over. I spoke to the secretary of the Boston Lyceum about the probability of your success if you came experimentally, & he shook his head. It is not a matter in which I feel myself competent to judge—my bump of hope being quite too large. I asked him about engaging you for next year & he seemed very much pleased with the plan & said that the Society would be glad to do it. This course of lectures has (I think) the highest rank here.

"To speak for myself *I* should be delighted both to see & hear you. I like your subject too.

"The Boston people want a little independent criticism vastly. I know that we should not *agree* exactly, but we should at least sympathize. You occasionally state a critical proposition from which I *dissent*, but I am always satisfied. I care not a straw *what* a man says, if I see that *he* has *his* grounds for it, & knows thoroughly what he is talking about. You might cut me up as much as you pleased & I should read what you said with respect, & with a great deal more of satisfaction, than most of the praise I get, affords me. It is these halfpenny 'critics'—these men who appeal to our democratic sympathies by exhibiting as their only credentials the fact that they are 'practical printers' & what not, that are ruining our literature—men who never doubt that they have a full right to pronounce upon the music of Apollo's lute, because they can criticise fitly the filing of a handsaw, & who, making a point of blundering, will commend Hercules (if they commend at all) for his skill at Omphale's distaff.

"It will please you to hear that my volume will soon reach a third edition. The editions are of five hundred each, but 'run over,' as printers say, a little so that I suppose about eleven hundred have been sold. I shall write to you again soon, giving you a sketch of my life. *Outwardly* it has been simple enough, but inwardly every man's life must be more or less of a curiosity. Goethe made a good distinction when he divided his own autobiography into poetry & fact.

"When will Graham give us your portrait? I hope you will have it done well when it is done, & quickly too. Writing to him a short time ago I congratulated him upon having engaged you as editor again. I recognized your hand in some of the editorial matter (critical) & missed it in the rest. But I thought it would do no harm to assume the fact, as it would at least give him a hint. He tells me I am mistaken & I am sorry for it. Why could not you write an article now and then for the North American Review? I know the editor a little, & should like to get you introduced there. I think he would be glad to get an article. On the modern French School of novels for example. How should you like it? The Review does not pay a great deal ($2 a page, I believe) but the pages do not eat up copy very fast.

"I am sorry I did not know of your plan to lecture in Boston earlier. I might have done something about it. The Lyceum pays from fifty to a hundred dollars, as their purse is full or empty. I will put matters in train for next year, however

"Affectionately your friend.
[Signature cut out.]

"P. S. You must not make any autobiographical deductions from my handwriting, as my hand is numb with cold. Winter has come back upon us."

A letter, in which Lowell offered to write a sketch of Poe for *Graham's*, is here missing.

LOWELL TO POE

"ELMWOOD June 27. 1844.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I have been stealing a kind of vacation from the pen during the last month,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

& I hope that my lying fallow for a time will increase my future crops, though I cannot bring myself to use the farmer's phrase & wish them to be '*heavier.*' Now I ought by this time to have finished the article to accompany your head in Graham, but I have been unable to write anything. I have fits of this kind too often owing to a Constitutional indolence which was not counteracted by proper training in my childhood. You may be sure I am not one of those who follow a fashion which is hardly yet extinct, & call upon the good, easy world to accept my faults in proof of my genius. I can only mention it to ask forgiveness for my dilatoriness which springs from no want of interest but from sheer indolence—a fault—which your acquaintance with Life & Biography must have convinced you is one of the most incurable. However, I am resolved to set about it now in good earnest—& I have one or two preliminary requests to make. I wish you would (if you can) write me a letter giving me in some sort a spiritual autobiography of yourself. The newspaper [*The Saturday Museum* containing Hirst's life of Poe] you sent me will give me enough outward facts—but I want *your own estimate* of your life. Of course you need not write it as if for my use merely in the writing of this article—but as to a friend. I believe that the opinion a man has of himself (if he be accustomed to self analysis) is of more worth than that of all the rest of the world. If you have a copy of your first volume (of poems) will you send it to me by Harnden, directing it to be kept till called for & writing me a line by mail to warn me of its being on the way. I will return it to you by the same conveyance—as it must be valuable to you & as you have not probably more than one copy. I never saw it, nor can I get it. If you would send at the same time any other of your writings which I could not readily get you will oblige me very much & they shall be safely returned to you.

"I agree with you that the article on Griswold's book in the Foreign Quarterly Review was fair enough as far as the Conclusions the author came to were concerned—though at the same time I think him as ignorant in political matters as a man can well be—in short ignorant to the full to be a Reviewer—But you are mistaken as to the authorship of it. It was not (I am quite sure) written by Dickens, but by a friend of his named Forster (or Foster)—the author of a book named 'Statesmen of the time of Cromwell.' Dickens may have given him hints. . . .

"I shall send you my sketch of course before it is printed, so that you can make any suggestions you like or suppress it altogether. I wish it to please you rather than the public.

"Affectionately your friend

"J. R. L."

LOWELL TO POE

"ELMWOOD Dec 12. 1844

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You will forgive me for not writing sooner & for writing so little now, when I tell you that I have been for some time keeping a printing office agoing at the rate of from eight to twenty pages a day. I am printing a volume of prose (in conversation form) about poets and everything else, ["Conversations on Some of the Old Poets"] & not having prepared my copy, am obliged to write & print at once. You will like some parts of the book and dislike others.

"My object in writing this is to introduce you to my friend Charles F. Briggs, who is about to start a literary weekly paper [*The Broadway Journal*] in New York & desires your aid. He was here a month or two since, & I took the liberty of reading to him what I had written about you & to day I received a letter from him announcing his plan & asking your address. Not knowing it, & not having time to write him I thought that the shortest way would be to introduce you to him. He will pay & I thought from something you said in your last letter that pay would be useful to you. I also took the liberty of praising you to a Mr. Colton, who has written 'Tecumseh' . . . & whom I suspect, from some wry faces he made on first hearing your name, you have cut up. He is publish-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing a magazine & I think I convinced him that it would be for his interest to engage you permanently. But I know nothing whatever of his ability to pay.

"I am not to be married till I have been delivered of my book; which will probably be before Christmas, & I shall spend the winter in Philadelphia. I shall only stop one night in New York on my way on. Returning I shall make a longer stay & shall of course see you. You will like Briggs & he will edit an excellent paper. Opposite, I write a note to him.

"Yr. affectionate friend
"J. R. Lowell.

"P. S. You must excuse me if I have blundered in recommending you to Colton. I know nothing of your circumstances save what I gleaned from your last letter, &, of course, said nothing to him which I might not say as an entire stranger to you. It is never safe to let an editor (as editors go) know that an author *wants* his pay.

"I was in hopes that I should have been able to revise my sketch of you before it appeared. It was written under adverse circumstances & was incomplete. If you do not like this method of getting acquainted, send Briggs your address. *His* is No 1 Nassau St. I never wrote an introductory letter before & do not own a complete letter writer—so you must excuse any greenness about it."

The acquaintance which the foregoing letters illustrate was not destined to good fortune. There had been mutual good-will and respect, with kindly offices, on both sides. The connection of Poe with Briggs in the editorial conduct of *The Broadway Journal* was the occasion of an exchange of views and facts between Briggs and Lowell which left Poe's reputation very much impaired in Lowell's judgment. Poe's admiration for "the author of 'Rosaline,'" on the other hand, did not survive the lines in "The Fable for Critics," in which his own portrait was not inaptly drawn; after Briggs ceased to be his co-editor Poe attacked Lowell as a plagiarist, and the latter expressed his resentment at length in a passage to be found in his published 'Letters.' Lowell, too, had lately met Poe just recovering from a spree, and the impression then received was sufficient of itself to terminate their relations. A short time after, in October, 1845, occurred the public scandal of Poe's visit to Boston to read a poem before the Boston Lyceum, which confirmed him in his lifelong dislike of the Bostonians. Later, in an unpublished letter to Mr. F. W. Thomas, early in 1849, Poe denounced Lowell with some contempt, and made a public disclosure of his changed attitude by an unfavorable review of "The Fable for Critics," in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in February of that year.

AN UNDISCOVERED MURDER

By T. R. Sullivan

HALF-WAY down the long Rue Nord du Sablon, in Bruges, the glory of Flanders, may be seen a decorated house-front, one among many for which the mediæval city is still famous. Its stone carvings, emblematic of the chase, are scarcely distinctive enough for more than a passing look; and as the ground-floor of the house, which never could have been an imposing one, was long since made over into shops, the surfeited traveller, whose objective point is the Grande Place, may pass and repass without noticing the decorations at all. Were the central door, by some chance, to stand open, he might catch a glimpse of an overgrown garden at the end of the long, dull archway; but there are other gardens in Bruges, and that of the Hôtel de Flandre, a few doors off, is larger and finer than this; furthermore, its

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paths are swept and garnished in the height of later Flemish fashion; there, in all likelihood, he will choose to sit and listen to the chimes when his day in Bruges fades into twilight, leaving him to linger at ease over his coffee-cup, while the unpretentious house of the hawk and hound concerns him no more.

Half a century ago this house and its dependencies were occupied by the retired silk-merchant, Sébald Stevin, who had made a fortune in Amsterdam. Such achievements are not the work of a single day, and he had passed his fiftieth year before he found himself able to realize a long-cherished design of returning to his native place for a season of repose, longer or shorter, as fate should will it. He had, to some extent, the pride of race, and could claim collateral kinship with Simon Stevin, the great mathematician of two centuries back, whose statue stands to this day in the little square of Bruges which bears his name. But for the tired merchant that accident of birth was outweighed by his own youthful memories. He had turned away from them all in his morning hours, coming poor, unhonored among strangers, to plunge for his pearl into the tide of traffic. That prize was now secured by the fierce, long-sustained effort which had left its mark upon him. There were strange furrows in his cheeks; his failing eyesight, at times, grew dim and clouded; his breath was scantier than of old. The doctors shook their heads, and said he must have rest—the sooner the better, since he had no wife to care for him. And when he resolved to take it, there came with the resolve a longing for the bells and towers of his old home; for the gray, grass-grown streets, the cool, silent courts into which trade's jarring discord never penetrated. One of these should be his shelter for the remainder of the term allotted him. The evening of his life was closing in; there let it settle down.

So, after grave deliberation befitting an act of such solemnity, Sébald Stevin made his choice and established himself under this roof, which, though narrow, seemed ampler than his needs demanded. But if excess of space brought some access of care, it was care of a comfortable sort that did no harm. For the house became his plaything, and its superfluous rooms proved additional sources of amusement. All were thrown open to the air and sunshine, and, according to the master's fondness for the gayest colors, were furnished with barbaric splendor. He would have no dark corners, and thought nothing of undoing his work to get a window here, another there; then the library outgrew its limits, and an entire wall went down before it, to the despair of two devoted servants, Louis Vogel and Catherine his wife. They knew their master's worth, but shared none the less the opinion of the neighborhood, where his name had passed into a proverb; so that any task of slow accomplishment was likened to Sébald Stevin's house which never would be finished.

The worthy householder smiled and said nothing when this gossip of the neighbors reached his ears. He kept upon good terms with them all, meeting them pleasantly at church and in the streets, gradually gaining respect not only in the neighborhood but throughout the town. He was good-nature itself, and long intercourse with mankind had taught him the art of not offending, even in moments of reserve. That these were far from infrequent came to be generally understood and accepted. The poor, and they were many, blessed him for his liberality, without comprehending its full extent. For, making no confidences, he had a large acquaintance, few friends; of the few, two or three, who visited him occasionally, knew something of his home surroundings. Yet when they compared notes about them, each experience showed the same definite limitations. They had seen the garden and one or two handsome rooms opening from it; had been permitted to handle certain curious folios, to admire an old triptych, undoubtedly by Memling. But all knowledge ceased abruptly at a mysterious door through which the host had once entered his library. No one could say where it led, what treasures lay beyond it; the books and their shelves were so cleverly disposed that its very place in the wall became an uncertainty. There the door had been, however, and there it remained, an impassable barrier, vague, indeterminate as his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

own reserve, between Sébald Stevin and the world.

He would have laughed away the first suggestion of mystery made to him on that score. For, in reality, the door only communicated with a private staircase leading to his chamber on the floor above. It was a mere matter of convenience and ingenious economy of wall-space—no more. As for hidden treasures, the chamber, though very bright and cheerful, was not especially luxurious, and, apart from a small ivory crucifix, contained none at all.

None at all—yet two, that Sébald Stevin would have defended with his life. But these were treasures of the heart and mind, without intrinsic value; a wistful girlish face, and a boy's, both drawn in chalk by the same hand, that, certainly, was not a master's. No dealer would have looked twice at the unsigned sketches which to their possessor were dearer than his priceless Memling. The first was the only existing portrait of the woman who was to have shared his fortunes, who had died suddenly on the eve of their marriage. Since the fearful day on which that news stunned him, many years had passed, bringing their own cares and disappointments, their own rewards and pleasures. At times the love affair of his youth had lost its hold upon him, growing blurred and indistinct, unsubstantial as a dream. More than once he had even thought of marriage; it was the only proper state; why should he deny himself its joys? Then one look at this dead woman's face had revived his fading recollection; every tone of her voice had come back, pleading her cause with him, flooding his eyes with tears. His heart, not his to give, lay buried with her in the grave. So, again and again, he dismissed the wanton thought; it was impossible. The love of his youth must remain the love of his lifetime.

The other drawing was a likeness of his only brother, Cyriac, of whom he had been devotedly fond. Indeed, this devotion had resembled that of a father toward a son; for the two were left, at an early age, alone in the world, and Sébald was ten years the elder. He had turned a very blind side toward this handsome scapegrace, who grew up wild, self-willed, reckless, incapable of appreciating his brother's readiness for sacrifice, yet with a strong personal charm that made him more friends in a week than Sébald could win in the course of plodding years. And all was over long ago! The light laugh, the mischievous eyes would cause him no further trouble, would never gladden him again. Cyriac, at eighteen, had developed a longing for the sea, and had followed it to the world's end.

Making voyage after voyage, he had returned only to re-embark. Then, with the time that should have brought him, he did not come; and to Sébald, waiting and hoping against all reason, word came, instead, that the ship had foundered in a lonely southern ocean. There, then, the handsome sailor lay unburied, restless in his death as in his life, the sport of changing currents. Only that poor copy of his features, a faded letter or two, a few Eastern trinkets were left to show that he had ever lived. This lacquered box had been the product of one voyage, this broken carving of another; as Sébald laid the relics down he was overwhelmed by surging thoughts of trivial things—mere wrack upon the sea of memory—looks, gestures, and little incidents of his brother's life that he had long forgotten. He remembered how Cyriac, in his boyhood, had made game of him at some slight reproof; one might as well have tried to argue with the wind. How, grown into a man of many voyages, he had remained heedless, irresponsible, indifferent to danger; how he had shown a deep scar upon his wrist, and told frankly in what discreditable tavern-brawl he had come by it; how the other wrist, displayed with pride, had borne a hideous, indelible stain, pricked there by a foreign sailor he had once befriended. The face of some savage god it was, in glaring colors—a charm, he said, to ward off evil spirits and all future perils of land and sea. Wearing this unholy sign he could defy everything but the inevitable term of life; whatever mischance befell him, he should die quietly in his bed at a good old age. But Sébald, sighing as he recalled this, made the sign of the cross and said a prayer for Cyriac's lost soul.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One summer day, an hour before sunset, the good man sat alone in his garden, smoking his long pipe with the porcelain bowl, over which he nodded peacefully at intervals, the image of contentment and tranquillity. On a small table near by were decanters and glasses; a book lay there too, but for the moment he had forgotten it in the quiet day-dream that the time, and, above all, the place invited. The garden—a wonder in its small way—was thought by Joseph Maes, the well-to-do neighbor who overlooked a portion of it, to be the loveliest spot in Bruges. It had a quaintness all its own. In one corner, under an old hawthorn-tree, stood the aviary, full of canaries. Borders of red and yellow tiling hemmed in the flower-beds, which were now given up to roses; here and there among them glass globes, lined with quicksilver, glistened in the sunlight, or, catching the colors, gave back bewildering reflections. A fountain tinkled in the central patch of long grass. One wall was overgrown with vines, clambering toward the shadow of an old sun-dial which bore for legend: OMNES TIME PROPTER UNAM—FEAR ALL ON ACCOUNT OF ONE—the legend of an earlier day, not placed there by its present owner, whose pious hope was happily expressed by the motto on his pipe-bowl, under a miniature representation of his patron saint encircled by its gilded glory: DEUS LUX MEA—QUEM TIMEBO?—GOD IS MY LIGHT—WHOM SHALL I FEAR? Repeating this, as he often did, Sébald Stevin could smile at the dial's warning, and, without apprehension, note the decline of day.

Stirring a little he noted it now, while the hour of seven rang out from the tall belfry on the Grande Place. The chimes played their sweet tune, of which he never tired, and with a murmur of satisfaction he put down his pipe, took up the book he had brought into the garden, and, opening it at random, began to read. It was a volume of Montaigne, in whose wise frankness he delighted. He turned the leaf, laughing his approval. Yes, that was a clear statement of the truth, well considered. But as he read on he shook his head, frowned, sighed, and frowned again. For he had fallen unexpectedly upon this passage which displeased him:

"Verily the name of Brother is a glorious name, and full of loving kindnesse, and therefore did he and I terme one another sworne brother: but this commixture, dividence and sharing of goods, this joyning wealth to wealth, and that the riches of one shall be the povertie of another, doth exceedingly distemper and distract all brotherly alliance, and lovely conjunction."

The words formed an impediment which Sébald could not pass; he had never read them before, that he remembered, and they seemed to him unjust and cruel. How was it possible that the good Seigneur de Montaigne, so human in his sympathies, could register a thought like this? Had he no brothers, then? Yes, many. Ah, with but one, and that one lost, he would not so have wronged the name of Brother! And thus, reverting to his own case, Sébald closed the book, and thought how gladly he would have labored to prove the falseness of that bitter word. Alas, in this world at least, his power to prove it had been snatched away. The old sorrow might overwhelm him anew, the old affection reassert itself now and a thousand times to come. In vain; not proof alone, but even the smallest protestation of the truth was denied him. Who would understand his grief? Who would listen? Who believe?

Absorbed in this mournful reverie he had not noticed the sound of footsteps coming toward him through the garden. But he was roused now by a single word—his own name, gently spoken. He looked up, startled; his heart beat violently, his breath choked him, and, though he tried to speak, he only stared like a frightened child.

Before him in the path stood the figure of a man, half-clad in sailor fashion, with an open clasp-knife in his worn belt. Though the familiar features were sadly altered, Sébald knew them instantly. But this presence was a thing incredible.

"Sébald!" spoke the voice again; "it is I, alive, and in the flesh, what flesh is left to me. Look!"

Smiling, the man raised one thin arm, to shake back the sleeve and show a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mark tattooed upon the wrist. But Sébald did not wait for this assurance; he saw only the face; his book fell to the ground, and, springing up, he trampled it under foot as he embraced his brother with trembling arms.

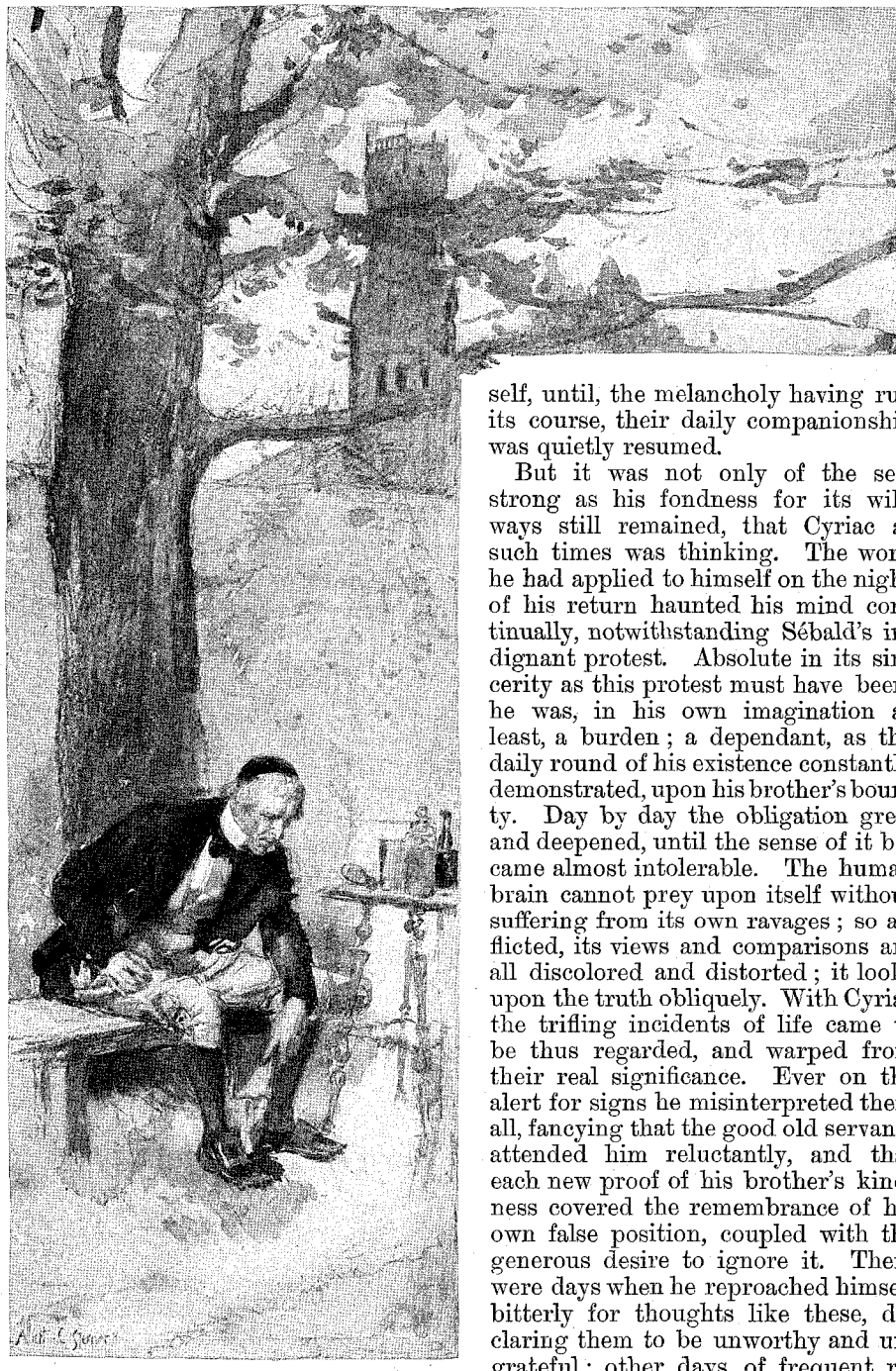
"Cyriac!" he cried. "Thank God!" Then his strength was gone, and he could say nothing, while Cyriac gently pushed him down into his chair, and filling a glass from one of the wine-flasks on the table, made him drink; little by little, the color came back into the elder brother's face, and he was once more master of himself and of the house, which was promptly given over to rejoicing. It was like the return of the prodigal. Cyriac had found a home, and Sébald a use for the vacant apartments so long untenanted.

Later that night the prodigal told his story. His ship, encountering a furious gale in the South Pacific, had been driven far out of her course, a hopeless wreck. The boats were speedily swamped, the captain and crew swept away; but Cyriac, clinging to a cask, was flung upon the outer reef of a fertile island inhabited by a savage tribe. The natives, instead of torturing and devouring him, had hailed his coming as a miraculous event. The poor shipwrecked sailor was loaded with honors, treated with reverence, awe even—and all because of the symbol upon his wrist, which thus opportunely made good the mystical properties ascribed to it by the man who had placed it there. So, playing his part of demi-god, Cyriac had lived among his rescuers a life of savagery, ever on the watch for the first opportunity of escape that should be offered him. But none came; the island lay remote from the accustomed paths of traders, and no vessel passed within hailing distance of it. One day, at last, he saw a sail, a mere speck on the horizon, like a sea-gull's wing. He followed it with straining eyes; then, when the false hope had dwindled into nothing, he grew desperate, and determined to make an opportunity for himself—to fly from this death in life, at the risk of dying miserably, alone. He had contrived to secrete one of the rude boats, and slowly to stock it with food; finally, at the favorable moment, to put off by night without discovery. At sunrise, he was beyond fear of pursuit, free, but helpless. Days of the same helplessness, of anguish, and, when his provisions were gone, of slow torture, had succeeded. He laid himself down to die, and woke from a death-like stupor in the cabin of a Dutch merchantman, surrounded by friendly faces. Then, losing consciousness again, he had undergone the fearful illness of which he still bore traces. When he came to himself the ship was nearing its port of destination—Amsterdam. Upon arrival he had walked the streets in a vain search for his brother's name, forced, at last, into the question he feared to put, lest its answer should be that Sébald was no longer living. A word had set him right, and here he was, seated at Sébald's table; but wasted, weak, and old, the wreck of his former self, the very castaway of castaways, a worthless, useless burden.

"Never, never to me!" cried Sébald, when the tale had reached this sad conclusion. "Cyriac, my brother! you shall not speak such words, you shall not think such thoughts. God has been kind to both of us. He has brought you back to be the joy of my old age. Here you shall grow strong and young again—here, here, on this hearthstone. For this house of mine is your house, and all that I have in it is yours."

Thus Cyriac, whose streaming eyes attested his gratitude better than the broken words to which Sébald would not listen, took his place in the quiet household. As the months went on he regained some measure of his strength, but he did not completely fulfil his brother's hope by growing young again. On the contrary, the deep lines of his face and its sharpened features made him seem to all who knew them both the older of the two. His former vivacity had disappeared forever; that potent charm of earlier days was now replaced by strange, brooding fits; and when one of these overcame him, he would retire to a certain window of his apartment that looked beyond the city along the canal leading through the lowlands to Ostend. There, lost in thought, he would sit alone for hours. Then Sébald, learning that this habit was not to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



As he read on he shook his head, frowned, sighed, and frowned again.—Page 179.

be shaken off, would say, "He is thinking of the sea!" and leave him to himself, until, the melancholy having run its course, their daily companionship was quietly resumed.

But it was not only of the sea, strong as his fondness for its wild ways still remained, that Cyriac at such times was thinking. The word he had applied to himself on the night of his return haunted his mind continually, notwithstanding Sébald's indignant protest. Absolute in its sincerity as this protest must have been, he was, in his own imagination at least, a burden; a dependant, as the daily round of his existence constantly demonstrated, upon his brother's bounty. Day by day the obligation grew and deepened, until the sense of it became almost intolerable. The human brain cannot prey upon itself without suffering from its own ravages; so afflicted, its views and comparisons are all discolored and distorted; it looks upon the truth obliquely. With Cyriac the trifling incidents of life came to be thus regarded, and warped from their real significance. Ever on the alert for signs he misinterpreted them all, fancying that the good old servants attended him reluctantly, and that each new proof of his brother's kindness covered the remembrance of his own false position, coupled with the generous desire to ignore it. There were days when he reproached himself bitterly for thoughts like these, declaring them to be unworthy and ungrateful; other days, of frequent recurrence, when he actually longed to be back again in his South Sea island, endowed with divine attributes, if only to command savages. Here, at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

best, he was a cipher and powerless; he did not command, he served.

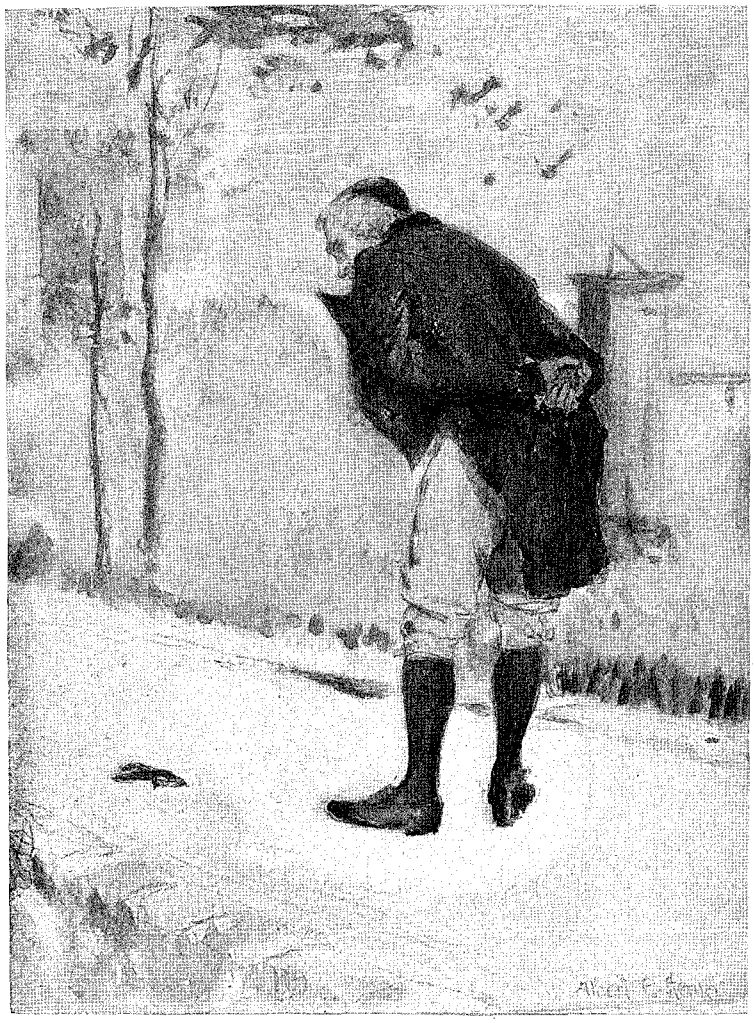
Ah, if by some spell his old strength could be restored, how gladly he would steal away in the night and contend with the world again! Vain hope! Power, fame, fortune had left him in the lurch; his only contention must be with his own dark thoughts, while time dragged on, and he sat idle, waiting, waiting. Waiting for what? For death only, since all his fierce joy in living was now annulled. But death, for aught he knew, might still be years away; old age might come and find him chafing under this same restricted life; he might survive his brother even. Yes, in the course of nature Sébald, so much the elder, would die first. And then? Why, then, was he not sole heir to Sébald's wealth? to a sum which he had no means of determining, but which must be a great one surely, very great? Its possession would transform him from a subject into a master—a power in the land. Then—then—

A flush of pleasure leaped into his cheek, a gleam of youthful fire flashed from his eyes. The glow passed and left him chilled and shuddering. In one moment he had longed for his brother's death; in the next he had told himself that the longing was a crime. But our evil thoughts are armed rebels that will not be crushed at a single blow; they rise and rise again, each time with added strength, more and more terrible. Golden possibilities of the future intruded themselves persistently upon his deeper contemplation, and went with him into his brother's presence. They lurked in ambush, yet became his boon companions. Why should he strive to shut them out? Death was an unalterable law; to disregard it, to forget it altogether would not delay its execution by a single instant. This was his brother's hour of enjoyment. What harm lay in the admission that, after it, his own might come? For him all the present was a lethargy, beyond which rose vaguely the transport of a dream. He had done himself an injustice in the first instance. A longing to pass from one state to the other by natural means in which he took no part could not be called a crime.

So, substituting the inevitable issue of his brother's life for that of his own, Cyriac passively awaited the hour of its coming. The secret wish grew stronger until it possessed him wholly, but was never suffered to betray itself by any outward sign. On the contrary, his need of concealing it became a kind of second nature which enabled him easily to wear a look of gratitude, to be attentive to all his brother's interests, assiduous in little cares. So he lived and watched and waited, until an unlooked-for event suddenly disturbed the show of peace by which even he himself was half deceived.

On a certain fine spring morning, Sébald, who was an early riser, came out into his garden to make the round of it alone. This first hour of the day, before the dew had dried, was always a refreshment to him, and now at every step he observed with joy the season's progress. The hawthorn had burst into full bloom; the violets were at their sweetest; and the great tulip-bed, which was Sébald's especial care, had advanced almost to perfection. He sprinkled it with water drawn from the fountain, and moving to and fro at his pleasant task, he began to hum an old air, unconsciously, at first, then with a smile at his own absurdity. The air, associated with his youthful follies, had not occurred to him before for many years. But, as he turned the corner of the bed nearest to the outer wall, the song stopped suddenly, and he stooped to examine something that lay there among the flowers. A glove, a woman's glove, fresh, unstained, without a drop of dew upon it! How could this come here? It must have fallen a moment ago from some window of his neighbor's house. He looked up, but saw no one, the windows all were closed. Strange, very strange! He knelt down in the path, and smoothed the glove out thoughtfully. It was very small, very delicately made; he could not help laughing at the contrast between it and his own coarse hand. Then he started up; for, while he looked and laughed and perplexed himself with this discovery, the merry owner of the glove had flashed in from the street through the shadow of the arch and on into the garden.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



He stooped to examine something that lay there.—Page 182.

She was no longer in her first youth, but of fair complexion, still beautiful. Her rosy cheeks showed by their heightened color a consciousness of his admiration; yet her blue eyes sparkled mischievously as she stood still on the farther side of the tulip-bed, holding out her hand.

"Yes, it was I who dropped it," she explained in a voice that was very clear and musical; "from the window of Neighbor Maes. I am a guest in his house. A thousand pardons to Monsieur Stevin, if it is to Monsieur Stevin that I have the honor of speaking."

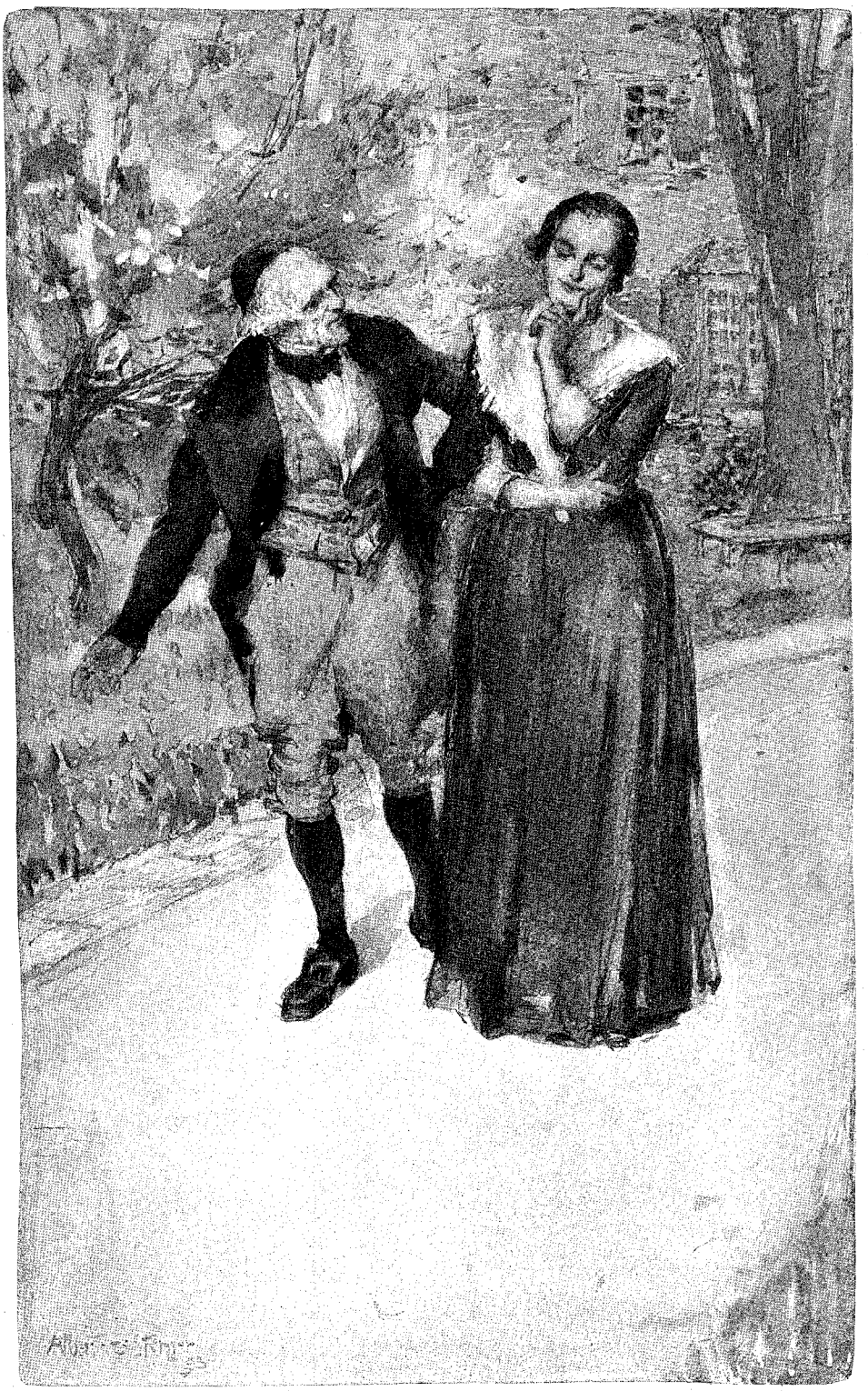
"Yes," he said, recovering his self-possession and assuming with it an air of formal courtesy which amused and pleased her. "But the honor is mine. It is a fortunate accident that permits me to welcome here the guest of Neighbor Maes."

He had made the turn of the path to join her with his eyes still fixed upon her face. As the glove passed from his hand to hers, she avoided the look, and it was with a deeper color that she answered:

"The tulips are so beautiful — I longed to look at them more closely. It was very stupid—very careless——"

"Ah, you are fond of tulips! Allow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.

"Pray consider it your own, to walk in when you please."—Page 185.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me to introduce mine to you. The *Admiral Lieskens*, the *Semper Augustus!* This is the distinguished guest of Neighbor Maes."

"Madame Juliana de Berghe, at your service!" she said, playfully making a reverence to the glowing flowers. "Such fine names they have!"

"They are only names now that were once as rare as jewels—so rare that I could not have owned them. To-day, all here may be had for a song; all, that is, save one."

"The pale one, I am sure, that stands alone. It is lovelier than all the rest."

"Quite right. In its day a single bulb like this would have brought me thirty thousand francs. The day is gone now, yet still it has its value. This is the famous Brewery Tulip, once the pride of Lille."

"The Brewery Tulip!" she repeated, laughing. "That is very strange and very comical!"

"You laugh at the name. Is it possible, then, that you are akin to Jan de Berghe, the brewer of Ghent, whom I knew once at Amsterdam? He died a dozen years ago."

"Ten years, when winter comes," she said, gravely. "Monsieur Stevin, I am the widow of Jan de Berghe."

"A good man, God rest his soul!"

"Amen!" she cried. "If there is a heaven in that blue sky above us, he is there. And so you knew my husband?" she continued, as they followed the path slowly. "How oddly things fall out! I am not sorry that I strayed into your garden."

"Pray consider it your own, to walk in when you please. These violets spring up of themselves here in this corner. Will you have them?" He bent down as he spoke; then, rising, flushed with the small exertion, he placed the flowers in her hand. She transferred them to her dress, and inhaled their fragrance gratefully.

"You are very kind, Monsieur. A moment ago I did not know you, and now it seems to me that we are old friends. What a surprise for Madame Maes!"

They had moved on to the archway, under a window that admitted light to the principal staircase of the house. As she turned to take leave, Cyriac, passing down the stairs within, drew back in astonishment and watched them, unobserved.

"So soon?" asked her host, regretfully.

"Yes. It is time—since Madame Maes——" she stopped in alarm; for, at the moment of bowing low to touch her hand with his lips, he started back, as if in pain. Immediately, he reassured her, smiling and still holding the hand in his, but contenting himself now with a gentle pressure.

"It is nothing," he said, lightly. "A twinge that sometimes troubles me—no more. You will come again?"

"Perhaps," she answered, as she turned away. Then she hesitated, with downcast eyes, stretching absently the fingers of her glove. "But I have deceived you, and must make you my confession. I threw this down, I did not drop it."

"Then it is mine!" he cried, merrily, with a dash for the glove. But she was too quick for him, and, darting out along the arch, she left behind her only an echo of rippling laughter. He laughed, too, at this caprice of conscience which made the remembrance of her doubly charming. And bringing from the house a porcelain vase, he proceeded to transplant his rarest tulip, and then to send it after her with the request that she would accept this trifling gift from him. Over the breakfast-table he gave Cyriac a detailed account of his adventure, neglecting, however, to mention the unimportant fact that it had been brought about through her design. While they talked, came her acknowledgment, in a few gracefully worded lines, expressing the wish of her hostess, Madame Maes, that Monsieur Stevin could see for himself how the pride of Lille adorned her house and already flourished in her humble window-pane. Sébald tossed his brother the note in proof of the stranger's ready wit and captivating ways. What could Cyriac do but acquiesce discreetly? And when the relations between the houses, once established, grew, upon one pretext or another, daily more intimate, how could he withhold a smiling approval of them?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But though the younger brother accepted his new part of confidant, and played it to perfection; though he listened sympathetically, and admired with all the warmth that the most exacting enthusiast could have demanded, the sudden entrance upon the scene of Madame Juliana de Berghe had not been at all to his liking. In proportion to the importance she assumed there, the one hope that sustained him languished. His whole future was at stake. He lived for succession to wealth and power, the means of happiness, and that happiness was now endangered. For this designing woman was an arch-coquette, well versed in all the arts of conquest; she could blow hot and cold in a breath, she knew when to be timid, when indifferent; and she had set her cap for Sébald; she would lead him on, never letting him discover it, seeming, at last, to yield against her will. But she would win him; he would marry her. And, to Cyriac, Sébald's marriage meant desperation.

This new fear, once admitted, preyed upon Cyriac, clinging to him like a shadow, intruding upon his dreams. Each morning he woke prepared to find it a reality; for opportunities multiplied as the two households were thrown more and more together, and he fancied that the subtle influence at work against him hourly gained ground. But the day appointed for Madame de Berghe's departure drew near, and still the announcement he dreaded did not come. Clearly, Sébald had not spoken. What if the fear were, after all, unfounded? if the signs, misconstrued, had been those of admiration only, not of love? For a happy hour Cyriac cherished this illusion. He remembered the love of early life to which Sébald had remained obstinately faithful, and he believed that this had once more asserted itself to prevail again. Then, in passing the door of his brother's chamber, he discovered that the portrait so long enshrined there had been removed. The import of that sign he could not doubt. The old love was dead and cancelled, put out of the way. How long would it be before the portrait of the brewer's widow hung in this empty place?

That night a hideous dream tormented him. According to it, Sébald, professing irresolution at this solemn moment, sought his guidance; then, resenting his remonstrance made in good faith, turned upon him angrily and announced the marriage. Bitter words followed, leading to an open quarrel, threats and blows; until, in blind fury Cyriac struck at his brother with a weapon—what it was, or how he came by it, he could not tell; yet he saw Sébald lying before him, bleeding, dead, and he rejoiced fiercely at the sight. The marriage now would never be. He had cut the Gordian knot, the inheritance, at last, was his. But a confused murmur of many voices filled the air; it came nearer, grew louder and more distinct, with one word—"Murderer!" resounding in his ears. He gave a cry, and woke in the sunlight. It was all no more than a dream, one, however, so vivid, so real, that even now, when he was wide awake, the horror of it oppressed him strangely. Tears gushed from his eyes. "I murdered him in my heart!" he sobbed, remorsefully; and, turning, saw his sailor's clasp-knife in its usual place upon the table beside his bed. That was the mysterious weapon he had drawn. He seemed to recognize it instantly, as if its use had been an actual occurrence, and he scanned the blade from point to handle, half persuaded that he should find a blood-stain there. Then, finding nothing, he laughed at his own folly, and took up his burden of the day. At the first meeting with his brother all the horror of the dream returned. "I have murdered him in my heart," he thought, and shuddered. But he put the thought away, and when it came again, he only said: "Well, what of that? Where is the man, who at some moment of his life, has not committed in his heart as great a sin?"

The tulips were all gone, and the roses were almost ready to unfold. But now when Monsieur Stevin brushed away the dew in his morning walk no word of welcome greeted him from the casement of the neighbor's house, no light step tripped toward him through the arch and made an ineffectual effort to keep pace with his. For the distinguished

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guest of Neighbor Maes, after many coquettish false starts, had at last returned to her home in Ghent—most reluctantly, as Cyriac suspected. A suggestion of disappointment on her part confirmed him in his belief that Sébald's final attitude toward her had been merely one of friendship. No letters passed between them that he could discover. Sébald had resumed his uneventful train of life, but with a difference so marked that the most careless observer must have noted it. He had lost his buoyancy, and was strangely silent. His thoughts were often miles away; that they had wandered to the gay companion now become all in all to him Cyriac's keen wit speedily determined. Why, then, had he not spoken? Could it be that he understood a malady in his loneliness, but not its cause? If so, he might wake at any moment to that discovery. And he, himself, would wake some morning to find that the effect had followed up the cause, and that Sébald had posted away to Ghent, where the fatal word and its fatal answer would ruin all.

A morning came, indeed, when, upon descending, he was met by the news that Sébald had left the house at an early hour, with no syllable of explanation beyond the simple statement that the night would bring him back. Through all the long, bright day Cyriac's thought accomplished the successive stages of his brother's journey. Now Sébald entered the gate of Ghent, now was at her side. What a smile of triumph in her face! This was her hour of victory. He could hear their vows exchanged, each whispered plan of the future that excluded him. O miserable day! Indifferent to all its beauties, he watched the lengthening shadows, the signs that Sébald must already be returning. The bells rang out at sunset, stars twinkled in the sky, the summer moon climbed up among them. Within the house the lamps were lighted, all was made ready for the night. And with war in his heart, but a treacherous smile upon his lips, Cyriac waited for the familiar step, ready to speak words of peace and gentleness that should give a lying echo to Sébald's joy.

Never was the step so light. He had travelled far, but he returned in the best of spirits, bearing no trace of the day's fatigue. As they dined and drank together, Sébald persistently sustained this note of unwonted exhilaration. Its meaning Cyriac readily conjectured; and he asked no questions, sure that only too soon the appeal for sympathy would be made. But the evening wore on without an indication of it, without even a distant allusion to the eventful journey or its motive. This prolonged suspense irritated Cyriac beyond measure; his brother's merriment grated upon him; he feared to betray the lack of heartiness in his own, and he broke it off all at once with an abrupt good-night, fully persuaded that now the tardy confidence must come. But no; Sébald only replied with a cheery wish for his repose. So it seemed that the open secret was to be kept a little longer, even from him—no doubt, by her command. Cyriac lost control of himself at this; he went to his bed, and flung himself down there in a jealous rage.

As the door closed behind him, all the light of Sébald's mirth went out. Leaning forward upon the table, he covered his face with his hands. Then, overcome by the unutterable grief he had so well disguised, he sobbed heavily, while the tears trickled through his fingers. He loved Cyriac devotedly; and, assuming that the love was repaid in equal measure, he had never once suspected the fearful involutions of that poor, distorted mind. He was as far from the truth as Cyriac had been in his interpretation of the long day's absence and the enforced joyousness of the return. For Sébald, that day, had not set his face toward Ghent. The widow of Jan de Berghe had captivated him, undoubtedly; it was even possible that, until the very moment of her leave-taking, she had hoped to marry him, upon grounds that seemed reasonable enough. But, in spite of this, he had never breathed one word of love to her. For reasons of which neither she nor Cyriac ever dreamed, which were known only to himself, he had resisted that temptation. His slowly failing strength had induced in him a fear that he was a man upon whom the hand of death had fallen, whose days on earth were already num-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bered. Certain alarming symptoms, that recurred at shorter and shorter intervals, had changed the fear into a conviction. What right had one so warned to lay plans for the future, above all, to think of marriage? Yet if the warning were purely imaginary? In the last days of Madame de Berghe's visit Sébald Stevin reached a state of hopeless indecision, alternately distrusting and reassuring himself, hesitating to seek the advice that, at a breath, might give the problem its worst solution. When she was gone, the melancholy, ascribed by Cyriac solely to the pangs of love, had thus its direct physical cause which, at last, incited him to action. Hearing, by chance, that a famous French physician had arrived in Ostend, Sébald resolved to consult him privately, to learn the truth from this high authority, and bear it with fortitude even if it should prove his death-warrant. Upon this errand he had stolen away at day-break, keeping his plan and even his destination a profound secret, from the best of motives, that of sparing Cyriac unnecessary pain. There, at Ostend, he read his fate in the doctor's face, even before the first cautious word was spoken. Then, very calmly, he told the man to do away with caution: he had come for the exact truth upon which affairs of importance were depending. The answer he thus extorted was an appalling one. His days, in truth, were numbered. Such and such drugs were prescribed to defer a little, a very little, the fatal issue; but the case was incurable; death would come suddenly, and it might come at any moment. With this crushing weight upon his heart, Sébald turned toward home. For him the day was overcast, the brilliant sunset was cold and colorless, the moon never rose, the stars never shone. But Cyriac—Cyriac who loved him so, need not be told of this. He would keep the evil tidings safe in his own breast; they would travel fast enough without his help, they should have no help from him. His one heroic thought was to deceive Cyriac, and in this he surpassed his expectation. The two had looked into each other's eyes; each had played the other false, and neither had perceived it. How often in this mysterious world of ours others have done the same! In vain we clasp hands, in vain embrace the friend, the wife, the brother. No soul may read the secret of another soul even for a single hour. Philosophy argues, science struggles; while the old order holds its course, eternally inexorable. Man lives his life alone.

So, left to himself, Sébald let fall the mask, and was himself indeed. When his sorrow had exhausted its violence, he went, in his turn, to bed, but not to sleep. The doctor's word haunted him. "At any moment—at any moment," he repeated. This very night, it might be. Well, in that case, his affairs were in good order, all as he desired to leave them—all, that is, with one or two trifling exceptions which half an hour's work would set right. Why not employ his mind with this now, instead of tossing here restlessly, uselessly? The impulse was a good one, and, obeying it, he arose, lighted a candle, found his keys and descended with them by the private staircase to his library. Here, unlocking a strong-box, he took from it the old portrait that had formerly hung in his chamber. This was of value to no one but himself; he would not expose it to curious comment or even vulgar gaze. With a sigh he broke the tarnished frame; then burned the drawing in his candle-flame, and after it, one by one, a bundle of faded letters. Next, he unfolded his will, to review its terms with satisfaction. The document was short, leaving small legacies to friends and servants—to his beloved brother, Cyriac, the rest. All was as it should be. The residuary legatee would never want for creature comforts. Stay, there was a newer friend, a dear one, still to be remembered. How should he insure himself a place in the memory of Madame de Berghe? He must give her something of importance, associated with him, that would convey more to her than its money-value. His glance fell upon his Memling triptych, faintly shining through the gloom, the jewel of his house; it should be hers. And he began forthwith a letter to Cyriac, expressing this last desire. Tears blinded him as he closed the page with an affectionate farewell. But he brushed them away, filled his pipe and lighted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When his sorrow had exhausted its violence.—Page 188.

it. He was tired, very tired, he would smoke a little, go to bed once more—this time to sleep. He eyed the device upon his pipe-bowl, repeating, with a sad smile, the familiar words: GOD IS MY LIGHT—WHOM SHALL I FEAR? "There are other worlds before me," he continued, gently, "The hand of death is God's hand; let Him lead me where He will."

While Sébald smoked thus at his writing-table, leaving the blurred letter still unfolded, a great calmness came upon him. He nodded first, then dropped into a doze, from which he was aroused by a slight sound—the closing of a door in the room above. But that was his own chamber. Who could be stirring there at this hour of the night? Were there thieves in the house? He listened until a step, very stealthily made, assured him that he had not mistaken. Then, with great precaution, he climbed the short staircase, and on its upper landing paused in mute bewilderment. There was no lamp in the chamber; but the moon cast over it a pallid light through which he looked with strained, incredulous eyes upon his brother, stealing toward the curtained bed. As he looked, his heart stopped beating. For Cyriac, brushing back the curtain, raised his hand to strike. It held a drawn knife; and Sébald, never dreaming that this murderous attempt was all unconscious, the working of a dream, gave a wild cry that woke the sleeper, who turned and caught the look of horror in his brother's face—for one short moment. In the next, Sébald staggered and fell—backward, headlong. He was gone, vanishing among the shadows, as the dream had vanished. What fearful silence! No stir, no moan of pain! Had Cyriac dreamed this, too? Alas, no! he was awake. This was his own scarred wrist, his own hand that clutched the knife. It slipped from his grasp as, chilled to the bone, he sank down where he stood, and knew no more.

How long he remained there, Cyriac could not tell; but it was still dark when, coming to himself, he crept to the staircase. At its foot lay his brother, just as he had fallen on the floor below. A lighted candle flared low in the socket beside a sheet of paper on which his name was written. He looked at it with eyes that did not see; he only saw the white face, rigid, motionless—fixed in that last look from which he shrank in terror. He would not have touched it for the world. "Sébald, so good, so generous, is dead—and I have killed him!" he groaned, as he stole back into the chamber, trying to collect his thoughts, to decide what his next act should be. He must wake the servants, of course. A few moments more, and they were

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

roused by a half-truth, easily, unsuspiciously accepted. He had been startled by a noise, and, going to their master's room, had found it empty. They came, aghast, bending over the body with blanched faces. "Was there life in it?" "None—none!" They composed the features, they lifted Sébald tenderly. Then, as tenderly, they led Cyriac from the place in a waking trance, bearing hidden under his disordered garments the unstained knife with which the deed was done.

The long years of his after-life were years of unquenchable remorse, of ceaseless effort at expiation. He gave his riches to the Church, and, burying himself in a monastery of La Trappe, grew old in grim austerity and silence. There death found him, when his hour came. At the last moment he woke from a restless sleep, still haunted by his evil spirit. "I have murdered him in my heart!" he cried, in agony. Then, at last, laying his earthly burden down, he passed forever from the world. And his comrade of the silent order, watching at his bedside, made the sign of the cross, as Sébald had made it often in the earlier time, and breathed a prayer for Cyriac's departed soul.

THE PEOPLE THAT WE SERVE

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

THE peculiarity about the people that we serve, most inviting to the critic of American life, is that they appear to serve us — at least the kindlier-natured and better-bred of our rulers make such courteous pretence. The others brandish the rod in plain sight, and even seem to covet the swish of it in their ears. To the latter order of minds, I am sure, belonged the young woman whose talk I overheard, one afternoon last August, in the court of the French Building. I could not see the speaker nor her interlocutor, being on the other side of the great fluted pillar.

She was in mid current before I came, and the first words to challenge my attention, were, "Well, I ain't going back till Wednesday, that's one sure thing! If she does expect me."

"But, won't she be mad?" The second voice essayed the question with a degree of timidity; and the first voice was loud in answer.

"If she don't like it she can lump it! I don't care. I guess she won't git another cook like me, very soon. I ain't sure anyway I won't stay in Chicago; I can git five dollars a week."

"Is that so? Do you know."

"I know what Stella Mix gits and she ain't a bit better cook than me! Is she?"

Such lurid possibilities lurked in the rising inflection that I could not help feeling I should have answered just as the other woman did answer; and with precisely the same disordered haste. "No, indeed; you're a splendid cook! She says so herself. She—she speaks real kind of you, Minnie."

"She had better!" said Minnie.

No doubt at the expense of an inward quaking, the milder girl continued: "But I *guess* I will go back, Saturday, 'cause she'll be home Sunday, and if there was no one—I guess I'd better go!"

"Don't you do anything of the kind," Minnie urged. Her voice dropped; there was a talk of a certain "Jim"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Minnie.

and the streets of Cairo and a camel ride. I am sure that I caught a sigh, but it was followed by, "No; honest, I can't stay; I wouldn't enjoy it to stay when I'd promised and all. And—and you better come too, Minnie!"

Minnie's indignant answer I could not hear, being at this moment joined by a party of friends. And while they were talking, the two emerged from the shadow of the pillar and walked away.

They were like "ships that pass in the night," for they passed and I saw them no more; nor is it likely that I shall ever know who "She" was, further than to be reasonably certain that it was not "She who must be obeyed!"

They sauntered along, too deep in argument to heed my curiosity. Minnie I picked out instantly. She had the mien of one born to conflict and command! Assertion bristled in the towering ribbons of her hat; it rustled in the swing of her smart, ready-made frock; it was painted in every line of her pretty, sharp, self-satisfied face; it pricked out at her very elbows—lean and active elbows with which she hewed her path through the crowd, and painfully hurt an innocent stout lady, before my eyes.

The companion was of a more stalwart build but a gentler spirit. Far from smiting with her elbows, she was elbowed herself into Minnie's wake, and turned on the injured stout lady so sincere and troubled a smile (crying involuntarily, "Oh, I hope you ain't hurt, ma'am!") that Minnie's victim forgave her, on the spot.

"I suppose you were bumped against me," said she, affably.

The two girls represent to me two

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

classes of the modern American servant. Minnie's friend, I feel assured, is the treasure that all housekeepers seek. I know a maid like her. She came into the family that she has

blessed for years; tall, comely, strong, clad in the Swedish costume, neat as a new pin; but not equal to more than a dozen English sentences, and so painfully embarrassed by her new duties as waitress that she could not hold the dishes. Whenever she broke a dish, she broke a second, because the agony that the disaster gave her made her hands tremble and her feet stumble all the more!

But even at the first, it was noticed that she was extraordinarily quick to observe and that she took an interest in her work. She made her first long step into the family esteem when she quietly added the cream-jug to the sauce-boat accompanying a certain pudding, remarking with a pleased smile; "Miss Mary, sie like cream with apple pudding." Directly, she had filed away the tastes of the family, as she filed away in her mind the places of the dishes and the silver. She became an ideal waitress. She even mastered the values of the wine cellar. She did not require the sarcastic warning affixed to certain shelves, "For Ladies Only!" Not she, she had an idolatrous regard for the rare old vintages that were the family's pride, and a calm, deep contempt for her sex's taste in liquors.

Once she was overheard answering another maid who had inquired which champagne she should serve. "If it's for gentlemans take up the Pumry," says Hedwig; "but if it's for ladies, ain't dere no Great Western left? Dat's the champann ladies like. Wrap a napkin round the bottle and ladies say, 'Oh, ain't it lovely!' But mans, especially old mans, got to have Pum'ry or White Seal or Widdah Clickko or Perry Jewy!"

Add to these gifts the Norse fidelity and the kindest heart in the world and who can wonder that a happy man is furnishing a pretty little home on the one hand, and a disconsolate family mourning like Rachel, on the other, going about the shops, vainly seeking to express their grief by costly wedding gifts.

"The constant service of the antique world" is repeated in unexpected forms, to-day. I know more than one Adam, whose affection and fidelity are not to be measured by money, who is bound to us (as we to such as he) by a tie stronger than interest can weld. Fidelity of this sort in its tacit acceptance of its own indissolubility, is like the love of near kindred—a feeling which it also resembles in its freedom of criticism! One such Adam is very well known in the town where I live. He is an elderly Irishman of a dignified presence. Most people call him Mr. Adam. The grandchildren of the family which he has ruled for more than thirty years, address him by this respectful title. He dispenses the patronage of the stable and the garden with imperious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A kind of guerilla warfare.

solicitude for the family purse. He intimates, sometimes, that there is enough wastefulness going on in the kitchen without adding any in the yard.

One can guess the relations between the czar of the yard and the oligarchy of the kitchen to be something strained. Generally a kind of guerilla warfare is waging between the two great powers of the household body politic. At present, Adam excepts the cook (who knows enough to treat a man of his age with "respict") from his sarcasms. He confided his opinion of the maids to the grocer, being enough in liquor, at the time to insure candor. "Emma," said Adam solemnly, sawing the air with one hand in his most impressive manner, "Emma is a perfect lady, and Hattie ain't so bad's you'd think—but Martha is a *baggage!*"

Adam invariably acts for the best good of the family—as he sees it. If the family see it otherwise than he and ask him to manage the garden or the stable in an injudicious way Adam respects them far too much to dispute with them, but he respects himself far too much to do as they foolishly desire; therefore he calmly does what he thinks right and explains it later.

Yet he could be trusted with the lives or the fortunes of his family; he is as honest as he is obstinate; and more than once when there has been sickness in the house, has Adam, unknown to the anxious watchers, stolen back to his stable at night, and, through

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all the chill hours dozed in the carriage on the chance that there might be need of him, and then at dawn gone out to his work, saying nothing of his vigils.

The Transient Landlady.

Therefore a good health to Adam and may his days be long in the land!

But Minnie! Minnie is different. Minnie had not an atom of sentiment about her employer. She went on the principle of getting all that she could for as little as she could give. There were a number of Minnie at the Fair. She flocked to Chicago; her bangs were shaking over one's shoulder at every cheap restaurant in Jackson Park. She made eyes at the men and watched the hungry waiting-women with a supercilious contempt that it required at least a quarter to move toward the kitchen. A stranger to our customs and people would have supposed that Minnie was on the road to ruin. Not a bit of it; Minnie knew perfectly well how to take care of herself; her audacious coquetries were simply part of the good time she had come to Chicago to secure; and the favored young men usually knew that as well as she.

Minnie, of course, regarded all the guests as natural enemies to be given as little food, as cold, and with as much delay as possible. In her hostility she was ably assisted by her superior officers, the transient landladies of Jackson Park. Chicago had to bear the reproach of these locusts; but the great majority of them came from afar. Like locusts they settled down on the land and having ravaged it, took their flight back to the unknown. Or they may be more aptly compared to spiders, since they only could rob in their own haunts.

I remember one spider's web into which I strayed, seeking the comforts of a hotel near the Fair for a little less than seven dollars a day; and the shock the rooms gave me. For the outside of the web was very fair. The house was of brick with an ineffectual suggestion of Richardson in the architecture, and many potted plants on the porch; and in the basement was a restaurant where the tables looked to be spread with clean linen. It seemed a tidy, home-like little inn; but when a Minnie with a soiled cap askew on a dull, yellow mass of tousled hair, opened the door to us, with Minnie's own scowl, the pith went out of my courage. Had I been alone I should have fled. But a kind brother was with me; I could not explain to a man the foregleams of the feminine instinct; he would have reasoned them away and convinced me that I had lost a delightful lodging because I am not a sensible man. We entered. The instant the landlady's shape loomed before us, I saw his eye waver; but it was too late.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She was a muscular, untidy woman, whose head, for good reasons known to herself, was tied up in a veil. Her apron showed that she did not shirk the household tasks; that morning they must have had to do with stoves, or grates. I asked her whether she could accommodate a party of five. She said she had some beautiful rooms, and she should be glad to make us very comfortable. What she aimed to do was to have a home-like place.

With a firm, loud step she led the way across the hall, and flung open a door. In two shabby rooms of very moderate size, were four beds and three trunks. The furniture was so lost under bed-linen, towels, and clothing that it could not be judged, except a large, yellow wardrobe on three legs, that toppled in one corner. We stood blankly staring for a moment; then, "Where are the other rooms?" said I.

"There ain't no others," said she; "folks coming to the Fair expects to double up a good deal; there's four ladies in this room, and a lady and gentleman and little boy in that. The bed's jest a trundle, goes under the other, and one of the beds in the big room is a folding-bed——"

"I don't think we could get along with less than a room apiece," I said. "Good-morn——"

"Well, I guess if you're willing to pay for them, you can have a room apiece, though most of my folks is more social. This big room I could let you have for four dollars a day—that's what I get regular for it, and three for the smaller ones."

I could feel the agitation of my brother rippling through my back hair in little electric waves; but I was now disposed to pursue the adventure and see how much she would ask.

"We shall want a bath-room," said I.

"Oh, there's a bath-room in the house," said she, with an indulgent smile; she felt that we were in the meshes.

"I mean we shall want a bath-room for ourselves——"

"Jest you five folks? Well"—with the air of one determined to conquer unreasonable requirements with magnanimity—"you can have my bath-room. Fact is, the folks in my house don't bathe."

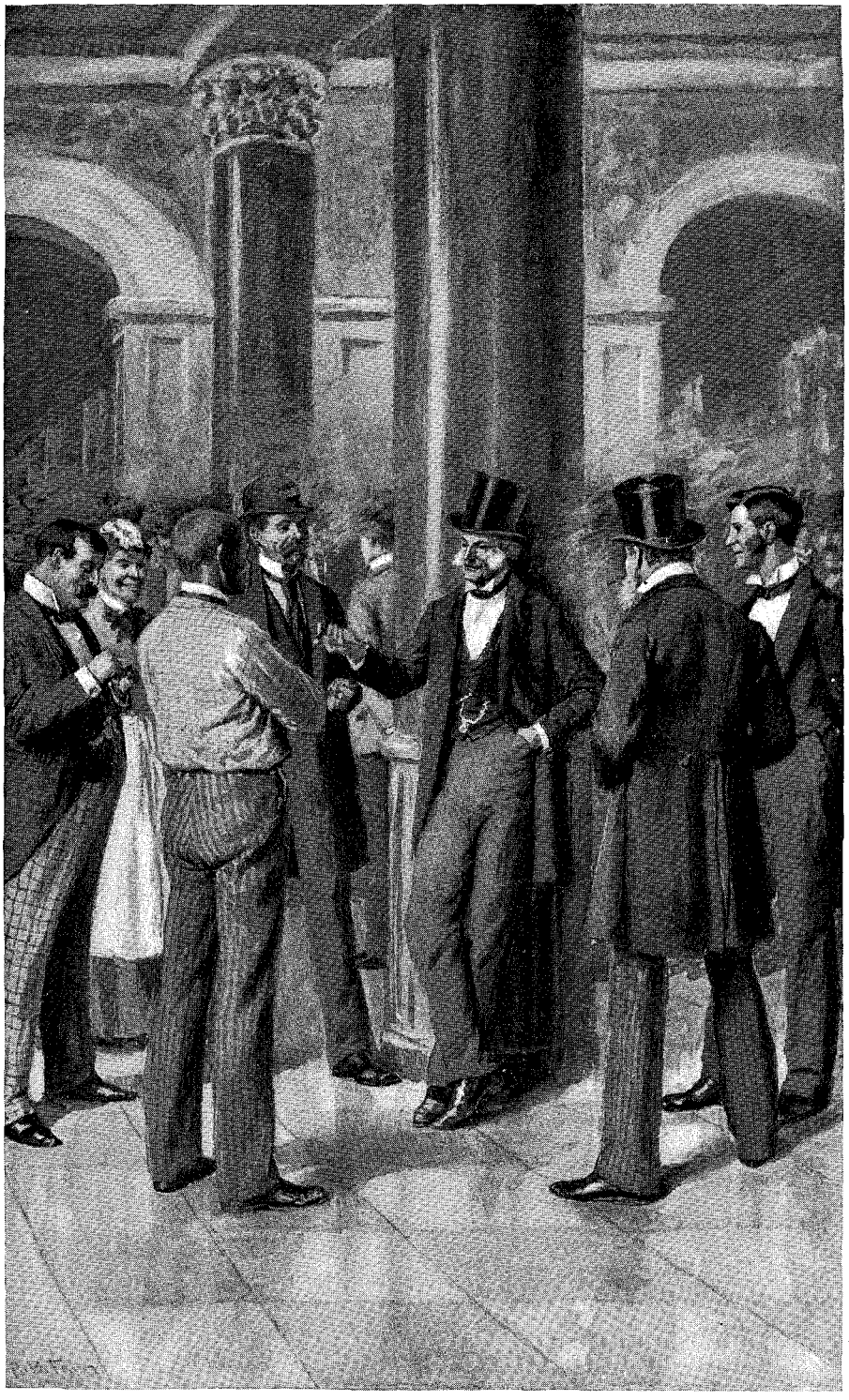
We could bear no more. I told her

A Provincial Politician.

that I would tell my friends, and if we decided to take the rooms we would let her know, and we retreated, my brother servilely agreeing to her florid praises of the location, the restaurant, and the "real nice people that came to the house, the nicest people in the land."

Strange as it may appear, I imagine that she told no lies about her boarders. I saw them occasionally, and they looked to be well-bred and honest. None of them looked cheerful; but having been in the house, I could not expect a sunny temper. I said "none;" I err, there was one, whose good nature irradiated the whole street, every morning, when he sallied out to have his boots blacked. The polishing of shoes (whether black or russet) took place in a chair on the sidewalk; and in conse-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

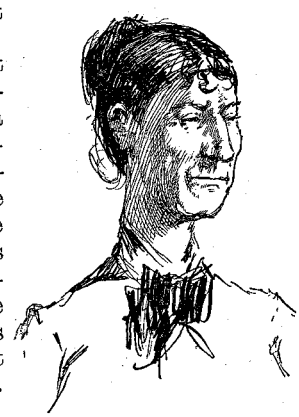
A Gathering of the Powers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quence of the public spot, there was more or less of an audience. Laughter often rolled out of this little crowd of spectators when the good-natured man was in the chair. He was a clean-looking man, who wore a fresh white shirt each day, and had a bald head as shining as his shirt bosom. His bright eyes, his elastic step, and a kind of foppish and jaunty twist to his mustache gave one an impression at first glance that he was a pleasant fellow; and his talk (which to be sure I only obtained in fragments on my way to the Fair, past the bootblacking) was shrewd and humorous as his eye. Analyzing it and the amusement that it gave me, in large measure I decided that the drollery did not run in independent parallels with the sense; but rather ramified from it, as twigs spring and branch from a parent stem. He had a gift for expressing the conclusions of the average experience in a picturesque way, with no waste of words in getting his ideas out of his head. And his keenness at detecting what he called "a fake" was equalled by his amiable resignation. The tinge of cynicism in this latter quality would not be altogether satisfactory to a Puritan conscience, which might have been further shocked by his jovial irreverence. He talked in a leisurely, mellow, Western voice, a queer contrast to his brisk manner and the indefinable atmosphere of energy that radiated from his presence. The negro that acted as his bootblack called him "Boss." I have no more solid foundation than the title for the superstructure of fancy which I reared for my good-natured man. I image him another of the people that we serve. He is a provincial politician. He runs the machine in his city, possibly in his State. He lives in a Western town with a large German population

(he told two or three funny German jokes), so he does not need to belong to the church, nor to go away from home to take a glass of beer; but he is obliged to be a man of his word, to be honest in money matters, and to display the domestic virtues that Americans esteem. He is also obliged to love the public schools.

In his private morals, he is an affectionate husband, who was never much happier in his life than when he bought his wife her first pair of diamond ear-rings; and the most indulgent of fathers. It was worth a good deal to hear him describe the Children's Building; he had stayed there half an hour watching the youngsters frolic ("as nice looking lot of young ones as you ever saw in your life!"), and he had actively assisted a forlorn couple who had lost their priceless check, to identify their baby. "If the baby belongs to this lady, she will hold out her arms to her when she comes in," said he, to the nurse. "Just point out your baby, madam. There! Isn't much doubt of *that* recognition, I guess!" He had settled the affair in five minutes; and they were out of the building, the grateful father proffering cigars, and the grateful mother begging him to visit them.



He is, like most successful politicians, possessed of a good many other virtues — pluck, fortitude, and the patience that can do more moving of mountains than faith. As a successful politician he must remember his friends, and cannot forget his enemies.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

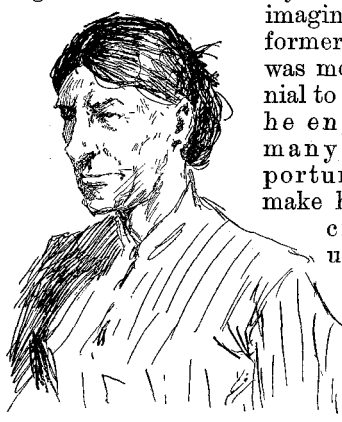
Yet as soon as the enemy gets sufficient power, he often forgives and serves him; and if the enemy sink quite to powerlessness, he may offer a like chance to him under his own banners. As for his faults, are we not all of us writhing under them? Is the question with him ever, "Will a law hurt the country?" instead of "If we pass this law, will it hurt the party?" But he is quite capable of sacrificing his own interests, at least temporarily, for his party. And he will most cheerfully sacrifice other people's interests, root and branch.

He is a manager, an organizer, and the skilfulest and most persuasive of traders. By and by he will go up higher to organize, manage, and trade in a great convention. May he be merciful unto us.

There was another professional politician in my own hotel at the same time, a very elegant personage, who came from a great city, and would probably hold my provincial friend in scorn.

But I question, though so much more brilliant, whether he will be able to outwit the man from the provinces, when it comes to the convention. There were two rural senators, also, at the hotel. They were peaceful, inoffensive old gentlemen, in dusty black, who told a few good new stories and many good old ones, and consulted frequently in the hotel-office with cordial young men who carried note-books and wrote with the pencil between two fingers. They were very learned in cigars; but I observed that the gentleman from New York, to whom they were excessively benignant, held the cigars that they gave him sometimes, in an access of good fellowship, a long time unlighted; while his own cigars were smoked immediately by the lawgivers, amid dignified inhalations of delight.

One day, looking forth from the elevator, I saw the three engaged in conversation with a head waiter and a porter of the hotel. The porter had once been a porter on a Pullman sleeping-car. He was a surly fellow; and I



imagine that his former position was more congenial to him, since he enjoyed so many more opportunities to make his fellow-creatures uncomfortable. I daresay he took evenmore than the ordinary negro's zest in closing all the ventilators of a stifling and stewing car, and cramming the heater with coals, as soon as the passengers were helpless in their berths. He always rattled the coals in order that the smothering passengers might hear and know how much worse the heat was going to be. For this reason he chose the stops of the train for his time. Perhaps it was he that I overheard during a long pause at some station on the railway, going south, sending scuttlefuls of coals on a furious fire. The spiteful crackle pierced through the dull throbbing of the engine, panting like an overdriven horse, and awakened some one else; for a man's voice groaned, "Oh, Lord! listen to the coon. Ain't it enough to kill you dead?"

But, now, an unwonted suavity sat on the ex-despot's brow. He respected the presence. A Minnie who carefully swept the dust on our chamber floors under the beds, joined the group, wearing an indulgent smile. And when the hotel clerk left his desk to stand on his heels and rock and laugh at one of the senators' stories, I felt that here was indeed a gathering of the powers. Never again do I expect to see in one group so many of the people that we serve.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MISSING EVIDENCE IN "THE PEOPLE *VS.* DANGER-KING"

By William Henry Shelton

IN the spring of 1891, after having spent the month of February in a run through southern Italy with my photographic outfit, I had returned to Rome with ten days at my disposal before my train left for Naples, where I had taken my return passage for New York. I had arrived in the night, and after sleeping until a rather late hour in the morning, had breakfasted in my room, so that it must have been something after ten o'clock when, camera in hand, I descended to the lobby of the hotel. After glancing at the register I seated myself before an open window and looked out on the modern Roman Concourse, with the comfortable indifference of an experienced traveller, whose itinerary is irrevocably fixed to his entire satisfaction. If I felt any personal anxiety it was in no degree disquieting, and related only to the artistic quality of the exposures I had made, and to the possibilities of the developments with which I proposed to electrify my fellow-amateurs of the Club on my return.

I was lazily considering where I should go for the day, in search of picturesque effects of light and shade nestling in environments suited to my taste, with entire indifference to, nay, even with a sort of professional contempt for, the historic monuments of the Eternal City, preferring a sleepy donkey in transparent half-lights, to the architectural glories of St. Peter's, when I realized that a figure had crossed the marble pavement and was standing at my side.

"I beg your pardon," said the stranger, in a pleasant voice; "you are Dr. Lattimer, of the Amateur Photographers' Society of New York. I am Philip Coe, of St. Louis. I saw your Japanese work last winter at the club's exhibition, and I am very glad to meet you."

Whereupon Mr. Philip Coe and I shook hands, exchanged cards, and sat down to an animated discussion of developers and solutions and improved lenses, as if we had been known to each other for years instead of for minutes. My new-found enthusiast was rather a handsome man, of rising thirty, a decided blond, of an easy and affable manner, unimpeachable costume, and having a clear gray eye which betokens that order of quick intelligence which forms conclusions intuitively and acts promptly—in short, a man who, to use an Americanism, rarely "gets left" in his combinations.

I am a particular admirer of that sort of man. I pride myself on keeping my faculties well in hand, such as they are, and acting in an emergency without any unnecessary delay. This similarity of temperament, then, together with similarity of pursuits, in our vacation time, commended Mr. Philip Coe, of St. Louis, to my esteem and approval, and his pleasant, unobtrusive ways lent themselves to the daily improvement of our agreeable relations during that week which we spent together in Rome. His collection of work was a very creditable one, and in the professional excursions we took together I was greatly impressed with the cleverness he evinced in seizing the happy instant in a moving composition, and the entire absence of that unfortunate hesitancy which too often renders the most experienced amateur a thought too late in his exposure. My companion was always perfectly cool, with plenty of nerve and no perceptible nerves, and I admired him for that distinguishing peculiarity.

He confided to me that he had been interested in photography but little more than a year. Having concluded a remarkably successful operation in stocks, he had retired from active business, and come abroad for the undisturbed enjoyment of his new fad, in which he was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ambitious to distinguish himself; and when he returned to America, he should rely on my friendly offices to make him a member of the New York Society.

I had arranged to return to Naples to take my steamer, and to go down leisurely by rail the day before she sailed.

Philip Coe had set no definite time for his return to America, but would be off in a few days for a flying visit to Algeria, and then it was his purpose to push up into Polish Russia for part of the summer. At all events, with his admirable photographic outfit and his professional enthusiasm, I expected great things of his summer's work, which he would bring home before the winter meetings of the Society. He was altogether such a cool customer, so full of resource and tact and cleverness, that I had no fear for him on the burning sands of Africa or among the petty civil officers of the Czar, and I only ventured to advise him to avoid the neighborhood of military works as he would shun the plague.

On the evening before we separated, as we were lingering together over a last bottle of Asti Spumanti in the Trattorea Fiorelli, which had come to be a favorite resort in our wanderings about Rome, my companion said: "By the way, Doctor, one never knows what those Muscovite officials may do in the way of seizing on a man's valuables. I have a paper in my pocket which I would be obliged to you if you would take charge of until I see you in New York." He searched the paper out from among others in his pocket-book and passed it over to me. La padrona brought an envelope in which I sealed up the paper, and Philip Coe wrote his name and the date across the end of the package, and soon after we turned out of No. 4 Via Colonnetti and made our way in the moonlight across the Corso and through the quaint streets leading to our hotel.

On the following day but one, I boarded the Utopia at Naples *en route* for New York. The prospective passage was not wildly entrancing, with only seventeen cabin passengers on board and more than eight hundred emigrants in the steerage.

We had fair weather and an uneventful passage until the afternoon of Tuesday, March 17th, when the ship began to labor heavily against head-winds and high seas. Despite the rain which was driving in our teeth, I kept the deck until the great mass of Gibraltar loomed vaguely through the thick atmosphere off our starboard bow, and then, learning that the captain had decided to stand into the harbor and lie by until morning, I retired to my cabin. It was now growing dark, but the lights were burning in the gangways and all was quiet below decks. I hoped the sky would clear by morning, so that I could try my camera on the famous fortress as well as on some of the English ironclads at anchor in the harbor.

The bullseyes were closed, and the spume and spray were so thick outside that nothing could be seen beyond the streaming glass, and although the ship trembled from stem to stern as she labored against wind and current, I had such implicit confidence in the skill of her officers and crew that I stretched myself on my berth with something of the comfortable feeling of a man before a glowing fire listening to the rain beating on the roof and to the wind howling in the chimney. My eye fell on the particular leather bag in which I had packed my precious, undeveloped negatives, standing on the floor over against the side of the ship, and lulled by the music of the storm, my imagination was revelling in the gradual development of the latent images imprisoned on the surfaces of those magical dry plates. The atmosphere of my state-room was more than comfortably warm, and I had removed my shoes and outer clothing the more perfectly to yield myself to the luxury of my surroundings. The laboring of the ship was indicated by such regularity of beating against head-seas, and such a soothing monotony of shivering throes that, when a thud broke the uniformity of sound followed by an entire change of motion and scurrying of feet on the deck above, I sprang out of my berth thoroughly alarmed, opened my door, and stepped into the gangway. I had caught up a heavy storm ulster, and turning this about me as I ascended to the deck, regardless of my stockinged feet, I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

looked out into the pelting rain. The blanched face of one of the officers as he hurried past me into the spume, which rendered objects at a few paces invisible, confirmed my worst fears, and going quickly to the side of the ship, which was for the moment ominously steady, I looked over the rail. By instinct or by accident, I had arrived directly over the point of contact where the invisible monster had pierced the side of the Utopia, and indistinct as my vision was, I could see a vast dark cavity in the hull into which the whole broadside of the sea was pouring like a maelstrom. It may have been three minutes after the first shock of the collision, and while I moved forward by an instinct of repulsion from the inflowing torrent, when I thought I felt a perceptible settling of the ship. In the direction of what I believed to be the shore, a wet light made a soft yellowish spot in the blanket of spray. I remember with awful distinctness the sounds that greeted my ears, in which the throb of the engines had no part, and the thoughts that flashed through my brain while my eyes were fixed on the warmth of that vague light. A babel of terrified voices rose from between decks, dulled in volume by the wind and rain. There was a sharp rattle like the passing of wheels, for which I can suggest no explanation, and suddenly I seemed to see the clear gray eyes of Philip Coe fixed on mine.

There was another movement of the deck under my feet, I swung myself to the starboard rail by the foremast shrouds, and plunged outward into the sea.

I remember the cold, strangling shock as my body struck the water, the prickling sensation in my nose, the utter blackness instead of the usual cool green color of the sea as I looked about me with wide-open eyes, while for an instant I stood upright, poised in its depth, and then the buoyant sensation of rising to the surface, which I hastened by a familiar movement of the hands. As my head popped above the water a blinding sheet of spray struck me in the face like a whip-lash. Remembering that the ship had been steaming against a head-wind, blowing from nearly due east, I laid my course to the right across that of the wind, and turning my face away from the blowing spray, I swam with an easy stroke in what I believed to be the direction of the shore. It was a scudding rather than a high sea, and with the back of my head laid over against the gusts of salt spume, I could breathe easily and had perfect confidence in my ability to sustain myself for a half-hour, if I could hold out so long against the chilling influence of the March sea. I was so little disturbed in mind, that I distinctly remember the grotesque thought coming to me for the first time, that the day was the famous anniversary of St. Patrick. I thought I heard the splash of someone swimming behind me, but it was now so dark that I could scarcely see my length into the scud and gloom. I called twice, but got no answer. I had either been mistaken or the other unfortunate had yielded to the waves, and gone down to a watery grave at the bottom of that treacherous sea. The thought was anything but reassuring, and as I already began to feel the benumbing effect of the cold, I inflated my lungs to their utmost and kicked my feet together to keep up circulation.

Suddenly a strong light shot over the water from my right, defining a broad bar across the mist, and by the time I had turned to swim in that direction, a still brighter light shot out from the very course I had abandoned. I knew that these were search-lights from the English iron-clads at anchor in the roadstead. The friendly bars of light shifted about and increased in number, and desperate as my situation was, brought to mind the bars of electric light lying out from the tower of Madison Square Garden on election night. Under their combined influence the surface of the sea took on a ghostly illumination, enabling me to look about me for some distance, although I could discern nothing in the direction whence the lights came. Just then I again heard the puffing of the swimmer behind me. I looked over my shoulder. A horribly black head protruded above the water, set with two gleaming eyes which suggested some sea-monster rather than a fellow-man. In another moment I recognized it as the head of a dog, and when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

presently it came alongside as if craving human help, or at least human companionship, I found myself in the company of a huge Newfoundland. His great brown eyes were full of appealing light, and turned on me as if he would have licked my face. I threw my arm over his neck, and called him "old chap," and I am sure we both felt better after that exchange of civilities. Stupid fellow that he was, he seemed to think that a little of my weight thrown across his shaggy shoulders insured his safety, and I felt that while I accepted his help for the time being, an opportunity would soon come when my good offices would be a sufficient return therefor. It was no longer a question of swimming only, but of endurance against the benumbing sea. I felt that I was growing weak. I knew my companion would endure the cold longer than I could. A strong current was drifting us along under the brightest bar of light. I thought I saw something of the hull and spars of a great ship close in front of us. I cried aloud for help. I hooked my arm more tightly about the neck of the dog. I thought I saw a movement close upon us and then I lost consciousness, overcome by the cold and exertion. I felt no sense of giving up or yielding to despair, but rather that I was falling into the arms of some mysterious power to which I shifted all responsibility, so that, when I returned to consciousness, I was not in the least surprised to find myself snugly tucked away in a bunk of H. M. S. Camperdown. My first inquiry was for the fate of my swimming mate, who spoke for himself, projecting his great paws on the bed and making various dumb signs of joy at my awakening. The delightful sense of warmth enveloping body and brain seemed to represent the sum of all earthly bliss, and I straightway fell off into a deep sleep which lasted for twelve hours, so that, when I awoke again it was late in the day following the disaster, and the small proportion of the rescued to the number of souls on board the ill-fated ship, was already cared for.

A rather nondescript suit of clothing lay across the foot of my bunk, consisting in part of a pair of sailor's blue trousers, a steamer cap, and a coat and vest of pepper-and-salt mixture, each garment in its own humorous way contributing to the totality of a rather ludicrous misfit. As I made my way to the gun-deck, accompanied by the stately Newfoundland, and into the presence of her Majesty's officers, chagrin at my personal appearance nearly overcame that more becoming sense of gratitude due to my deliverers.

I had little time or inclination to think of my losses until after I had been ashore on the following morning, and telegraphed in a roundabout way to New York for funds. First of all, and most deplorable, there were my precious negatives stowed away in the leather bag, only so many pieces of worthless glass. A clear actinic light, such as I delighted to operate in, bathed the straggling town lying under the great honeycombed rock, and sparkled on the now placid harbor where the vessels of the Channel fleet rode at anchor; but, alas! my camera was at the bottom of the sea. The main spars of the Utopia were just showing above the wreck, about which there was a congregation of boats, and divers were busily searching for bodies.

As I looked, later in the day, from the bridge of the Camperdown across the water to this scene of submarine industry, the thought of the scrap of paper committed to my care by Philip Coe, came for the first time to my mind, and I remembered that I had placed the envelope in the leather bag with the negatives. I would at least make an effort to rescue this property of my friend, and I turned away in search of the officer of the deck. I had no money to employ a diver for this service, but just here several of her Majesty's young officers came to my aid, and not caring myself to pay a personal visit to the ghastly scenes about the wreck, the very obliging officers despatched a messenger, to whom I furnished in writing the number of my state-room, together with the location and a description of the bag containing the negatives, which was successfully recovered.

The action of the salt-water on the envelope had been such that directly it was exposed to the sun it opened of itself, the triangular lap curling up slow-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly as if it had been some species of shellfish, and to hasten the process of drying I took out the inclosure and spread it on the deck. It was simply a receipt for a package left at the office of the Astor House in New York, to be delivered to the bearer whose name was written across the sealed opening of the package aforesaid. This was the gist of the statement contained in a somewhat more elaborate printed form.

I remained on board the Camperdown just long enough to complete the process of drying, reseal the envelope, indorsed by Philip Coe, pitch my precious negatives into the sea, and all hope of triumph at the club along with them, kick the sodden bag under a gun carriage, and confer on my dog the high-sounding and warlike name of Camperdown, in return for the hospitality of her Majesty's gallant officers. The bestowal of the name was a parting impulse of gratitude which was all the return I could make for my generous entertainment and my ill-fitting clothes, and directly thereafter, Camperdown and my more insignificant self were piped over the side of her Majesty's ironclad and rowed in great state to the steamer provided by the Anchor line to convey the survivors of the wreck to Liverpool, where we should meet the Furnessia bound for New York.

II

At Liverpool I found funds awaiting me in response to my telegram from Gibraltar, and as I had four days on my hands before the departure of the Furnessia, having secured my cabin I concluded to run up to London and refit. After purchasing my railway ticket I telegraphed Philip Coe of my arrival in Liverpool, and informed him that the paper he had committed to my care was still in my custody.

Every newspaper account of the loss of the Utopia had mentioned my name and that of the Newfoundland dog as the sole survivors among the cabin passengers of that ill-fated ship, and Camperdown and I were the acknowledged heroes of that newspaper week. I was satisfied that my friend was aware of my existence, and I only wished to apprise him of the safety of his bit of property.

As soon as I had inscribed my name on the register of my hotel at London the clerk handed me a telegram, and as I smoothed it out on the office counter, he remarked, with surprising loquacity for one of his kind, "That's a rawther long wire, Doctor."

The telegram *was* rather long, for a man without any luggage, and not overwell dressed at that, but it was from Coe, who was profuse in his congratulations on my safety and, with his characteristic modesty, not a word was said about the paper he had committed to my care for safe-keeping.

I have neglected to state that before leaving Liverpool I had placed Camperdown in the care of the steward on board the Furnessia, making every provision for his security and comfort. We had become such great friends, on short acquaintance, that I am free to confess that, on my part, the parting was a serious one, and as I looked into his great wondering eyes as the steward held him back by his chain, I felt that I was leaving behind a creature almost human in his affection, for whom I felt something nearer to love than I at present attached to any other man, woman, or dog in the world.

As I seated myself in my compartment of the London and Liverpool train, absolutely empty-handed, without so much as an umbrella or an extra coat, I felt the momentary shock of the man who has forgotten something; and then the absurdity of my situation, in its humorous aspect, forced itself upon me. My elaborate photographic outfit, and every change of clothing I had possessed were at the bottom of the sea, and there I sat (I stood to one side for the moment regarding my real self as an amusing outside entity of the third person), a man who would be known at sight for an American going up to London in a first-class carriage, as it were, sucking his thumbs. I felt an uncomfortable desire to clutch something, and so it came about that I wandered out to the platform and fastened to a novel to bear me company.

On my return I observed that an el-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

derly gentleman and a young girl, evidently his daughter, had taken the opposite seat in the compartment. My first feeling was vexation at my stupidity in not having engaged the whole place for myself, as I am rather particular about my dress, and to be under the scrutiny of a handsome young woman, herself faultlessly clad, was not a situation to my liking.

Then, too, the book I had purchased proved to be a dull one, and industriously as I persisted in reading it, I was unable to exclude from my ears the conversation of my travelling companions.

They were Americans, and it soon became evident that we should be fellow-passengers on the Furnessia. The girl was really beautiful without appearing to be conscious of it, but her devotion to her father, who seemed to be ailing, had about it a charm so far beyond personal comeliness that I found myself reading page after page of my book on which my companions figured as characters against a printed background of absolute vacuity. There was apparently, too, a great deal more about London tailors and bootmakers in that obliging book than the author had put there, and I secretly hoped that I should not be identified with the very correctly attired young gentleman, whom I saw in imagination on the deck of the Furnessia, and whom I was vaguely planning to array in sober, well-fitting garments such as would meet the approval of the well-bred female person who sat opposite me.

I was getting on surprisingly fast, and if honest Camperdown had been aware of the state of my mind, he would have been consumed with jealousy. I listened to the low, musical voice whose caressing tones clung about the girl's silent, elderly companion, and filled the carriage with the soothing melody of a song of home. As for my book, the tamer it got the harder I read it. The story (between the lines) skipped over seas, from continent to continent at the will of the musical voice. It treated of the city of Charleston and of a school girl's remembrances of the great earthquake, and as the voice flowed on, the vague figures of the friends of the voice glided behind the vaguer print of the book in an entertaining panorama. I turned the page to plunge into the heart of Paris, and then travelled up into Switzerland and slid gently down to Rome (where there was just a paragraph in parenthesis about Philip Coe), and then we drifted out to sea with only one woman on the great liner, and then dropped down at the old New York Hotel just as the train rumbled into the gloom of the London station, where the yellow lamps were blinking outside in the mist.

The door of the compartment was thrown open and I found myself standing on the flagging of the station gazing after the forms of my two companions, with whom I had not exchanged a word, now rapidly fading into the fog. I must have cut a highly eccentric figure, in my semi-nautical togs, with the entertaining book open in my hand and perfectly oblivious to the bustle about me.

"Any luggage, sir?" cried cabby.

"Yes, there's a camera and a paper."

"Whereabouts, sir?"

"At the bottom of the Mediterranean— state-room 59."

"See here, my man," I interrupted myself, "are you talking to me? There's no baggage—luggage. Drive me to a hotel."

"Which one, your honor?"

"Anyone," said I, and carefully putting the interesting book into my pocket, I sprang into the cab with a new consciousness that there was something the matter with me. And then I put out my head and designated my hotel, and so it came about that I was landed at the proper place to meet Philip Coe's telegram.

Four days, just then, was a weary time in the wilderness of London, but I pulled myself together and fought a gallant fight against large plaids and polka-dot neckerchiefs, and in the fulness of time I was trundled on board the Furnessia, with just enough boxes to render me respectable in the estimation of the steward, and into the company of Camperdown, who didn't seem to notice that I had changed a hair.

Early in the morning of this day of departure, after making a rather extrav-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agant investment in cut roses, I had bought the florist's whole stock of potted violets, and ordered the entire purchase to be packed in boxes and delivered in my cabin on board. I was in a delightfully reckless frame of mind; had totally forgotten the lost negatives, and on the way to the docks in a cab, found myself chuckling in such an ecstacy of delight, as to put my driver in serious jeopardy of arrest for unpardonable carelessness in transporting a dangerous lunatic.

During all the bustle of departure I peered about among the crowds for a sight of my companions of the railway compartment. Somehow I had an abiding faith that the two figures, which I had seen to dissolve into the London fog, had materialized again and were somewhere stowed away on board the big liner. But it was the possibility of being mistaken in this hopeful prognosis that, for the first few days at sea, made life a nervous unsatisfactory burden, which was never so tolerable to bear as during those hours, when stretched on my berth in the seclusion of my cabin, I lent myself to the luxury of recalling the charms of that incomparable young woman from Charleston.

She was tall; of ample proportions; the picture of health; just the superb figure to house a wholesome mind; a thought blond, with abundant brown hair; large eyes as sympathetic as Camperdown's and strong, regular white teeth; large, well-shapen hands; a neatly fitting costume of twilled cloth, which must have been gray; a felt hat surmounted by a bird's wing which I remembered was lavender; three long-stemmed English roses in the corsage, one of which was half concealed by the lappel of her jacket; and the other figure, of the old man, was strangely out of focus and imperfectly developed.

Arrived this far, my mind invariably went back to the large expressive eyes; I heard again the musical, well-modulated voice and, in desperation, watered my flowers and turned out to walk the deck and stroll with an air of assumed unconcern into every accessible nook and cranny of the ship in search of the beautiful original.

During the first two days of the voyage the sea was choppy with a cold, drizzling rain which made the decks slippery and uninviting even to the most determined pedestrians. On the third the sun came out in all his glory, drawing a thin mist of steam from the wet cordage and the canvas coverings of the boats on the davits, and from their cabins such of the passengers as had no imperative call to remain longer in seclusion. Camperdown and I went joyfully forth to greet the sun and take our morning exercise with the rest. Our association in public led to occasional remarks along the rail, that convinced me that our newspaper notoriety of the past week was not yet forgotten. We affected not to notice this trifling distinction from which we had no means of escape, except by retiring from view altogether, and having made our way well aft I took my stand in a sheltered niche behind the boats, looking out to sea and revolving in my mind the advisability of sending Camperdown below. Without particularly noticing it, I was aware that my shaggy companion had made a new acquaintance (the ladies were very much given to petting him), and then I heard two words—only two —"Good Camperdown," in the unmistakable accents of the musical voice of the compartment of the London and Liverpool train. I turned about so suddenly and so awkwardly to confront my former fellow-passengers, that a becoming shade of confusion flitted across the handsome face which contained the large eyes and white teeth of my dreams, and then passing instantly to a state of the most perfect self-possession, she said:

"I beg your pardon, I was surprised to see the gentleman who sat opposite us going up to London on Saturday," and then, as if to explain her greeting to Camperdown, "everybody on the ship has heard of your late adventure, and Camperdown is a great hero."

The easy frankness of her manner added a new charm to her personality, and the length of her speech gave me time to recover from the tumult of agreeable sensations with which her sudden appearance, like a sunburst out of that London fog, had fairly dazzled me. "I remember you very well," I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, bowing at the same time to the old gentleman done up in rugs, and feeling an indefinable sense that I was a monster of deception in saying so little when I felt so much.

"Won't you join us, Doctor Lattimer," said a feeble voice out of the bundle of rugs, adding something about my interesting experience, and something more about the warmth of the sun and the shelter from the wind, and at the same time introducing himself and his daughter, all of which, under the calm gaze of the young woman's eyes, was very much mixed with the throb of the engines and the beating of my heart. I sat down, however, with what I believed to be a highly triumphant victory of mind over matter, ordered Camperdown to compose himself, acknowledged my identity with the sailor-man in the railway compartment, and got back into the salt scud and the awful uncertainty of Gibraltar harbor, as what wouldn't I have done for the entertainment of the object of my secret infatuation.

It turned out to be a red letter morning. I succeeded in getting our whole party into the highest of spirits, including Mr. Dangerking, who laughed quietly in his wraps, and otherwise left the field to his lovely daughter. He was altogether such a dear old gentleman that I counted myself fortunate to be allowed to carry down his wraps, and incidentally mentioning that my friends had been unusually lavish in their floral contributions, in one burst of gratitude I sent him my whole stock of cut roses.

I was in for it! I knew I was in for it. If the Utopia had not gone to the bottom, I should have returned to a blighted and aimless life. I am thirty, and I was perfectly aware that I was behaving like a boy of seventeen, and the worst of it all was I exulted in my folly.

I rejoined that young woman in the afternoon, on deck, a bunch of blush roses — my roses — peeping from the breast of her ulster, and we struggled against the wind as against a common enemy; and I thought of the arm I had thrown over Camperdown in a similar extremity, and noted the resemblance of Miss Dangerking's eyes to Camperdown's when I first met him in that scudding sea.

Miss Dangerking was something of a hero worshipper, and she usually insisted upon Camperdown being one of the party, "for chaperon, you know," and I felt that I had advanced many degrees in her approval by virtue of my peculiar experience. She consulted me in regard to her father's health with a confidence which was altogether charming, and at the request of that gentleman I was installed at his private table, and on the very first occasion when we sat down together, a mysterious vase of fresh violets ornamented the centre of the board. Now violets, being the most perishable of flowers, their presence on this occasion in dewy freshness, four days out from Liverpool, was just a little short of a miracle, and the wonderment they excited was the first-fruit of my foresight on embarking. I advised Miss Dangerking to wear them as freely as if fresh violets grew on the cross-trees, trusting me to replace these with fresher ones in the morning.

My patient, if I may call him such, slept regularly in the afternoon, and when the weather was favorable Miss Dangerking and I, attended by Camperdown, spent that part of the day on deck. I was never so happy as when my companion was recounting with girlish frankness some event in her life, and I was permitted to lie back in my chair and gaze, a respectful listener, into those unfathomable eyes and note the changes of expression flitting across her mobile face. That there was some trouble casting its baleful shadow there, other than the trouble caused by her father's illness, I felt by instinct, but the only acknowledged secret between us was the mystery of the fresh violets.

It was the last evening we were to spend on board, and something of the balm of the first week in April had come out to us on the west wind; and we made our way aft and arranged our chairs where we could look back along the white track of the steamer as it lay a furrow of foam over the gentle swells.

Our perfectly frank and natural association on the voyage now closing had ripened into a richer fruit, which I trembled at the thought of plucking, lest by some unlucky wind its fragrance should be scattered forever. The future

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is always full of doubt. Our mood—mine at least—was retrospective, and so it fell out, that we sat for a long time in silence looking back on the trail of the ship, the spark of my cigar just showing in the gloom. Miss Dangerking's chair was a trifle in advance so that her figure was relieved against that part of the sky where the moon was rising.

A deeper breath, which may or may not have been a sigh, a relaxing of lines, and the mass of Miss Dangerking's head turned in my direction. I knew that the invisible eyes rested full on mine. For a moment I was silent under the sweet influence of that gaze, only indicated, on her part, by the action of her head.

"Our passage is drawing to an end." (I.)

"Yes." (She.)

At the sound of our voices, Camperdown made his appearance out of the gloom where he had been sleeping, and, but for my restraint, would have licked the hand which lay so quietly on the arm of Miss Dangerking's chair.

As I have remarked before, I am not given to hesitation when the time for action comes. I extended my hand and laid it firmly on that other hand so white in the moonlight, with perfect confidence in my ability to speak. For the first time in my life the words left me. I felt a tremor in the long fingers under mine. I choked and stammered, and only managed to say, "Miss Dangerking, you know——"

I was not frightened in the sense of being terrified, but this time I had essayed a plunge without being prepared for it. If that other plunge over the side of the Utopia had been half as terrible, I should have gone down never to rise again.

"Miss—Miss Dangerking——"

The under hand had ceased to tremble, and the tone of my voice was beginning to assert itself.

"Please don't, Dr. Lattimer, we are so happy as we are."

Did ever man obey such an injunction at such a time? A half-hour afterward I was sitting alone in the same place, as a consequence of my reckless disobedience, smoking violently, and gazing out to sea in a vain endeavor to determine whether I was partly happy or utterly miserable. Some things had happened which put my head in a whirl to remember, but Miss Dangerking had insisted that everything was impossible, and it was when I begged to speak to her father that, with strange agitation, she had entreated me to come to her, at their hotel on the following evening, for an explanation.

III

I ARRIVED promptly at the hour appointed, and was shown into the presence of Miss Dangerking. She gave me her hand unreservedly, motioned me to a seat opposite her, and with a perceptibly heightened color mantling her handsome face, proceeded directly to the subject of the interview.

"You know my feelings toward you, Dr. Lattimer," she said, with the most engaging candor. For a moment her eyes fell as if in deep thought, and then she continued: "The causes which have led to my father's broken condition you are ignorant of. It is on that subject I feel it my duty to enlighten you.

"My father is resting under grave charges of the misappropriation of the funds of an estate committed to his care as a banker. He has twice stood trial—twice been convicted, and he is returning now to surrender himself for trial in the court of last resort—with the ablest counsel in the State to defend him—but with no new evidence, although the attorneys have sought for it diligently. The trust consisted of a very large sum in Government bonds and railway shares, and three days before the final accounting was called for, the securities were safe in my father's private vault. There was no trace of a robbery; no one connected with the bank disappeared; there was no clerk to whom the slightest taint of suspicion could attach. With my father's nice sense of honorable dealing he would never consent to the engagement you have proposed. It is because I wished to spare him the pain of such a decision that I determined to make this explanation myself."

The extreme youth of the speaker, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cool business statement she had made of the salient points in a case at law, with none of the protestations or bewailings which most girls would have bestowed upon such a narrative, invested her with a womanly dignity that would have won my admiration if I had never seen her before. The uncomplaining devotion with which, on a long foreign journey, Miss Dangerking had reversed the order of nature, becoming the protector of her natural protector, had already captivated my imagination, and as I have admitted before, I was past the stage of reason.

"I do not believe a word of those charges against your father," I said, springing to my feet.

Miss Dangerking rose and extended her hand, her beautiful eyes swimming with gratitude.

"Come and see us every day if you will, but never speak of our relations, and never mention in my father's presence the subject of this interview."

A cold April rain was pelting the windows when I took my departure. Countless lances of light were stabbing the stones of the street. A dreary chorus of fog-horns sounded from the rivers. The windows of the carriage streamed with the rain, reminding me of the bulls-eyes of the Utopia before that vessel grounded on the iron ram of the Anson.

Of the fearful consequences of a final conviction, Miss Dangerking had said not a word. I was enjoined from pressing my suit. I determined to devote all my energies to the discovery of the missing evidence, which was another indication that my love had dethroned my reason; I knew it and exulted in it. If trained lawyers had failed to find the missing link, what would a medical expert be likely to accomplish? I did not choose to accept the logical deduction of my own hypothesis. I was determined to butt my stupid, infatuated head against the stone wall of the law. Accordingly I placed myself in communication with the counsel for the defence in the case of the People *vs.* Dangerking, and in due time was in possession of the numbers and issues of the Government bonds and a complete description of the railroad securities.

Miss Dangerking accepted my attention to her father's health and my devotion to herself with a perfect understanding of the spirit in which they were offered, and, on my part, I was entirely loyal to the injunction she had placed upon the expression of my wishes in a certain direction. She resumed her former frank, cheerful manner, as if no gulf of impending disaster yawned under her feet. It was impossible to regard her as a girl. The only girlish trait she showed was an extravagant fondness for Camperdown, and the two certainly made a stately and distinguished appearance together on the streets, and would never have been separated at all if the railway officials had shared my views of the dog's rights in the matter of a first-class ticket by the Charleston limited.

A fortnight later, I had accomplished absolutely nothing in diagnosing the case of the People *vs.* Dangerking. The missing securities showed no symptoms of responding to my method of treatment. I had not even evolved a plausible diagnosis to begin on. Offensive as the act was to my professional instincts, in sheer desperation, I inserted a description of the missing property through an advertising agency, in an extended list of newspapers, both in the United States and Canada, offering a liberal reward for information. I craved the advice and assistance of a cool head, such as reposed on the shoulders of Philip Coe. I had an impulse to send for him. Even if I had possessed his address I had no right to demand such a sacrifice of a casual acquaintance, and no reason to believe that such a request would be complied with. It was plainly a whim too wild for my excited imagination to entertain seriously, and I put it out of my thoughts.

What could I do to ward off the fatal result in the approaching trial of my amiable and innocent patient, and the crushing blow of an adverse verdict to the woman I loved? Besides torturing me by day, the subject was robbing me of sleep by night. I could go to Charleston and consult with the defendant's counsel. It would be a relief to know from day to day just what was being done in the case. It was June now, and Miss Dangerking and her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

father were absent from the already hot city. I could devote myself all the more assiduously to my investigation if only a clue could be found to work on.

On the afternoon of the day before my intended departure for Charleston I was sitting in my office, more cast down than ever, having but just returned from a long and fruitless consultation with the chief of police. In fact I was nearer to the point where a man yields to cowardly despair than I had ever before had occasion to be. Even Camperdown gave over his amiable attempts to arouse me and stalked away to his private quarters in the back office. The windows were open onto the quiet cross street. The China silk curtains hung limp and motionless in the still hot air, and outside the insects droned and buzzed in the muggy heat despite the absence of their friend the sun, whose rays were quenched in a thin, sticky mist of impalpable fog.

A solitary cab rattled over the pavement, its unwelcome clatter magnified fourfold in the drowsy stillness. It pulled up with a lurch unpleasantly suggestive of a fever patient tossing in some gilded apartment, and the arrested horse continued to stamp his inconsiderate feet on the hot stones.

The door which stood ajar swung inward. A breezy figure projected itself against the light.

"How's the amateur photographer? Not mourning over those water-logged negatives? Hey, Doctor?"

"Mourning over nothing, my dear Coe," I cried, "except the heat."

"Heat! Come now—don't say heat to a man fresh from Algeria. Air feels rather frosty this morning. Sun just stopped short of melting my plates in that African bake-shop. I hung around the engine on the steamer and suffered with the cold like a February gosling. I've found a climate just suited to my blood."

"You didn't go to Russia?"

"No. Sudden attack of home-sickness."

"Glad of it. You're the very man I wanted to see. You've cleared the atmosphere like a gust of wind already. Come in this morning? So—I want to consult you in an emergency."

"Well, why not, Doctor, you own me for the present. Hello! Is that the dog from Gibraltar? Devilish fine dog—What's—his—name—Camperdown? Do you know, I've had a prejudice against dogs from a child. And that splendid brute knows it. How do you account for it?"

Sure enough Camperdown growled and showed his teeth, a thing that I had never seen him do before, and for which I promptly ordered him out of our presence.

Philip Coe sat down and insisted on having the particulars of my shipwreck, only interrupting me with an occasional question or an ejaculation of satisfaction over my perseverance and final rescue. "And your last will and testament, by the way," I said, going over to the safe and extracting the envelope la padrona had given us in the Trattorea Fiorelli, "here you are."

"Oh! I'm glad you mentioned it," said Philip Coe, placing it in his breast pocket. "It's enough for the present that you got your own precious skin out of the brine."

"You must dine with me to-night," I said, "and we will talk over the matter to which I referred—something that is disturbing me very much at present, sorry to say—(I saw that he was moving to go)—meet me here at seven, then."

The horse that had never ceased to stamp at the flies, now rattled away over the pavement.

The color of the world had changed since the advent of my resourceful friend, and I congratulated myself on his timely arrival. I was not content to enjoy the fact alone, and, seizing a pen, lover-like, I wrote a brief note to Miss Dangerking, predicting hopeful results from the opportune arrival of Philip Coe. I took Camperdown out for a walk, revolving in my mind how I should present the all-absorbing case to my shrewd friend, remembering that his judgment was not influenced by any sympathy for my patient, and having a fear that he would pronounce a sharp and incisive opinion that the defendant was guilty as charged.

It was half-past five when Philip Coe left my office. It still wanted a half-hour of the time set for dinner when he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

returned. He tossed a package onto the table, wrapped in a strong, gray paper, showing two red seals. He was evidently in some new hurry. The instant he laid his package down I noticed that his name was written diagonally across the wrapper between the seals. I recognized it as the package from the Astor House.

"Business is business, my dear Doctor," he explained, as soon as he had recovered his breath, and wiping his wrists with his handkerchief as he spoke, —"awfully sorry, but I have to leave for St. Louis by an early train. Haven't time to cut off my coupons. I was getting short of money, and that is the real reason of my return. Expected to have plenty of time to shear my flock and realize on the wool to-morrow."

"But, my dear fellow, you forget that I positively can't spare you—I want to use you—I need your advice."

"Give it to you at dinner, but go I must—telegram imperative."

"When can you come back?"

"I will be in New York again in a week at the farthest," said Philip Coe, "and then we'll develop my negatives together," laying his hand on my shoulder and brightening at the joyful prospect.

"If you need any money, say so," said I.

"Money," cried he, tapping the package which lay on the table. "I'm loaded with money. You shall turn in and help me cut coupons after dinner. It's because I shall want a considerable sum on Saturday that I propose to pick these birds to-night and ask you to deposit the proceeds to your own account and mail me a check. That's not much to ask of a friend," he rattled on, severing the cord and breaking the seals of the package.

I naturally felt an extraordinary interest in the contents of a parcel the receipt for which had accompanied me through so many adventures, but I only looked on in respectful silence.

Philip Coe was bent over at his work under the glare of the drop-light. I stood above and behind him, a little withdrawn from the heat of the gas.

"There," said he, laying out a thousand dollar Government 4 of 1907, "it will be short work and merry. I haven't seen the smiling faces of these fellows in over a year."

It was a mercy that my face was removed from the scrutiny of Philip Coe. It must have blanched with a tell-tale pallor for an instant, for my blood seemed to stand still and the room swam before my astonished eyes as I noted the issue and number of the bond.

He continued to look through the package hurriedly, turning out paper after paper as if to satisfy himself that the contents had not been disturbed in his absence, and in the brilliant light I too read the name of the very railway securities which were missing in the case of the People *vs.* Dangerking, and began to realize the cool villany of the man, who had so skilfully played with my confidence.

My maid servant appeared at the door.

"Dinner is served, my dear boy," I cried. "Put that lumber in the safe until we have eaten something."

With the most perfect confidence in his victim he replaced the papers, closed the wrapper loosely over the package and laid his booty carefully on the steel shelf I designated (the door of the safe had stood open since I had taken out the envelope containing his receipt), and I closed the combination.

At the soft click of that oily lock as the massive bolts slid smoothly into place over the missing evidence in the case of the People *vs.* Dangerking, my spirits rose and my brain was as clear and cool as a chess-player's who sees mate in the next move.

"I don't know how you feel, old fellow," said I, clapping Philip Coe heartily on the shoulder, "but I am as hungry as a hound," and I led the way briskly to the dining-room.

"I'm still in possession of my sea appetite," said he, as he seated himself opposite to me and shook out his napkin.

The table was a round one reduced to its smallest dimensions, so that we could easily have shaken hands across it if we had been so disposed.

Although my mind was acting in a twofold capacity it in nowise interfered with the relish and vivacity with which we addressed ourselves to the dinner.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hospitality under the circumstances rose to the dignity of a fine art—as fine as the edge of a lancet.

"Do you remember the last time we drank Asti Spumanti together?" I cried, as I loosened the napkin-muffled cork.

"Well, rather," said Philip Coe, settling back in his chair with a comfortable reminiscent laugh. "I can see the green light between those vine-frescoed walls and smell the fruity casks piled upon the earthen floor."

"And I," said I, "inhale the atmosphere of la padrona at this moment, as she brought us the envelope for your document," and I smiled meaningly over at the man who had so cunningly made use of me to transport and protect a compromising paper which he feared to carry on his own person.

"By the way," said I, "—a—Mary" (she was removing the remains of the fish) "is William in the house?" and then to Coe, "We shall want some cigars presently, and I am going to send my boy out for something that will give you a genuine surprise, old smoker that you are."

As I said this I produced a blank prescription pad and wrote as follows:

"*I am dining at this moment with a man whom you want. Post two officers opposite my door at once.*"

"J. Q. LATTIMER, M.D.
"—— Gramercy Park."

"Do you like them strong?" I asked, looking up at my guest.

"Not too strong," he replied, "anything that suits you will suit me."

I wondered if it would. I felt a wave of shame at having indulged in such cruel badinage. I tore off the paper from the pad, doubled it carefully, wrote on the outside:

"*Inspector ——*
Mulberry Street,"

took a banknote from my pocket, laid it over the address, and handed it to Mary with instructions to give it to William.

"That potted pigeon isn't half bad, is it?" said I; "let me fill your glass. Take your time, enjoy yourself to the utmost. After we get on to the dessert I want to consult you about my affair. You haven't told me anything yet about your luck in Algeria."

Philip Coe was in such a charming humor that he launched directly into his African experiences, which were sufficiently entertaining and so delightfully told that I felt a conviction that he might have been equally successful as an author, without being a plagiarist either.

I had abundant time to consider what I should say when my turn came, for we were still on the subject of Algeria when the coffee was served.

Fortunately I had an unopened box of cigars in the butler's pantry and as we were now left alone I fetched the box myself and opened it on the table.

Since I had proposed to take counsel of Philip Coe, such a revolution had taken place in my feelings toward the man who sat opposite to me, that I had no longer the faintest need of his advice. I had offered my hospitality to a personal friend in whom I had the utmost confidence; in a moment he had been transformed into a cunning, designing, treacherous enemy. Whether he was principal or confederate in the robbery, the evidence of which he had so strangely laid before me, I had no means of knowing. I was not yet ready to accuse him of a crime. It was not a pleasant or a courteous proceeding when the culprit was at the same time the honored guest at my table. I shrank from seeming to be rude. If I opened my heart to him frankly, as I had at first intended to do, relating the story of my love and then reciting in order the difficulties which prevented my engagement to Miss Dangerking, the innocent story, itself, would be the accuser. I therefore decided to place myself behind the story and watch its effects on Philip Coe, who at the moment was complacently inhaling the fragrance of his cigar as innocent of what was passing in my mind as the roses which exhaled their delicate perfume over the space that lay between us.

I confessed that the story I was about to relate was a story of love, and then I entered into the minutest details of that journey up to London, expatiating on the beauty of the fair unknown, and not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forgetting to describe my grotesque dress and my bewildered condition in the foggy station.

I could see that my guest was deeply interested. He rallied me on my infatuation. He laughed at my humorous points with that joyous abandon with which a man laughs after dinner. As I told him of my love for this girl, taking him into my confidence to a greater degree than I have taken the reader, he grew quite sympathetic.

"Devilish fine girl," he cried "and she's fond of you too, Doctor. Don't you give her up——"

"I never give up anything I get my hands on," said I. "Coe, that's a peculiarity of mine."

"Fine scene that in the moonlight," said he, filling his glass. "And she gave you no reason for her refusal?"

"Oh, yes, she did," said I. "Her father was charged with a crime—embezzling the funds of a trust or something of that sort. She told me herself like a martyr, rather than subject him to pain.

"Did she, though?" said Philip Coe, starting forward into an attitude of enthusiastic admiration. "Lattimer, that girl is a thoroughbred. I'm half in love with her myself. She is an American through and through. And then raising his tiny glass in his fingers, "Let us drink the health of Miss——"

"Dangerking," I suggested, "from Charleston."

His eyes flashed on mine. His cold face changed color for an instant, but his hand holding the brimming glass was without a sign of tremor. "Marry her, my dear fellow," he said. "She is worthy of you. Her health——"

"Wait a moment," I said; "the suspicion that attaches to her father can only be removed by the discovery of the securities he is charged with having taken. Those securities, Philip Coe," I said, rising and pointing my finger at my guest. "Those securities——"

"Are locked in your strong box. Pray be seated, Dr. Lattimer. Any heat on your part is most unbecoming at this time. As your guest, I would save you from marring your hospitality with the slightest rudeness. We evidently understand each other. Let us adjourn to your office and talk this matter over calmly."

Philip Coe led the way and I followed in silence, thankful that he had saved me from any further elaboration of my charges. Arrived in my office, he faced about and addressed me as follows:

"You have won some distinction, Dr. Lattimer, in the practice of your profession; a condition I carefully avoid in the practice of mine. We both regard advertising as highly unprofessional. We will waive the fact that I have been dining at your table. Without further waste of words, Dr. Lattimer, I shall trouble you to return me the package I handed you before dinner. I am prepared to enforce my demand."

We were both standing; the table with its shaded lamp between us, and as Philip Coe made his demand he thrust his hand behind him with a motion which I perfectly understood.

The next instant a gleaming revolver was pointed at my head. I mildly suggested that the secret of the combination which held the package he wanted was known to me alone. "What would be the advantage to you of adding murder," I said, "to the already long list of your crimes?"

A malignant gleam of hatred shot from his evil eyes. I remembered the cool precision with which he levelled his camera and the admirable prudence that governed the drop of his shutter. He was not the man to waste a plate or a bullet.

The curtain rustled in the faint evening breeze, making the only sound in the lighted room since I had ceased to speak.

"Close that window, Dr. Lattimer," was the only reply he made to my remonstrance. I turned to the window. The two officers I had summoned were leaning against a lamp-post on the opposite side of the street. The light fell full on them. They were looking directly across. No unusual sound or movement could escape their observation.

"Before I close this window," said I, "let me call your attention to those two figures over the way," and I drew the curtains aside sufficiently to give him an uninterrupted view. "They are awaiting a sign or a motion from me."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He made no reply, but the hand holding the weapon was lowered. I no longer feared him.

"Sit down, Philip Coe," said I. "Instead of sending for cigars an hour ago, I sent for those gentlemen. It is not necessary for them to observe us further at present."

I drew the curtains together.

"You are a remarkable man, Dr. Lattimer. You buy out florists, and summon police officers with equal foresight. Would you mind throwing this dangerous weapon in your waste-paper basket?"

I did precisely as he requested me.

"I know when I am beaten," he said, seating himself at the table. He bit off the end of a cigar, lighted it, and passed it under his nose as if to assure himself of its quality. I couldn't help admiring his cool self-possession. Critical as the situation was, my remarkable guest showed no signs of fear, no agitation, no excitement. He was perfectly calm and collected. With his faculty for quick mental combinations, he recognized the jaws of the trap which held him. He was evidently a philosopher of the school of fatalists.

"I am rather fond of my liberty," said Philip Coe, pushing about some bits of paper on the table with his long flexible fingers. "You have taken possession of the fruits of my last speculation! My arrival, unfortunate as it has been to myself, clears your friends, and opens the way to your uttermost happiness. What do you propose to offer me in return for this?"

The hint at my happiness was an overwhelming appeal. On the threshold of the joyful future made possible by the happenings of this eventful night I shrank from being the cause of further sufferings to the principal agent in the new turn of affairs.

"Clear up the mystery connected with this robbery," I said, perfectly aware that I was compounding a felony, "and you shall depart as freely as you came. As to your friends over the way, I will tell them it was all a mistake."

His explanation covered everything, even to the odd circumstance of leaving the valuable package for so long a time in the keeping of the authorities of the hotel. An officer of the law had been hot on his trail for another offence, and to elude pursuit he had dodged on board an outgoing steamer, carrying with him the receipt which I had been at so much pains to bring back for him.

After this statement had been written out by his own hand, I called in the waitress who had served us at dinner to witness the signature. The name attached to the document was Philip Coe, the same which had appeared in the paper I had dried out on the deck of the Camperdown, and which was written across the opening of the broken package in my safe.

. . . . . .

One afternoon in the autumn, Miss Dangerking and I, with Camperdown in close attendance, were pacing slowly to and fro on the shady side of Lafayette Place over against the sombre front of the Astor Library, and along that colonnade of Corinthian columns of a departed glory, which she called a gallery, getting inexpressible comfort out of the fusted old street, and our undisturbed possession of it, and daring at last to look frankly into the clarified future. Our marriage was set for that day week.

"You have never cleared up the mystery of those wonderfully fresh violets," said Miss Dangerking, with an earnestness I was no longer capable of trifling with.

"I sent a conservatory on board in pots at Liverpool. I thought you might like them."

"I did like them," she said, after we had walked on to a little distance, raising her sympathetic eyes from the broken flagging through which a distorted root was struggling to force its way into the light. "I was thinking of a later evidence of your thoughtfulness. I am glad that our perfect happiness is not clouded by the sense of having consigned to prison the burglar who was instrumental in bringing it about."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AWAITING JUDGMENT

By W. Graily Hewitt

IN a little, low room of a farm-house, looking out toward the North Devon cliffs, half a mile away, lay a young city clerk, dying.

The room was poor, but light and clean, except for the discoloration of the winter's rain on the outer wall; it had no carpet, and all the furniture it contained was the green-painted iron bedstead, whereon the man lay, a rickety washstand, a Windsor chair, and an old milking-stool. The blue-gray walls were bare; there was no ornament in the room but a pot of wild flowers beside the worn bit of looking-glass on the mantel-board, and an arrangement of pink and green paper shavings in the fenderless fireplace needlessly asserting the summer-time; for through the window, widely opened outward, came the sunny warm air and honeysuckle scent of June. And all was so still and peaceful that the man could hear the sheep browsing in the meadow just below, until a yellow-hammer came and sat on the clothes-line near, to inform the farm that he wanted a little bit of bread, but no cheese, twice a minute; and a single wasp, tired of walking up the window-pane, set to work ferociously to bore it, though he had but to turn round to sail away free into the open.

The man was propped against a tiny pillow set up endways, and was smiling down at his shrunken hand, which lay on the patchwork quilt palm upward. He was languidly moving the tips of his fingers, and the gray kitten the farmer's little daughter had brought up with her to keep him company was making small pounces from behind a ridge of the bedclothes to pat them with its pink-toed paws.

The slack slant of the arm, the loose-falling empty folds of the nightshirt about it, and the wasted figure propped there, told of utter weakness and weariness; no need to look at the hand or up to the face, which seemed all eyes and cheek-bone. But the kitten found the hand fun enough, and the little girl laughed as she looked at the great smiling eyes, not noticing how wild the sharpened circle of the sockets made them, nor wondering why the mouth was always drooping open now.

They had had a busy afternoon.

For after the young doctor's visit late that morning the man had called for his desk, and the little girl had helped him to sort the papers there. They were few, but it had been a great effort just to see that they were all in order—the letter written to his cousin, the Birmingham bootmaker, to be posted as soon as necessary; the life-insurance policy for £300, taken out two years ago, when he had had his salary raised at the solicitor's office in King William Street and was beginning to see his way; the will, which the little girl herself had written out at his dictation in a gawky round hand a week ago, whereunder she was to take the sum of £21, to be placed in the post-office savings' bank for her; a certain Miss Angela Jones was to receive the amount of the policy moneys, and the Birmingham bootmaker the rest of the little wisp of personalty, as executor and residuary legatee. A packet of the letters which had come for him every Saturday during his ten weeks' stay had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been read through, once more, one by one, and put back with a kiss, to be burnt by said executor; the money in the purse had been counted and voted sufficient. That was all. Then the little girl had brought the Greek Testament, the brown and red Cambridge Classics edition, in which Miss Angela Jones's love was inscribed to him, and had gone to fetch her kitten, that they might have a game till teatime.

She sat on the stool, with the book open on her knees, wondering how a man who could read these queer-looking words could be content to play with her kitten—a rosy-cheeked, dark-eyed child, with clean, brown hands, and the air of one to be relied upon in the years to come. She had taken quite a maternal interest in the illness that allowed her to be so valuable, and had learnt to love the man for liking to have her with him. She knew he was very ill, but, childlike, she was perhaps rather glad of it so long as it enabled her to be of service.

Presently a whistle sounded from below, and she caught up her kitten and vanished, returning again with a cup of warm milk and another of beef-tea for alternative. She put them on the stool, and the basin on the bed, so that the man might combat the effects as comfortably as might be; and then left him with a gay promise of another visit before her bedtime.

The man was going to die very soon —of starvation. City life, desk toil under unhealthy conditions, disregard for his physical welfare in the endeavor to make the most of every spare moment, to gain knowledge and power, and above all to earn a wife, had overthrown him; his body had vainly endeavored to maintain itself under the stress, and after protesting for some years had at last taken to simply rejecting without further effort.

A terrible attack of liver pain had sent him into the country, with his firm's best wishes and a small gift to help spin out the money saved for other, brighter, purposes, till he could return strong again. That was early in April. For a week he had managed to walk about a little, had seen the cliffs and made friends of the farmer and his little girl; and then, in confidence of power already returned, had strained it too early. Another attack had thereupon sent him to the green-painted bedstead in the little room, to lie there weakening two months, and now to die.

The doctor could do nothing but come and see him; which he did willingly twice a week, though the farm was five miles away from all other claims upon him. He thought the man must be lonely and came as a friend, suggesting often that some relative should be asked to come and stay. The man thought over this; but he had few relatives or friends, and they were hard at work. Besides, what was to be gained by having them come to see him die? Through that pass he must fare alone. Why make it more lonely by presences which could only assert their own futility? He was glad it was summer-time, and he had his letter once a week.

Oh, that Saturday letter, signed Angela Jones! It came on Saturday regularly, but it was not opened till Sunday, in the meantime standing on the mantel-board beside the pot of flowers and the worn glass. For when he had been ordered away they had agreed that she should send him a letter to cheer him every Sunday morning. The Post-office, however, was not acquainted with this arrangement, and, as it was not in the habit of delivering letters on Sunday in that out-of-the-way part, they had been compelled to vary their original plan. So the letter was sent on the Friday evening, received on the Saturday morning, and opened on the Sunday. But this difficulty pleased the man, for by it a new delight was added, that of looking at the envelope all Saturday, as it stood on the mantel-board, and speculating over its contents. Yet as the evening closed in he found it hard to keep his promise not to open it before Sunday, and often he wondered "what if I should die to-night?" But when Sunday morning came, and he arose and opened his letter, reading it to the sound of happy waking birds, he was more than pleased; for no post could have been looked for at four in the morning, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the holy light of dawn was altogether the fittest to read it by.

Those letters, and the looking forward to them, enabled him to drag on from week to week. Of course they were love-letters—a little bit of news, about weekly drudgery mostly (for Angela Jones was a type-writer), mingled with a great deal of anxiety as to his condition, and any quantity of expressions of affection. Expressions of affection; but he read affection, and thought little of the expression. And it was well for him that he did so; for not even the intensest efforts of a young lady of Angela Jones's attainments could have hidden from a critical eye the fact that absence had made a difference. His was not the least critical; when he read of love and sympathy he believed what he read.

Now Angela Jones was doing her very best. She was a conscientious girl, and she could not help the difference. She had no power over love to command him hers forever and at all distances. She had loved the man truly. She would probably have continued to love him truly if he had not been obliged to leave her. And when her love faded she set to work to hide the fact, hoping that when he came back again it would all be as before. Meanwhile it was her duty, as it was her wish, to remain loyal to him in spite of a change of feeling she could not prevent.

But then his letters, the feeble fan to a dying fire, grew shorter and shorter; and at last came one written in a child's hand, and only signed by him. He excused himself in it, all too obviously, by saying that the child liked being useful to him, and had besought his permission to write for him by way of practice; Angela was not to take this as a sign of real weakness. Angela did, however, and saw that her lover was like to die, and to die deceived. And that tortured the poor girl, for she was honest in her self-consciousness. But she pretended to take the excuse, and praised the child's handwriting to him. She was almost pleased to find she could, by trying hard, resent having letters written by deputy sent to her. That meant that her love was not quite dead. But the flicker went out in the flood of tears that came on considering its exact measure gauged thus. And though she grew to hate herself for her inconstancy and dishonest dealing toward a dying man, self-hatred was inadequate for the rekindling. Still the Saturday letter came week by week, and the expressions of affection were there, and he read them as uncritically as ever.

He hesitated for some time to tell her of his true state. She would realize it gradually, and better so. He had nearly offered to release her from her promise once, but that seemed needless anticipation. If his lingering on was to be indefinite, he would have done so; but it would have been merely unkind to offer a release so unnecessary. It would have seemed as if he was anxious to be rid of a debt he could not live to pay, almost as if he distrusted her devotion and power to love him to the last. And besides, he wanted to die loved this way. That was his one selfishness.

She had offered to come and be with him. But that, knowing how important to her was the keeping of her position, knowing, too, how changed he was, and fearing perhaps that there would be something for her to overcome in approaching him now, he had refused with the tenderest thanks. He wished to die with the memory of the love as it had been, to spare her and himself the agony of sorrow and pity such a meeting would bring into it.

To-day the friendly young doctor had acceded to his quiet, self-possessed inquiry, and had told him for certain what this great weakness and continual sleepiness meant in the way of distance, that a week, or it might be two, was all that was left. And now that he had set his affairs in order he was ready. The child's prattle for that space, and another letter, was all he really wanted.

Conscience did not trouble him for the neglect of his health. His was a simple nature. And it had seemed to him that a man of his class must either do as he had done with himself, make every effort for success and take the consequences his constitution might append, or else live on through years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of blankness, waiting for luck to bring him what he might gain for himself at a risk. He had risked and lost. But, risking, he might have won. He had thought it manly to risk, trusting strength sufficient would be granted, if it were good for him.

When the child came up again after tea she found the two cups untouched, and scolded him. But he told her she was not quite old enough to understand how useless the struggle was, nor why he had refused to torment his body for the few days left, and asked her to come and write for him again. He had made up his mind to tell Miss Jones the fact.

So the little girl wrote a good-by to Miss Jones, which only took up the first side of the sheet, even in that big hand. He did not choose to enter into any explanations of the motives which had kept him from speaking plainly; his brain seemed too tired to attempt that properly. Besides, he knew that she knew in spite of his little deceit, that she had respected it, and reading through it had tactfully pretended she was as ignorant as his use of it had shown he wished her to be. Nor did he tax the child's patience with the writing of long assurances. He simply said that he should love his Angela forever, and wished her good-by for the present and all happiness in this world. He did not even tell her about the insurance moneys. Then he sent the child to wait for the mail-cart on the road, and lay back to sleep and wait for the next day but one, Saturday.

The Friday between was a day of torture to Miss Angela Jones. She tortured herself all morning with doubt as to what she ought to do. It seemed equally horrible to her, in her self-consciousness and wish to be honest, to tell him the truth or to let him die in his delusion.

A day of torture to Miss Angela Jones.

But by twelve o'clock she had decided that it was not right to let him die so, and that right was the only thing she ought to consider at such a pass. Then she tortured herself the whole of her dinner-hour, which she gave to him, in writing a confession in the dark office in Chancery Lane. She had to write against time, and the kindest words

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she could find seemed horribly heartless. But she put them into an envelope and was about to write "open at once" thereon when she paused. If she did not write that he would not open till Sunday. To gain a day was something, and a thought struck her; so with a gulp at her cowardice she ran out and posted the letter before she could reconsider the matter. And the afternoon she spent in torture over what she had done, vainly trying to comfort herself with the defence that she had written as, with the best thought she could bring to bear, her conscience had directed. Her work that day was all miserable correction, and she crept home early under plea of illness, to sob half the wretched night away, till the poor, distracted brain gave in to sleep.

On the Saturday morning the letter was set up on the mantel-board, and the man's eyes smiled to see it. But the smile was so feeble that the little girl scolded him prettily for not being properly pleased. He was too weak to attempt expostulation. And all the sunny day through he seemed to sleep. She came from time to time to look at

On the Saturday morning the letter was set up on the mantel-board.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She brought him a candle and lit it, for the daylight was fading.

him, once with a bunch of honeysuckle, which she scattered over the bed, again with the horrible two cups and a little coaxing prayer, which he never even noticed, and yet again with the kitten at teatime to try to rouse him. But as it was all of no avail she sat beside him with the kitten on her lap and turned over the pages of the Greek Testament, pretending that she was taking great care of him and was profitably employed the while.

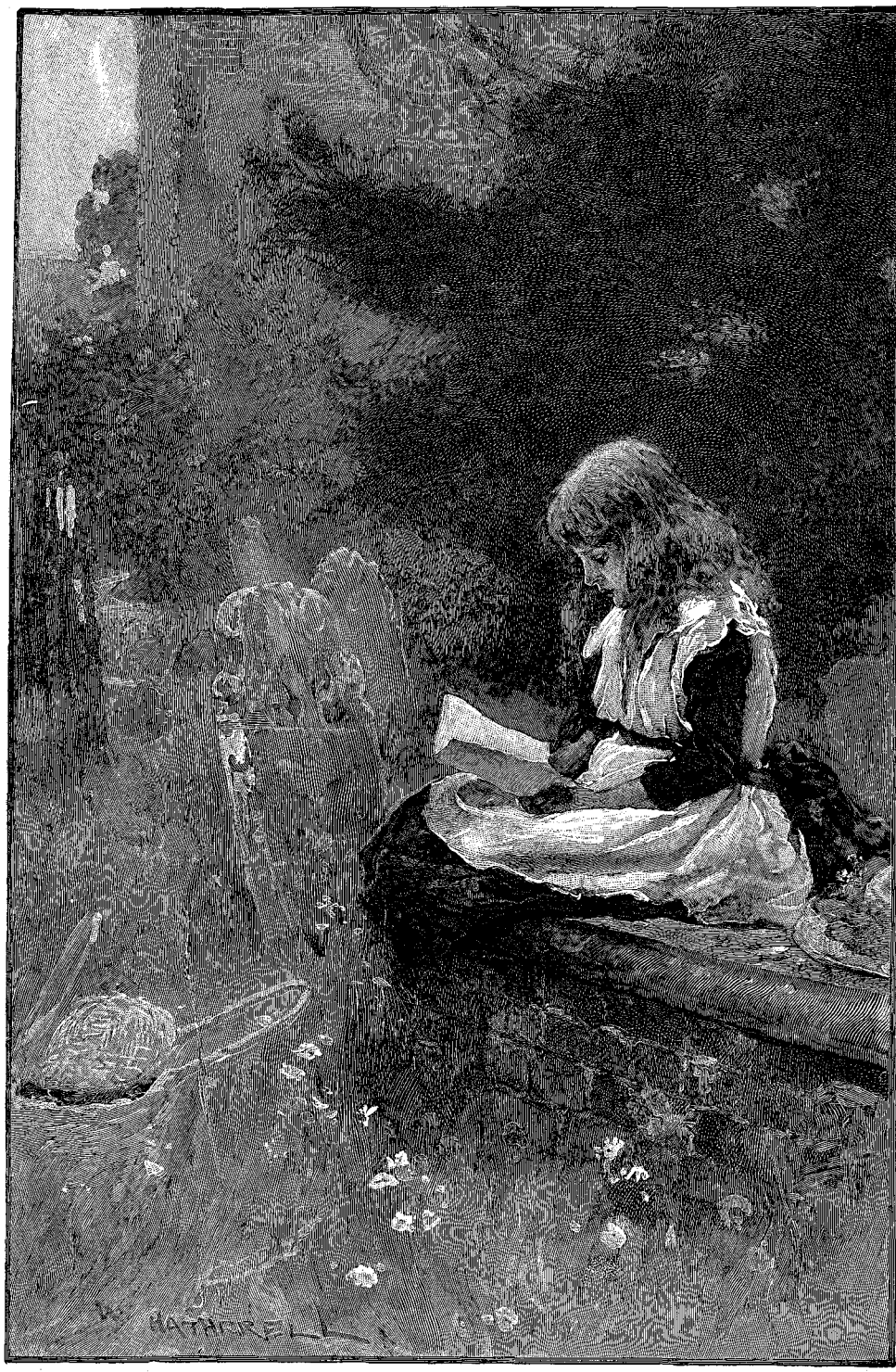
Later the farmer creaked up in his nailed boots and looked at the man and said "hush," leant against the open doorway for awhile, chewing a straw, then nodded a smile at his little daughter and creaked away down again.

About nine the man roused himself, and his hand on the bed pointed to the letter. She tiptoed to fetch it and gave it to him, then at his whispered request brought him a candle and lit it, for the daylight was fading. She set it on the stool and wound up his watch (a thing he had allowed her to do as reward of service) and placed it beside the candle, so that he could see it easily. He watched her with half-closed eyes; and when she paused to consider whether she had done all that was necessary for his comfort that night he motioned her to come on to the bed, and kissed her, mumbling something which she never heard, the voice was so low and indistinct. She replaced the letter in his fumbling fingers, so that he might have no difficulty in finding it in the morning; and at that he sank back and seemed at once deep in slumber. She tripped about fussily for a minute or two, setting the towel straight and drawing the window closer to; then took a long, wondering stare at him and went away.

But she came again early next morning. The candle was still burning. She blew it out. The watch was ticking on, and the man was in exactly the same attitude in which she had left him, the letter unopened.

She thought it unusual for him not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL. ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

She sat for a time wondering.—Page 221.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be awake Sunday morning, so she put her small, warm hand on his to rouse him; and suddenly ran away, screaming to her father.

The candle had burnt in vain to light the Sunday in for him, the watch had ticked in vain to tell him when it came, and Miss Angela Jones's self-torture had been quite unnecessary.

The little girl missed her occupation dreadfully, and cuddled her kitten many days, comfortless. And when the grave had been filled in close beside the tall, square tower, that looked down upon the summer blue of Bideford Bay, she took it out with her there, and sat for a time wondering why the Birmingham bootmaker, when he came, had thanked her and kissed her so often; and why he had, after opening and reading that letter, put it into another envelope, sealed it up and placed it on the man's breast as he lay in the coffin, "to show or not, as he chose, at the Judgment-day;" and how the dolls that twenty guineas would buy would look if she could see them all at once.

Then she smudged the kitten's reluctant pink nose along one of the cracks of the reset sods, and trotted the half-mile back to the farm again, softly crying.

THE END OF BOOKS

By Octave Uzanne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. ROBIDA

IT was in London, about two years ago, that the question of "the end of books" and their transformation into something quite different was agitated in a group of book-lovers, artists, men of science and of learning, on a memorable evening, never to be forgotten by anyone then present.

We had met that evening, which happened to be one of the scientific Fridays of the Royal Society, at a lecture given by Sir William Thomson, the eminent English physicist, professor in the University of Glasgow, universally known for the part he took in the laying of the first transatlantic cable.

On this Friday evening Sir William had announced to his brilliant audience of *savants* and men of the world that the end of the terrestrial globe and of the human race was mathematically certain to occur in precisely ten million years.

Taking his stand on the theory of Helmholtz, that the sun is a vast sphere in process of cooling, and, by the law of gravity, of shrinking in proportion as it cools, and having estimated the energy of the solar heat as four hundred and seventy-six million horse-power to the superficial square foot of its photosphere, Sir William had demonstrated that the radius of the photosphere grows about one-hundredth part shorter every two thousand years, and that it is therefore quite possible to fix the precise hour when its warmth will be insufficient to maintain life on our planet.

The great philosopher had surprised us no less by his treatment of the antiquity of the earth, which he showed to be a question of pure mechanics. In the face of geologists and naturalists he gave it a past history of not more than a score of millions of years, and showed that life had awakened upon earth in the very hour of the sun's birth—whatever may have been the origin of this fecundating star, whether the bursting of a pre-existing world or the concentration of nebulæ formerly diffused.

We had left the Royal Institute deeply moved by the great problems which the learned Glasgow professor had taken such pains to resolve scientifically for the benefit of his audience. With minds in pain, almost crushed by the immensity of the figures with which he had been juggling, we were silently walking home, a group of eight different person-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alities — philologians, historians, journalists, statisticians, and merely interested men of the world—walking two and two, like creatures half awake, down Albemarle Street and Piccadilly.

Edward Lembroke dragged us all into the Junior Athenæum to supper; and the champagne had no sooner limbered our half-numbed brains than it was who should speak first about Sir William Thomson's lecture and the future destiny of humanity—questions interesting above all others and usually as varied as the minds of those who discuss them.

James Whittemore discoursed at length upon the intellectual and moral predominance which by the end of the next century the younger continents would have over the older ones. He gave us to understand that the Old World would little by little give up its claim to omnipotence, and America would lead the van in the march of progress. Oceanica, born only yesterday, would develop superbly, throwing off the mask of its ambitions and taking a prominent place in the universal concert of the nations. Africa, he added, that continent ever explored and ever mysterious, where at a moment's warning countries of thousands of square miles are discovered—Africa so painfully won to civilization, does not seem called to play an eminent part, notwithstanding her immense reservoir of men. She will be the granary of other continents; upon her soil various invading peoples will by turns play dramas of small importance; hordes of men will meet and clash and fight and die there in greedy desire to possess this still virgin soil, but civilization and progress will gain a footing only after thousands of years, when the prosperity of the United States, having reached its zenith, will be drawing toward its decline, and when new and fateful evolutions shall have assigned a new habitat to the new products of human genius.

Julius Pollock, gentle vegetarian and learned naturalist, usually a silent boon companion, amused himself by imagining the effect upon human customs of the success of certain interesting chemical experiments transforming the conditions of our social life. Nutriment will then be accurately portioned out in the form of powders, sirups, pellets, and biscuits, everything reduced to the smallest possible bulk. No more bakers, butchers, or wine-merchants then; no more restaurants or grocers; only a few druggists, and everyone thenceforth free, happy, all wants provided for at the cost of a few cents; hunger blotted out from the roll of human woes. Especially the world would cease to be the unclean slaughter-house of peaceful creatures, a grewsome larder set forth for the gratification of gluttony, and would become a fair garden, sacred to hygiene and the pleasure of the eye. Life would be respected both in beasts and in plants, and over the entrance to this Paradise Regained, become a colossal museum of the creatures of God, might be written, "Look, but do not touch the exhibits."

"That is all Utopia," cried John Pool, the humorist. "The animals, my dear Pollock, will not follow your chemical programme, but will continue to devour one another according to the mysterious laws of creation. The fly will always be the vulture of the microbe, the most harmless bird the eagle of the fly; the wolf will keep on presenting himself with legs of lamb, and the peaceful sheep will continue, as in the past, to be 'the tiger of the grass.' Let us follow the general law, and while awaiting our turn to be devoured, let us devour."

Arthur Blackcross, painter and critic of mystical, esoteric, and symbolic art, a most refined spirit and founder of the already celebrated School of the Æsthetes of To-morrow, was urged to tell us in his turn what he thought painting would come to a century and more from now. I think the few lines which follow accurately sum up his little discourse:

"Is what we call modern art really an art?" he cried. "Do not the artists without vocation, who practise it fairly well, with a show of talent, sufficiently prove it to be a trade, in which soul is as much lacking as sight? Can we give the name of works of art to five-sixths of the pictures and statues which litter up our annual exhibitions? Can we indeed find many painters or sculptors who are truly original creators?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We see nothing but copies of all sorts; copies of Old Masters accommodated to modern taste, adaptations ever false of epochs forever gone by, trite copies of nature as seen with a photographer's eye, insipid patchwork imitations of frightful war subjects such as have made Meissonier famous; nothing new, nothing that takes us out of our own humanity, nothing that transports us elsewhere. And yet it is the duty of art, whether by music or poetry or painting, at any cost to carry us beyond ourselves, that for an instant at least we may hover in that sphere of the unreal where we may take the idealistic aëropathy cure.

"I verily believe," Blackcross went on, "that the hour is at hand when the whole universe will find itself saturated with pictures, dull landscapes, mythological figures, historic episodes, still life, and all other works soever; the very negroes will have no more of them. In that divine moment, that avenging instant, painting will die of inanition; governments will perhaps at last perceive their dense folly in not having systematically discouraged the arts as the only practical way of protecting and exalting them. In a few countries, resolved upon a general reform, the ideas of the iconoclasts will prevail; museums will be burned down, that they may no longer influence budding genius; the commonplace in all its forms will be tabooed; that is to say, the reproduction of any tangible thing, of anything that we see, of anything that illustrations, photography, or the theatre can sufficiently well express; and art, at last given back to itself, will be raised aloft into the upper regions of revery, seeking there its appropriate figures and symbols.

"Art will then be a closed aristocracy; its production will be rare, mystic, devout, loftily personal. It will perhaps command at most ten or twelve apostles in each generation, with something like a hundred ardent disciples to admire and encourage them.

"Beyond the realm of this abstract art photography in colors, photogravure, illustrated books, will suffice for the gratification of the masses; but exhibitions being interdicted, landscape painters being ruined by photopainting, historical subjects being for the future represented by suggestive models which at the pleasure of the operator shall express pain, surprise, dejection, terror, or death, all photopainting, in short, having become simply a question of a vast diversity of mechanical processes, a branch of commerce, there will be no painters in the twenty-first century, but instead of them a few holy men, true fakirs of the ideal and the beautiful, who amidst the silence and incomprehension of the masses will produce masterpieces at last worthy of the name."

Slowly and with minute detail Arthur Blackcross worked out his vision of the future, not without success, for our recent visit to the Royal Academy had been hardly more cheering than those paid to our two great national bazaars of painting in Paris, at the Champ de Mars and the Champs Elysées.

For a little while we discussed the general ideas of our symbolical friend, and it was the founder of the School of the Æsthetes of To-morrow himself who changed the course of conversation by an abrupt appeal to me for my literary views and opinions.

"Come, my worthy Bibliophile, it is your turn to speak. Tell us how it will be with letters, with literature and books a hundred years hence! Since we are remodelling the society of the future to suit ourselves, this evening, each of us throwing a ray of light into the darkness of the centuries to come, I pray you illuminate certain horizons with a beam from *your* revolving light."

Cries of "Yes, yes!" cordial and pressing entreaties followed; and as we were all kindred spirits, and it was pleasant to hear one another think, the atmosphere of this club corner being sympathetic and agreeable, I made no demur, but improvised my discourse as follows:

"What is my view of the destiny of books, my dear friends? The question is interesting, and fires me all the more because in good faith I never put it to myself before this hour.

"If by books you are to be understood as referring to our innumerable collections of paper, printed, sewed, and bound in a cover announcing the title of the work, I own to you frankly that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I do not believe (and the progress of electricity and modern mechanism forbids me to believe) that Gutenberg's invention can do otherwise than sooner or later fall into desuetude as a means of current interpretation of our mental products.

"Printing, which Rivarol so judiciously called the artillery of thought, and of which Luther said that it is the last and best gift by which God advances the things of the Gospel — printing, which has changed the destiny of Europe, and which, especially during the last two centuries, has governed opinion through the book, the pamphlet, and the newspaper—printing, which since 1436 has reigned despotically over the mind of man, is, in my opinion, threatened with death by the various devices for registering sound which have lately been invented, and which little by little will go on to perfection.

"Notwithstanding the enormous progress which has gradually been made in the printing-press, in spite of the already existing composing-machines, easy to run, and furnishing new characters freshly moulded in movable matrices, it still appears to me that the art in which Fust and Scheffer, Estienne and Vascosa, Aldus Manutius and Nicholas Jenson successively excelled, has attained its acme of perfection, and that our grandchildren will no longer trust their works to this somewhat antiquated process, now become very easy to replace by phonography, which is yet in its initial stage, and of which we have much to hope."

There was an uproar of interruption and inquiry among my hearers; astonished "oh's!" ironical "ah's!" doubtful "eh! eh's!" and mingled with a deepening murmur of denial such phrases as "But that's impossible!" "What do you mean by that?" I had some difficulty in restoring silence enough to permit me to resume my remarks and explain myself more at length.

"Let me tell you that the ideas which I am about to open to you are the less affirmative that they are not ripened by reflection. I serve them up to you just as they come to me, with an appearance of paradox. However, there is nothing like a paradox for containing truth; the wildest paradoxes of the philosophers of the eighteenth century are to-day already partly realized.

"I take my stand, therefore, upon this incontestable fact, that the man of leisure becomes daily more reluctant to undergo fatigue, that he eagerly seeks for what he calls the comfortable, that is to say for every means of sparing himself the play and the waste of the organs. You will surely agree with me that reading, as we practise it to-day, soon brings on great weariness; for not only does it require of the brain a sustained attention which consumes a large proportion of the cerebral phosphates, but it also forces our bodies into various fatiguing attitudes. If we are reading one of our great newspapers it constrains us to acquire a certain dexterity in the art of turning and folding the sheets; if we hold the paper wide open it is not long before the muscles of tension are overtaxed, and finally, if we address ourselves to the book, the necessity of cutting the leaves and turning them one after another, ends by producing an enervated condition very distressing in the long run.

"The art of being moved by the wit, the gayety, and the thought of others must soon demand greater facilities. I believe, then, in the success of everything which will favor and encourage the indolence and selfishness of men; the elevator has done away with the toilsome climbing of stairs; phonography will probably be the destruction of printing. Our eyes are made to see and reflect the beauties of nature, and not to wear themselves out in the reading of texts; they have been too long abused, and I like to fancy that some one will soon discover the need there is that they should be relieved by laying a greater burden upon our ears. This will be to establish an equitable compensation in our general physical economy."

"Very well, very well," cried my attentive companions, "but the practical side of this? How do you suppose that we shall succeed in making phonographs at once portable enough, light enough, and sufficiently resisting to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

register long romances which, at present, contain four or five hundred pages, without getting out of order; upon what cylinders of hardened wax will you stereotype the articles and news items of journalism; finally, with the aid of what sort of piles will you generate the electric motors of your future phonograph? All this is to be explained, and it does not appear to us easy to make it practical."

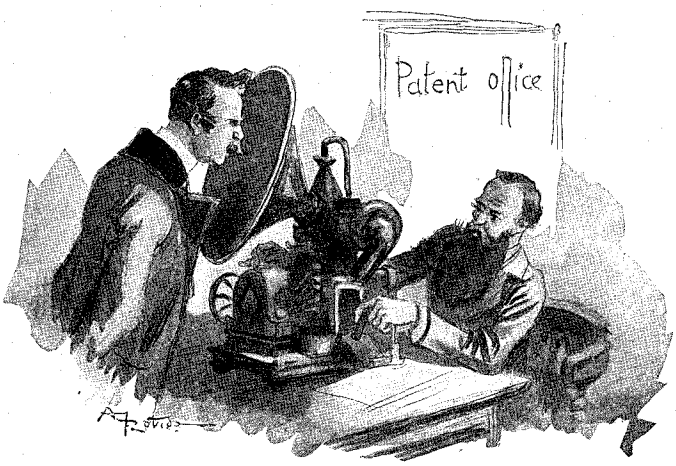
"Nevertheless it will all be done," I replied. "There will be registering cylinders as light as celluloid penholders, capable of containing five or six hundred words and working upon very tenuous axles, and occupying not more than five square inches; all the vibrations of the voice will be reproduced in them; we shall attain to perfection in this apparatus as surely as we have obtained precision in the smallest and most ornamental watches.

"As to the electricity, that will often be found in the individual himself. Each will work his pocket apparatus by a fluent current ingeniously set in action; the whole system may be kept in a simple opera-glass case, and suspended by a strap from the shoulder.

"As for the book, or let us rather say, for by that time books 'will have lived,' as for the novel, or the storyograph, the author will become his own publisher. To avoid imitations and counterfeits he will be obliged, first of all, to go to the Patent-Office, there to deposit his voice, and register its lowest and highest notes, giving all the counter-hearings necessary for the recognition of any imitation of his deposit. The Government will realize great profits by these patents.

"Having thus made himself right with the law, the author will talk his work, fixing it upon registering cylinders. He will himself put these patented cylinders on sale; they will be delivered in cases for the consumption of hearers.

"Men of letters will not be called Writers in the time soon to be, but rather, Narrators. Little by little the taste for style and for pompously decorated phrases will die away, but the art of utterance will take on unheard-of importance. Certain Narrators will be sought out for their fine address, their contagious sympathy, their thrilling warmth, and the perfect accuracy, the fine punctuation of their voice.



The Author Depositing his Voice at the Patent-Office, to Prevent Counterfeiting.

"The ladies will no longer say in speaking of a successful author, 'What a charming writer!' All shuddering with emotion, they will sigh, 'Ah, how this "Teller's" voice thrills you, charms you, moves you! What adorable low tones, what heart-rending accents of love! When you hear his voice you are fairly exhausted with emotion. There is no ravisher of the ear like him!'"

My friend James Whittemore interrupted me. "And what will become of the libraries, dear friend, and of the books?"

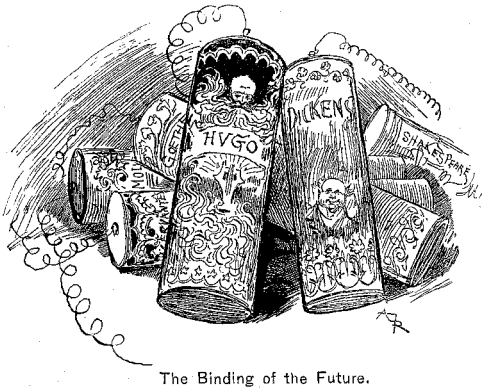
"Libraries will be transformed into phonographotecks, or rather, phonostereoteks; they will contain the works of human genius on properly labelled cylinders, methodically arranged in little cases, rows upon rows, on shelves. The favorite editions will be the autophonographs of artists most in vogue; for example, every one will be asking for Coquelin's 'Molière,' Irving's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Author Making Cylinders of his Own Works.

'Shakespeare,' Salvini's 'Dante,' Eleonora Duse's 'Dumas fils,' Sara Bernhardt's 'Hugo,' Mounet Sully's 'Balzac;' while Goethe, Milton, Byron, Dickens, Emerson, Tennyson, Musset, and others will have been 'vibrated upon cylinders by favorite Tellers.'

"The bibliophiles, who will have become phonographiles, will still surround themselves with rare works; they will send out their cylinders to be bound in morocco cases, adorned with fine gildings and symbolic figures, as in former days. The titles will be imprinted on the circumference of the



The Binding of the Future.
(Tubes de luxe.)

case, and the most exquisite cases will contain cylinders specially copyrighted, editions of a single copy, in the voice of a master of the drama, of poetry, or of music, giving impromptu and unpublished variants of celebrated works.

"The Narrators, blithe authors that they will be, will relate the current events of current life, will make a study of rendering the sounds that accompany—sometimes with ironical effect, like an orchestration of Nature—the exchange of commonplace conversation, the joyful exclamations of assembled crowds, the dialects of strange people. The evocations of the Marseillais or the Auvergnats will amuse the French as the jargon of the Irishman and the Westerner will excite the laughter of Americans of the East.

"Authors who are not sensitive to vocal harmonies, or who lack the flexibility of voice necessary to a fine utterance, will avail themselves of the services of hired actors or singers to warehouse their work in the accommodating cylinder. We have to-day our secretaries and copyists; there will then be 'phonists' and 'clamists' to interpret utterances dictated by the creator of literature.

"Hearers will not regret the time when they were readers; with eyes unwearied, with countenances refreshed, their air of careless freedom will witness to the benefits of the contemplative life. Stretched upon sofas or cradled in rocking-chairs, they will enjoy in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

silence the marvellous adventures which the flexible tube will conduct to ears dilated with interest.

"At home, walking, sightseeing, these fortunate hearers will experience the ineffable delight of reconciling hygiene with instruction; of nourishing their minds while exercising their muscles; for there will be pocket phono-operagraphs, for use during excursions among Alpine mountains or in the cañons of the Colorado."

"Your dream is most aristocratic," interposed Julius Pollock, the humanitarian; "the future will be more democratic. I should like to see the people more favored."

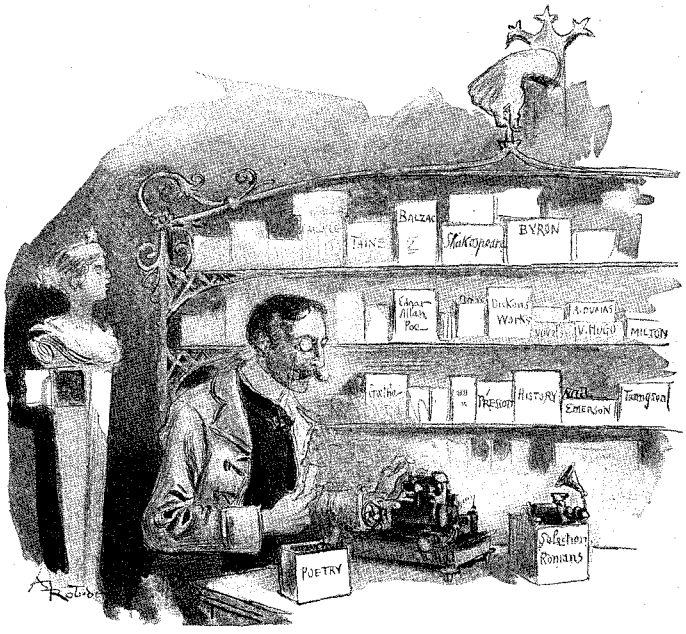
"They will be, my gentle poet," I replied, gayly, going on to develop my vision of the future; "nothing will be lacking for them on this head; they may intoxicate themselves on literature as on pure water, and as cheaply, too, for there will then be fountains of literature in the streets as there are now hydrants.

"At every open place in the city little buildings will be erected, with hearing tubes corresponding to certain works

A Voice from Scotland.

easily worked by the mere pressure of a button. On the other side, a sort of automatic book-dealer, set in motion by a nickel in the slot, will for this trifling sum give the works of Dickens, Dumas *père*, or Longfellow, on long rolls all prepared for home consumption.

"I go even farther: the author who desires personally to bring his work to the public knowledge after the fashion of the *trouvères* of the Middle Ages, carrying them about from house to house, may draw a modest but always remunerative profit by renting to all the inmates of the same apartment-house a sort of portable organ, which may be slung over the shoulder, composed of an infinite number of small tubes connected with his auditory shop, by means of which his works may be wafted through the open windows to the ears of such lodgers as may desire amusement in a moment of leisure, or cheer in an hour of solitude.



Manufacturing Books.

hung all around for the benefit of the studious passer-by. They will be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"People of small means will not be ruined, you must admit, by a tax of four or five cents for an hour's 'hearing,' and the fees of the wandering author will be relatively important by the multiplicity of hearings furnished to each house in the same quarter.

"Is this all? By no means. The phonography of the future will be at the service of our grandchildren on all the occasions of life. Every restaurant-table will be provided with its phonographic collection; the public carriages, the waiting-rooms, the state-rooms of steamers, the halls and chambers of hotels will contain phonographotecks for the use of travellers. The railways will replace the parlor car by a sort of Pullman Circulating Library, which will cause travellers to forget the weariness of the way while leaving their eyes free to admire the landscapes through which they are passing.

Phonographic Literature for the Promenade.

"I shall not undertake to enter into the technical details of the methods of operating these new interpreters of human thought, these multiplicators of human speech; but rest assured that books will be forsaken by all the dwellers upon this globe, and printing will absolutely pass out of use except for the service it may still be able to render to commerce and private relations; and even there the writing-machine, by that time fully developed, will probably suffice for all needs.

"'And the daily paper,' you will ask me, 'the great press of England and America, what will you do with that?'

"Have no fear; it will follow the general law, for public curiosity will go on forever increasing, and men will soon be dissatisfied with printed interviews more or less correctly reported. They will insist upon hearing the *interviewee*, upon listening to the discourse of the fashionable orator, hearing the actual song, the very voice of the diva whose first appearance was made over-night. What but the phonographic journal can give them all this? The voices of the whole world will be gathered up in the celluloid rolls which the post will bring morning by morning to the subscribing hearers. Valets and ladies'-maids will soon learn how to put them in place, the axle of the cylinder upon the two

The Automatic Library.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

supports of the motor, and will carry them to master or mistress at the hour of awakening. Lying soft and warm upon their pillow they may hear it all, as if in a dream—foreign telegrams, financial news, humorous articles, the news of the day.

"Journalism will naturally be transformed; the highest situations will be reserved for robust young men with strong, resonant voices, trained rather in the art of enunciation than in the search for words or the turn of phrases; literary mandarinism will disappear, literators will gain only an infinitely small number of hearers, for the important point will be to be quickly informed in a few words without comment.

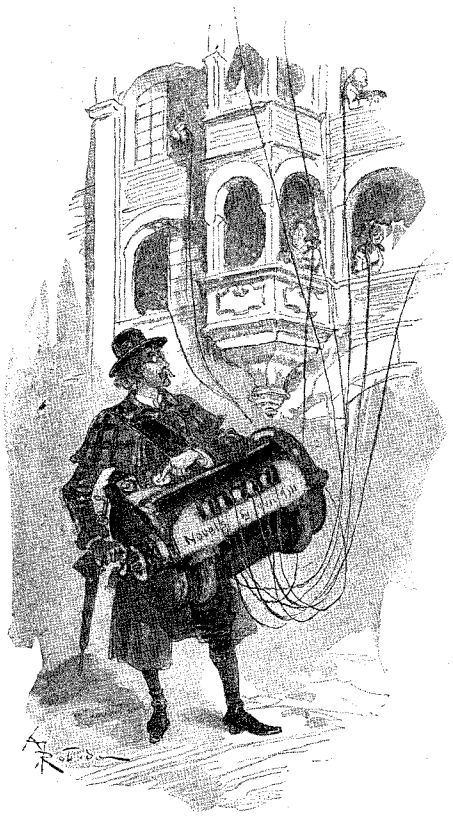
"In all newspaper offices there will be Speaking Halls where the editors will record in a clear voice the news received by telephonic despatch; these will be immediately registered by an ingenious apparatus arranged in the acoustic receiver; the cylinders thus obtained will be stereotyped in great numbers and posted in small boxes before three o'clock in the morning, except where by agreement with the telephone company the hearing of the newspaper is arranged for by private lines to subscribers' houses, as is already the case with theatrophones."

William Blackcross, the amiable critic and æsthete, who up to this point had kindly listened without interrupting my flights of fancy, now deemed it the proper moment for asking a few questions.

"Permit me to inquire," he said, "how you will make good the want of illustrations? Man is always an overgrown baby, and he will always ask for pictures and take pleasure in the representation of things which he imagines or has heard of from others."

"Your objection does not embarrass me," I replied; "illustrations will be abundant and realistic enough to satisfy the most exacting. You perhaps forget the great discovery of To-morrow, that which is soon to amaze us all; I mean the Kinetograph of Thomas Edison, of which I was so happy as to see the first trial at Orange Park, New Jersey, during a recent visit to the great electrician.

"The kinetograph will be the illustrator of daily life; not only shall we see it operating in its case, but by a system of lenses and reflectors all the figures in action which it will present in photochromo may be projected upon large



The Author Exploiting his Own Works.

white screens in our own homes. Scenes described in works of fiction and romances of adventure will be imitated by appropriately dressed figurants and immediately recorded. We shall also have, by way of supplement to the daily phonographic journal, a series of illustrations of the day, slices of active life, so to speak, fresh cut from the actual. We shall see the new pieces and the actors at the theatre, as easily as we may already hear them, in our own homes; we shall have the portrait, and, better still, the very play of countenance, of famous men, criminals, beautiful women. It will not be art, it is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Romance of the Future.
(With Kinetoscopic Illustrations.)

true, but at least it will be life, natural under all its make-up, clear, precise, and sometimes even cruel.

"It is evident," I said, in closing this too vague sketch of the intellectual life of To-morrow, "that in all this there will be sombre features now unforeseen. Just as oculists have multiplied since the invention of journalism, so with the phonography yet to be, the aurists will begin to abound. They will find a way to note all the sensibilities of the ear, and to discover names of more new auricular maladies than will really exist; but no progress has ever been made without changing the place of some of our ills.

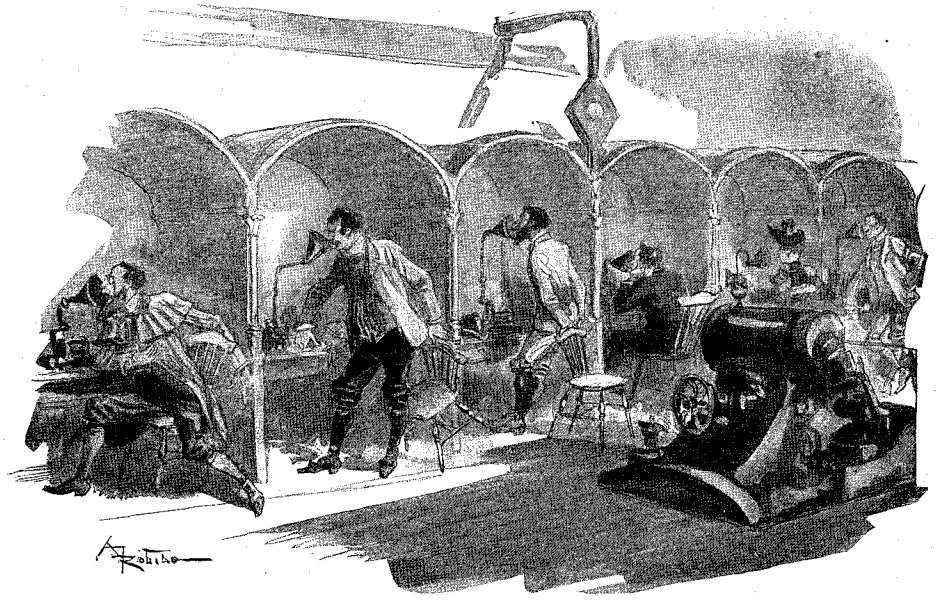
"Be all this as it may, I think that if books have a destiny, that destiny is on the eve of being accomplished; the printed book is about to disappear. After us the last of books, gentlemen!"

This after-supper prophecy had some little success even among the most sceptical of my indulgent listeners; and John Pool had the general approval when he cried, in the moment of our parting:

"Either the books must go, or they must swallow us up. I calculate that, take the whole world over, from eighty to one hundred thousand books appear every year; at an average of a thousand copies, this makes more than a hundred

Reading on the Limited.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Editorial Rooms of the Phonographic Journal of the Future.
(Dictating News Cylinders.)

millions of books, the majority of which contain only the wildest extravagances or the most chimerical follies, and propagate only prejudice and error. Our social condition forces us to hear many stupid things every day. A few more or less do not amount to very great suffering in the end; but what happiness not to be obliged to read them, and to be able at last to close our eyes upon the annihilation of printed things!"

Impending Maladies of the Ear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carolus Duran.

THE POET WITH THE MANDOLIN*

PAINTED BY CAROLUS DURAN

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

I HAVE given the title of this picture in the English most nearly approaching to the original that I could find, but it is always unsatisfactory to a French scholar to translate *à* by *with*. There are delicacies in language that are indescribable in another tongue. I cannot explain, in English, why I dislike *with* as a substitute for *à*, but to my feeling it is awkward and inadequate. The proper French translation for *with* is not *à* but *avec*, yet everyone who knows French feels instinctively that *avec*, in a title of this kind would convey a different idea. Perhaps it would separate the poet more from the instrument he is holding. However this may be, the French title is perfectly elegant, euphonious, and, in itself, musical like the instrument in the picture. It is *Le Poète à la Mandoline*.

* See Frontispiece.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The picture was first exhibited in 1894 at the well-known club in the Rue Boissy d'Anglais, where a few works of art are to be seen some weeks before the opening of the Salons for which they are intended.

It is, of course, a study from a living original, and in that sense a portrait, but as the title suggests an ideal conception, so the true subject of the picture is a poetical *réverie* aided by the two accompaniments of a little music and a cigarette. "The Poet" himself appears to be a young man of a sensitive temperament and a physical constitution which, without being unhealthy, is still delicate rather than robust.

To my feeling this picture has a singular magnetic attraction, comparable to that of a few thoughtful portraits by the old masters, such as the melancholy young man in the Louvre which used to be attributed to Francia. And if ever this canvas should arrive in the national collection, where it would be by no means out of place, the visitors in future ages will be drawn to it by feelings of sympathy and curiosity. They will wonder who this poet of the long-past nineteenth century could be, with his expression at once of mental lucidity and dreamy idealism, and they will regret that they cannot discover the stanzas that he rhymed and measured with the help of his tinkling mandolin.

The painter must have been in perfect sympathy with his subject, for his own nature is in reality both poetical and musical. I do not know that he makes rhymes, but it is easy to see that he has the poetical nature, though he happens to be a fashionable portrait-painter. The poet's instinct expresses itself very strongly in his landscapes, which are more numerous than is generally known, as in former years, when he exhibited in the Champs Élysées, the rule was to admit only two pictures by each exhibitor; and these were inevitably portraits, which represented the more lucrative side of the painter's productiveness. Of late years the new Society in the Champ de Mars allows each exhibitor to group a number of pictures together, so there is a place for the landscapes also, and they may occasionally be seen in the minor Salons. I shall have more to say of them presently, and only mention them in this place for their evidence of strong poetic feeling. As for the musical side of the artist's nature, it finds expression in practice on the organ and harmonium, and also in occasional outbursts of singing when an air recurs to the memory and the painter has not time to go to one of the musical instruments in his studio. Even the cigarette in which the poet is indulging is the habitual solace of the painter. In one respect, however, M. Carolus Duran differs notably from the dreamer with the mandolin, as his own physical constitution is most robust. He is a practised horseman, has a high reputation, even in Paris, as a fencer, and swims well enough to have saved two lives.*

The published biographies of M. Carolus Duran are for the most part inaccurate. The following facts were given me by the artist himself. He was born at Lille, July 4, 1838, which he has since learned to associate with the declaration of American independence. His parents and relations were of the middle class, and all of them without the slightest tendency toward the fine arts. There is an art academy at Lille, and in this school, under a professor named Souchon, the future painter learned the first elements of his art. In his opinion, however, the knowledge he acquired at Lille was of very little account, although he writes himself in exhibition catalogues as a pupil of Souchon. Carolus Duran came to Paris in the year 1855, and applied himself to the study of painting entirely in his own way, not entering either the École des Beaux-Arts or any of the ateliers then in vogue, but accumulating knowledge and experience as he could, by working from nature and by studying the great masters. He quitted Paris for Rome in the year 1862, and spent four years in Italy, returning to Paris January 1, 1866. This absence included a stay of eight months with the

*Some people of the class usually a little jealous of diversity in reputations have said that the lady saved, in one of these cases, was young and beautiful. As a matter of fact she was an old woman beginning to drown in the bay of Arcachon. This happened in 1880. In 1884 the same swimmer rescued a friend of his, a painter, who, without him, would have been drowned at Sorrento.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Franciscans in their convent of Subiaco. On his return from Rome he did not stay very long in Paris, but left in the same year for Spain, where he spent twelve months, chiefly in studying Velasquez. In 1867 he settled for good in Paris, reserving, however, the most complete liberty for travelling, which he enjoys exceedingly. In this way he has revisited Spain and Italy, and extended his travels to Belgium, Holland, England, and Germany—that is, generally to the countries where the finest pictures are to be seen.

This outline at once conveys the impression of an active and energetic life, and this impression would be much deepened if it were possible for us to see a complete collection of the artist's works. Few contemporary painters have been more productive, and it would be hard to mention one whose art keeps more steadily up to its own standard of excellence. This is recognized in the artist's rank as Commander of the Legion of Honor.

M. Carolus Duran is known chiefly as a portrait-painter, and as he has enjoyed great popularity he has followed the career of a fashionable portrait-painter, a life in which, from the point of view of unsuccessful artists and their friends in the press, there is something derogatory, if not, indeed, absolutely unholy. At the same time the style of painting adopted by this artist is a style that does not by any means conceal his sense of his own power. His work shows a brilliance in execution and a richness of coloring which are quite contrary to the preference for dull colors and the affectedly simple handling adopted by certain artists of the new school. On this point I have heard M. Carolus Duran himself express an opinion. He said that, as it is easier to speak in a monotonous whisper than in the full force of powerful elocution, so it is easier to paint in an abstract manner, with low coloring, than to employ successfully a palette more nearly approximating to the brilliance of nature. As for his own practice, he can paint soberly enough when the subject requires it, and at other times, when costume and effect authorize richness and splendor, he gives such an astonishing *éclat* to his pictures that they are dangerous to all their neighbors. As examples of sobriety (far removed from dulness) I may mention the full-length portrait of a lady taking off her glove and wearing a black dress. This is now in the Luxembourg. Another quiet but engaging picture is the portrait of an English lady, wearing a black hat and a black dress, and seated in a very simple arm-chair. This was exhibited in 1885. The portrait of M. René Billotte (1891) is in evening dress, which leaves no room for anything but a study of black and white. Others, like the Baron O. (1891), are in the grays and browns of ordinary morning costume. It is, of course, chiefly in the splendor of feminine attire that a portrait-painter finds opportunities for displaying color and texture, and here M. Carolus Duran makes the most of the occasion. However, the artist he holds in highest esteem is Velasquez, one of the gravest of all portrait-painters.

The element of character in Carolus Duran's portraits will, in many instances, be their principal attraction for posterity. His "Gounod," exhibited in 1891, will be valued as long as Gounod's music lasts. Other pictures, of people unknown to fame, have the attraction of something unfathomable in their nature—a mystery that attracts the artist, and which he makes us also feel. He has very much of the observant instinct of the novelist, and thinks about the minds of his models. "What an enigmatic face it is!" he said of a young girl. "Does she not look like a Sphinx waiting for her Œdipus?" Another girl-portrait, that of the artist's daughter, exhibited in 1888, does not suggest any danger, but hints at liveliness and humor which, for the present, are subdued by the necessities of the pose.

Carolus Duran has painted several religious pictures, as, for example, "The Entombment" (1883), and a very recent picture representing the cataclysm at the close of the Crucifixion, which differs from most pictures of the same event in placing the crucified figure at one side of the composition, the real subject being the lurid landscape and the rush of the appalled spectators.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This may be repeated sometime on a larger scale, as it needs size for its full impressiveness as well as for the study of individual character in the multitude of faces.

I have said that Carolus Duran has been a diligent student of the great masters. As such, he would be naturally led to make experiments in what may be called the Pagan department of the art of painting, a department in which there is less sublimity than in the Christian, and less intellectual interest than in portraiture, but which excels them both as a school for the study of corporeal beauty and grace. Perhaps the most important of the artist's works in this kind is his large picture of Bacchus and his following (1889). The god is seated on a chariot drawn by brown-skinned, muscular men, and accompanied by a joyous crowd of revellers on foot, of both sexes, scantily clothed and careless of everything but pleasure. The beauty of this picture was considerably enhanced by a charming landscape background taken evidently from the shores of the Mediterranean. Other pictures essentially of the same class, though of single figures, are the "Danaë" (1891), and the "Andromeda" (1887).

M. Carolus Duran has the landscape instinct to a degree that is very rare among figure-painters. I knew from his landscapes that he must have an intense delight in nature, and was not surprised to hear from his own lips that the temptation to paint studies out-of-doors was so strong as to be almost irresistible. He said that he felt this temptation most strongly, perhaps, when attracted by the transient beauties of the sky. There is a very fine sunset sky by him in the Luxembourg, and another, of a rich, red afterglow in the south of France (near Fréjus), will have been exhibited when this article is in print. He is passionately fond of the Mediterranean coast, and paints it, not only under solemn effects, but in the full brightness of its own glorious sunshine. A good proof of the genuineness of Duran's landscape instinct is that he does not feel it to be a necessity to introduce figures, though, as we have seen, this cannot be from any inability to paint them.

Like all brilliant men, Carolus Duran has his detractors. They say he is vain, and only a popular artist, not a great one, and that he likes to come first in everything. A story is told of Puvis de Chavannes, who is also, notwithstanding advancing years, a remarkable example of activity. It is said that Puvis, being with other artists at the bottom of the staircase in the Champ de Mars, ran up two steps at a time to see how the preparations for a banquet were getting on, when Carolus Duran eagerly followed him, taking three steps instead of two, and arriving first at the top. The tale may be mythical, but it has a meaning. In any case its currency shows the general estimate of the painter's bodily activity and his eager ambition. As for the distinction between popularity and greatness, it is one very difficult to determine during an artist's lifetime. It must be remembered, too, that there is a strong business element in the life of a professional portrait-painter, who has frequently to make the most of a poor subject which affords neither intellectual nor artistic interest. Some men are superficial at times and profound at others; Matthew Arnold was one of these. In a rich nature like that of Carolus Duran, full of energy and animation, and occupied with a very worldly profession, there may be a good deal, both in life and work, that is merely on the surface; but there may also be depths of sentiment and powers of imagination of which the public takes little account. In the case of this famous painter everything he does is a proof of consummate manual skill and artistic accomplishment, but if I wanted to produce evidence of profounder qualities, I should point to a few lonely and solemn landscapes, and to three or four faces not easily forgotten, such as that of the girl who looks like the Sphinx waiting for Œdipus, or "Le Poète à la Mandoline."

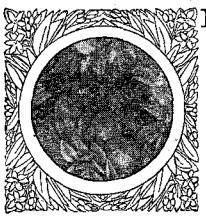
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

XLVIII

ST. VALENTINE'S: MORNING



ONE morning, more than six weeks after New Year's eve, Garnet's carriage wheels dripped water and mud as his good horses dragged them slowly into the borders of Suez. The soft, moist winds of February were ruffling the turbid waters of Turkey Creek and the swollen flood of the Swanee. A hint of new green brightened every road-side, willows were full of yellow light, and a pink and purple flush answered from woods to fence-row, from fence-row to woods, across and across the three counties.

"This pike's hardly a pike at all since the railroad's started," said the Major, more to himself than to Barbara and Johanna; for these were the two rear occupants of the carriage.

"Barb, I got a letter from Fair last night. You did too, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"He'll be here next week. He says he can't stop with us this time."

Barbara was silent, and felt, without seeing, the shy, care-taking glance of her maid. Garnet spoke again, in the guarded tone she knew so well.

"I reckon you understand he's only coming to see if he'll take stock in this land company we're getting up, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does he know you're going to spend these two weeks at Halliday's before you all go North?"

"I think he does."

The questioner turned enough to make a show of frowning solicitude. "What's the matter with you this morning? sad at the thought of leaving home, or"—he tried to smile—"does it hurt your throat to talk?"

"No, sir, there's nothing the matter"—the speaker smiled meditatively—"we only don't hit on a subject of interest to both."

The father faced to front again and urged the horses with austere impatience. He even raised the whip, but let it droop. Then he turned sharply and drew his daughter's glance. "Is Fair going to stay with John March?"

They sat gaze to gaze while their common blood surged up to his brows and more gradually suffused her face. Without the stir of an eyelash she let her lips part enough to murmur, "Yes."

Before her word was finished Garnet's retort was bursting from him, "Thanks to you, you intermeddling ——" He was cut short by the lurch of the carriage into a hole. It flounced him into the seat from which he had half started and faced him to the horses. With a smothered imprecation he rose and laid on the whip. They plunged, the carriage sprang from the hole and ploughed the mire, and Garnet sat down and drove into the town's main avenue, bespattered with mud from head to waist.

Near the gate of the Academy grounds stood Parson Tombs talking to a youth in Rosemont uniform. The student passed on, and the pastor, with an elated face, waved a hand airily to Garnet. Garnet stopped and the Parson came close.

"Brother Tombs, howdy?"

"Why, howdy-do, Brother Garnet?—Miss Barb!—Johanna." He pointed covertly at the departing youth and murmured to Garnet, "He'll make ow fo'teenth convert since New Year's. And still there is room!" His manner changed—"Well, brother, I've been a-hearin' about Johnnie March's an' yo'-all's lan' boom, but"—the good man giggled—"I never see a case o' measles break out finer than the lan' business is broke out on you!—And you don't seem to mind it no mo'n—Look here! air you a miracle o' grace, aw what air you?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Why, nothing, Brother Tombs, nothing! Nothing but an old soldier who's learned that serenity's always best."

The Parson turned to Barbara and cast a doting smile sidewise upon the old soldier. But Garnet set his face against flattery and changed the subject.

"Brother Tombs, speaking of John March, you know how risky it is for anybody—unless it's you—to say anything to him. Oh, I dare say he's changed, but when he hasn't been converted two months nor a member of the church three weeks, we mustn't expect him to have the virtues of an old Christian."

"He's changed mo'n I'm at libbety to tell you, Brother Garnet. He's renounced dancing."

"Yes?—Indeed! He's quit dancing. But still he carries two revolvers."

"Why, Brother John Wesley, I—that's so. I've spoke to John about that, but—the fact is——"

Garnet smiled. "His life is in constant danger—that's my very point. The bad weather has protected him thus far, but if it should last five years without a break, still you know perfectly well that as soon as it fairs off——"

"*Uv* co'se! Enos's kinfolks 'll be layin' faw him behind some bush aw sett'n' fire to his house; an' so what shall he do, Brother John Wesley, if we say he——"

"Oh, let him shoot a yahoo or two if he must, but I think you ought to tell him he's committing a criminal folly in asking that young Yankee, Mr. Fair, to stop with him at Widewood when he comes here next week!"

"Why, Brother Garnet! Why, supposin' that young stranger should get shot!"

"Yes, or if he should no more than see March shot or shot at! Think what an impression he'd carry back North with him! It's an outrage on our whole people, sir, and God knows!—I speak reverently, my dear brother—we've suffered enough of that sort of slander! I'd tell him, myself, but—this must be between us, of course——"

"Why, of co'se, Brother Garnet," murmured the Pastor and bent one ear.

"It's a pure piece of selfish business rivalry on John's part toward me. He's asked Fair to his house simply to keep him away from Rosemont."

"Why, Brother Garnet! Rosemont's right where he'd ought to go to!"

"In John's own interest!" said Garnet.

"In John's—you're right, my brother! I'm supprised he don't see it so!"

"O—I'm not. He's a terribly overrated chap, Brother Tombs. Fact is—I say it in the sincerest friendship for him—John's got no real talents and not much good sense—though one or two of his most meddlesome friends have still less." The Major began to gather up the reins. The Parson stepped back.

"Well, I'll try to see him, Brother Garnet. I met him yeste'day—Look here! I reckon that young man's not goin' to stop with him after all. He told me yeste'day he was going to put a friend into Swanee Hotel because Sisteh March felt too feeble, aw fearful, aw somethin', an' he felt bound to stand his expenses."

"And so he"—the Major paused pleasantly. "How much did you lend him?"

"Aw! Brother Garnet, I didn't mean you to know that! He's had to put shuttehs on his sitt'n'-room windows, too, you know, to quiet Sisteh March's ve'y natu'l fears. I only promised to lend him a small amount if he should need it."

"O he'll need it," said the Major, and included Barbara in his broad smile. She smiled too, though much more quietly. "Still," he added gravely, "I hope you'll let him have it, and if he doesn't return it to you I will; I loved his father. John should have come to me, Brother Tombs, as he's always done. I'm saying this to you privately, you know. I'll consider the loan practically made to me, for we simply can't let Mr. Fair go to Widewood, even if John puts shutters on all his windows."

Again the speaker lifted the reins and the Parson drew back with a bow to Barbara, when Johanna spoke and the whole group stared after two townward-bound horsemen.

"Those are mountain people, right now," said the Parson.

"Yes," replied Garnet, "but they're

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no kin to Enos." He moved on to Halliday's gate.

It was the fourteenth of the month. The Major stayed in town for the evening mail and drove home after dark, alone, but complacent, almost jovial. He had got three valentines.

XLIX

ST. VALENTINE'S : EVENING

At Widewood that same hour there was deep silence. Since the first of the year the only hands left on the place were a decrepit old negro and wife, whom even he pronounced "wuthless," quartered beyond the stable-yard's farther fence. For some days this "lady" had been Widewood's only cook, owing to the fact that Mrs. March's servant, having a few nights before seen a man prowling about the place, had left in such a panic as almost to forget her wages, and quite omitting to leave behind her several articles of the Widewood washing.

Within the house John March sat reading newspapers. His healthy legs were crossed toward the flickering hearth, and his strong shoulders touched the centre-table lamp. The new batten shutters excluded the beautiful outer night. His mother, to whom the mail had brought nothing, was sitting in deep shadow, her limp form and her regular supply of disapproving questions alike exhausted. Her slender elbow slipped now and then from the arm of her rocking-chair, and unconscious gleams of incredulity and shades of grief still alternated across her face with every wrinkling effort of her brows to hold up her eyelids.

John was not so absorbed as he seemed. He felt both the silence and the closed shutters drearily, and was not especially cheered by the following irrelevant query in the paragraph before him:

> "Who—having restored the sight of his jailor's blind daughter and converted her father from idolatry — was on this day beheaded?"

Yet here was a chance to be pleasant at the expense of a man quite too dead to mind.

"Mother," he began, so abruptly that Mrs. March started with a violent shudder, "this is February fourteenth. Did any ancient person of your acquaintance lose his head to-day?" He turned a facetious glance that changed in an instant to surprise. His mother had straightened up with bitter indignation, but she softened to an agony of reproach as she cried:

"John!"

"Why, mother, what?"

"Ah! John! John!" She gazed at him tearfully. "Is this what you've joined the church for? To cloak such ——"

"My dear mother!" cried the son, starting half from his chair. She flinched as if he had thrown an andiron, but brought her eyes quickly back when he began to add, "I've got nothing to cloak but my own fool miseries. I was simply trying to joke away the dismals! Why, mother"—he smiled persuasively —"if you only knew what a hard job it is." But the ludicrousness of her misconstruction took him off his guard, and in spite of his grimmest endeavor to prevent it, his smile increased and he stopped to keep from laughing.

Mrs. March rose, eloquent with unspoken resentment, and started from the room. At the door she cast back the blush of a martyr's forgiveness, and the next instant was in her son's big right arm. His words were broken with laughter.

"My dear, pretty little mother!" She struggled alarmedly, but he held her fast. "Why, I know the day is nothing to you, dear, less than nothing!" His voice grew tender and his eyes kind. "I know perfectly well that I am your own and only valentine. Ain't I? Because you're mine now, you know, since I've turned over this new leaf."

The mother averted her face. "O my son, I'm so unused to loving words, they only frighten me."

But John spoke on with deepening emotion. "Yes, mother, I'm going to try to be your valentine, and yours only, as I've never been or thought of being in all my life before. I'm going to try my very best! You'll help me, won't you, little valentine mother?"

She lifted a glance of mournful deri-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sion. "Valentine me no valentines. You but increase my heart-loneliness. Ah! my self-deluded boy, your fickle pledges only mean, to my sad experience, that you have made your own will everything and my wish nothing. Valentine me no valentines, let me go."

The young man turned abruptly and strode back to his newspapers. But he was too full of bitterness to read. He heard his mother's soft progress up-stairs and her slow step in the unlighted room overhead. It ceased. She must have sat down in the dark. A few moments passed. Then it sounded again, but so strange and hurried that he started up, and as he did so the cry came, frantic with alarm, from the upper hall and then from the head of the stairs:

"John! John!"

He was already bounding up the staircase. Mrs. March stood on the landing, pale and trembling. "A man!" she cried, "with a gun! I saw him down in the moonlight under my window! I saw him! he's got a gun!"

She was deaf and blind to her son's beseechings to be quiet. He caught her hands in his; they were icy. He led her by gentle force down-stairs and back to her sitting-room seat.

"Why, that's all right, mother; that's what you made me put the shutters on down here for. If you'd just come and told me quietly, why, I might a' got him from your window. Did you see him?"

"I don't know," she moaned. "He had a gun. I saw one end of it."

"Are you sure it was a gun? Which end did you see, the butt or the muzzle?"

Mrs. March only gasped. She was too refined a woman to mention either end of a gun by name. "I saw—the—front end."

"He didn't aim it at you, or at anything, did he?"

"No—yes—he aimed it—sidewise."

"Sideways! Now, mother, there I draw the line! No man shall come around here aiming his gun sideways: endangering the throngs of casual bystanders!"

"Ah! John, is this the time to make your captive and beleaguered mother the victim of ribald jests?"

"My dear mother, no! it's a time to go to bed. If that fellow's still nosing 'round here with his gun aimed sideways he's protection enough! But seriously, mother, whatever you mean by being embargoed and blockaded——"

"I did not say embargoed and blockaded!"

"Why, my dear mother, those were your very words!"

"They were not! They were not my words! And yet, alas! how truly——" She turned and wept.

"O Lord! mother——"

"My son, you've broken the second commandment!"

"It was already broke! O for heaven's sake, mother, don't cave in in this hysterical way!"

The weeper whisked round with a face of wild beseeching. "O, my son, call me anything but that! Call me weak and credulous, too easily led and misled! Call me too poetical and confiding! I know I'm more lonely than I dare tell my own son! But I'm not—Oho! I'm not hysterical!" she sobbed.

So it continued for an hour. Then the lamp gave out and they went to bed.

The next morning John drove his mother to Suez for a visit of several days among her relatives, and rode on into Blackland to see if he could find "a girl" for Widewood. He spent three days and two nights at these tasks, stopping while in Blackland with—whom would you suppose? Proudfit, for all the world! He took an emphatic liking to the not too brainy colonel, and a new disrelish to his almost too sparkling wife.

As, at sunset of the third day, he again drew near Suez and checked his muddy horse's gallop at Swanee River Bridge, his heart leaped into his throat. He hurriedly raised his hat, but not to the transcendent beauties of the charming scene, unless these were Fannie Halliday and Barbara Garnet.

L

A LITTLE VOYAGE OF DISCOVERIES

For two girls out on a quiet stroll, their arms about each other and their words murmurous, not any border of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suez was quite so alluring as the woods and waters seen from the parapet of this fine old stone bridge.

The main road from Blackland crossed here. As it reached the Suez side it made a strong angle under the town's leafy bluffs and their two or three clambering by-streets, and ran down the rocky margin of the stream to the new railway station and the old steamboat landing half a mile below. The bridge was entirely of rugged gray limestone, and spanned the river's channel and willow-covered sand-bars in seven high, rude arches. One Christmas dawn during the war a retreating enemy, making ready to blow up the structure, were a moment too slow, and except for the scars of a few timely shells dropped into their rearguard, it had come through those times unscathed. For, just below it, passable except in high water, and preferable to it most of the year, was a broad gravelly ford. Beyond the bridge, on the farther side of the town, the road curved out of view between woods on the right and meadows on the left. A short way up the river the waters came dimpling, green and blue in August, but yellow and swirling now, around the long, bare foot of a wooded island, that lay forever asleep in midstream, overrun and built upon by the winged Liliputians of the shores and fields.

The way down to this spot from the Halliday cottage was a grassy street overarched with low-branching evergreen oaks, and so terraced that the trees at times robbed the view of even a middle distance. It was by this way that Fannie and Barbara had reached the bridge. A single incident of their walk we mention, though with diffidence for the slightness of its value. Starting from Fannie's gate with arms entwined, the two friends had soon been obliged to part, and with gathered skirts to pick dainty zigzags where, now and then, the way was wet. The spirit of spring was in the lightness of their draperies' texture and dyes, and only a woman's eye would have noticed that Barbara was in mourning. Their broken talk was mainly on a plan for the celebration, on the twenty-second, not of any great and exceptionally truthful patriot's birthday—Captains Champion and Shotwell were seeing to that—but of Parson Tombs's and his wife's golden wedding.

"No," said Fannie, "another committee has charge of the decorations."

"Who's on it?" asked Barbara, following behind.

Fannie did not need to mention Miss Mary Salter's name; she only faced about, turned her toes in, clasped her hands downward, and gazed rapturously into heaven.

Barbara halted, arched one eyebrow, and from the other side of her face beamed upon Fannie the younger pastor's well-known smile of devouring benevolence. The next moment, red with confusion, they were greeting that smile's author and owner. But it broke out on his own face, and they recovered their ease.

"Yes," he admitted, "it is a fine day. I was going to see Miss Mary, who is——"

"Sick?" asked Fannie, with a pretence of consternation.

"O no, not sick, but you know, Miss Barbara, she and I are——"

"Yes," said Barbara, with her most steadfast eye and dreamiest smile, "I didn't know till—" she cleared her throat at short intervals—"till Fannie told me, just this—hmm!—afternoon. I'm ever so glad." Her voice was as tender as her throat.

"Why, what's Miss Fannie gone and told you?" He beamed as though joy would break forth either in a halo from the back of his head or in a war-whoop from the front.

"O! only that you and Miss Mary are—hmm!—engaged——"

"Barb!—O excuse me! I thought you had finished."

"Engaged," resumed Barbara, "hmm—as a special committee——"

"Why, yass, we are, on decorations. That's why I'm going to see her now."

"Is that so?" said Fannie, with innocent surprise.

"Yass, for, you know, we're—ahem!"—he knit his fingers, balanced on his toes, and gave his most unilateral and altruistic smile—"we're just us two, with no one to assist or advise us." Fannie looked at Barbara and Barbara coughed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Now, Barb! I'm sorry I didn't get those troches for you! Now here you are——"

The minister urgently offered his, which were dark in color and threatening in odor. Barbara took one, put it into her mouth and gazed on Fannie, who asked, suppressing a tremor of voice—

"Is it nice?"

But by the time she spoke Barbara was saying a hasty good-by to the happy giver, and presently the two girls were farther down the bluff and alone. Fannie was in tears of laughter and Barbara was putting the troche carefully under a wayside stone, and, in negro talk, bidding it stay there, where she wouldn't have to divide it with anybody, till she could come back alone and get it. This done, the two twined arms again and tripped away, singing softly in time to their feet and in the voices of the Committee on Decorations—

"Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
Make this earth an Eden," etc.

When John March saw them they were standing abreast the bridge's parapet, the evening air stirring their garments, watching the stern-wheeler, Launcelot Halliday, back out from the landing below into the fretting current for a trip down stream. John had always approved this companionship; it had tended to sustain his old illusion that Fannie's extra years need not count between her and him. But the pleasure of seeing them together now was but a flash and was gone, for something else than extra years was counting, which had never counted before. He had turned over a new leaf, as he said. On it he had subscribed with docile alacrity to every ancient grotesqueness in Parson Tombs's science of God, sin, and pardon; and then had stamped Fannie's picture there, fondly expecting to retain it by the very simple trick of garlanding it round with the irrefragable proposition that love is the fulfilling of the law! But not many days had the leaf been turned when a new and better conscience awoke one morning to find shining there, still wet from God's own pen, the corollary that only a whole sphere of love can fulfil the law's broad circumference.

As Fannie and Barbara made their bow and moved to pass on he hurriedly raised his hat and his good horse dropped into a swift, supple walk. The bridle hand started as if to draw in, but almost at the same instant the animal sprang again into a gait which showed the spur had touched her, and was quickly out of hearing.

"Barb," murmured Fannie, "I know what you're thinking. You're thinking he's improving."

"Yes, only——"

"Only you think he'd have stopped if he'd had seen us sooner. Why can't you think maybe he wouldn't? But you're not to blame; you simply have a young girl's natural contempt for a boy's love. Well, a boy's love is silly; but when you see the constant kind, like John's, as sure as you live there are not many things entitled to higher respect. O Barb! I've never felt quite so honored by any other love that man ever offered me. He'll get over it, completely. I believe it's dying now, though it's dying hard. But the next time he loves, the girl who treats his love lightly—Let's go down in these woods and look for hepaticas. John can't bring them to me any more and Jeff-Jack never did. He sends candy. There's homage in a wild flower, Barb; but candy, oh—I don't know—it makes me ashamed."

"Why don't you tell him so?"

Fannie leaned close and whispered, "I'm afraid."

"Why, he gave me wild flowers, once."

"When? Who?" The black eyes flashed. "When did he ever give you flowers?"

"When I was five years old." They turned down a short descent into the woods.

Fannie smiled pensively. "Barb, did you notice that John——"

"Has been trading again! His love's not very constant as to horses."

"But what a pretty mare he's got! Barb, 'pon my word, when John March is well mounted, I do think, physically, he's—" The speaker hearkened and looked back. From the low place where they stood her eyes were on a level

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with the road. "It's him again; let's hide."

March came loping down from the bridge, slackened pace, and swept with his frowning glance the meadows on the left. Then he moved along the edge of the wood searching its sunset lights and glooms, and presently turned down into them, bending under the low boughs. And then he halted, burning with sudden resentment before the smiling, black-eyed girl who leaned against the tree, which had all at once refused to conceal her.

Neither spoke. Fannie's eyes were mocking and yet kinder, and the resentment in John's turned to a purer mortification. A footstep rustled behind him and Barbara said:

"We're looking for wild flowers. Do you think we're too early?"

"No, I could have picked some this afternoon if I'd felt like it, but it's a sort o' belief with me that nobody ought to pick wild flowers for himself—ha-ha-ha!—O eh, Miss Garnet, I reckon I owe you an apology for charging down on you this way, but I just happened to think, after I passed you, that you could tell me where to find your father. He's president *pro tem.* of our land company, you know, and I want to consult him with Mr. Gamble—you know Mr. Gamble, don't you?—president of the railroad? O! of course you do! Well, he's our vice-president."

"Why, no, Mr. March, I don't know where you'll find pop-a right now. I might possibly know when I get back to the house. If it's important I could send you word."

"O no! O no! Not at all! I'll find him easily enough. I hope you'll both pardon me, Miss Fannie, but it seems as if I learn some things pow'ful slow. I ought to know by this time when two's a company and three's a crowd——"

Before he had finished, the two listeners had seen the remoter significance of his words, and it was to mask this that Barbara drawled—

"Why, Mr. March, that's not nice of you!"

But the young man's confusion was sufficient apology, and both girls beamed kindly on him as he presently took his leave under the delusion that his face hid his inward mortification.

LI

A PAIR OF SMUGGLERS

A SHORT way farther within the wood they began to find flowers.

"Well—yes," said Fannie, musingly. "And pop consented to be treasurer *pro tem.*, but that was purely to help John. You know he fairly loves John. They all think it'll be so much easier to get Northern capital if they can show they're fully organized and all interests interested, you know." She stooped to pick a blossom. Barbara was bending in another direction. Two doves alighted on the ground near by and began to feed, and, except for size, the four would have seemed to an onlooker to have been very much of a kind.

Presently Fannie spoke again. "But I think pop's more and more distrustful of the thing every day. Barb, I reckon I'll tell you something."

Barbara crouched motionless. "Tell on."

"O—well, I asked pop yesterday what he thought of this Widewood scheme anyhow, and he said, 'There's money in it for some men.' 'Well, then, why can't you be one of them,' I asked him, and said he, 'It's not the kind of money I want, Fan.'"

"O pshaw, Fannie, men are always saying that about one another."

"Yes," murmured Fannie.

"Fan," said Barbara, tenderly, "don't stop talking that way; you know I'm nearly as proud of your father as you are, don't you?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Well, then, go on, dear."

"I asked him if John was one," resumed Fannie, "and, said he, 'No, I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see John lose everything he and his mother have got.'"

Barbara flinched and was still again. "Has he told him that?"

"No, he says John's a very hard fellow to tell anything to. And, you know, Barb, that's so. I used to could tell him things, but I mustn't even try now."

"Why, Fan, you don't reckon Mr. Ravenel would care, do you?"

"Barb, I'll never know how much he

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cares about anything till it's too late. You can't try things on Jeff-Jack."

"I wish," softly said Barbara, "you wouldn't smile so much like him."

"Don't say anything against him, Barb, now or ever! I'm his and he's mine, and I wouldn't for both worlds have it any other way." But this time the speaker's smile was her own and very sweet. The two returned to the road.

"I asked pop," said Fannie, "where Jeff-Jack stands in this affair. He laughed and said, 'Jeff-Jack doesn't take stands, Fan, he lays low.'"

"Somebody ought to tell him."

"Who? Oh, John!—yes, I only wish to gracious some one would! But men don't do that sort of thing for one another. If a man takes such a risk as that for another you may know he loves him; and if a woman takes it you may know she doesn't."

"Fan," said Barbara, as they locked arms, "would it do for me to tell him?"

"No, my dear; in the first place you wouldn't get the chance. You can't begin to try to tell him till you've clean circumgyrated yourself away down into his confidence. It's a job, Barb, and a bigger one than you can possibly want. Now, if we only knew some girl of real sense who was foolish enough to be self-sacrificingly in love with him—but where are we going to find the combination?"

"And even if we could, you say no woman in love with a man would do it."

"There are exceptions, sweet Simplicity. What we want is an exception! Law, Barb, what a fine game a girl of the true stuff could play in such a case. Not having his love yet, but wanting it worse than life, and yet taking the biggest chance of losing it for the chance of saving him from the wreck of his career. O see!" They stopped on the bridge again to watch the sun's last beams gilding the waters, and Barbara asked,

"Do you believe the right kind of a girl would do that?"

"Why, if she could do it without getting found out, yes! Why, Law! I'd have done it for Jeff-Jack. You see, she might save him and win him, too; or she might win him even if she tried and failed to save him."

"But she might," said Barbara, gazing up the river, "she might even save him and still lose."

"Yes, for a man thinks he's doing well if he so much as forgives a deliverer—in petticoats. Yet still, Barb, wouldn't a real woman sooner lose by saving him, than sit still and let him lose for fear she might lose by trying to save him?"

"I don't know; you can't imagine mom-a doing such a thing, can you?"

"What! Cousin Rose? Why, of all women she was just the sort to have done it. Barb, you'd do it." Fannie expected her friend to look at her with an expression of complimented surprise. But the surprise was her own when Barbara gave a faint start and bent lower over the parapet. The difference was very slight. As slight as the smile of fond suspicion that came into Fannie's face.

"Fannie"—still looking down into the gliding water—"how does your father think Mr. March is going to lose so much; is he afraid he'll be swindled?"

"I believe he is, Barb."

"And do you think"—the words came very softly and significantly—"that that makes it any special matter of mine that he should be warned?"

"Yes, sweetheart, I do."

"Then"—the speaker looked up with distressed resolve—"I must do what I can. Will you help me, or let me help you, rather?"

"Yes, either way, as far as I can." They moved on for a moment. Then Barbara stopped abruptly, looking much amused. "There's one risk you didn't count!"

"What's that?"

"Why, if he should mistake my motive, and——"

"What? suspect you of being——"

"A girl of the true stuff!"

"O but, Sweet, you're so evidently not!"

As they laughed Fannie generously prepared herself to keep her guess to herself, and imply, still more broadly, that all she imputed to her friend was the determination secretly to circumvent a father's evil designs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Barbara roused from a reverie. "I know who'll help us, Fan—Mr. Fair." She withstood her companion's roguish look with one of caressing gravity until her companion spoke, when she broke into a smile as tranquil as a mother's.

"Barb, Barb, you deep-dyed villain!"

The only reply of the defendant—they were once more in the shady lane—was to give her accuser a touch of challenge, and the two sprang up a short acclivity to where a longer vista opened narrowly before them. But here, as if rifles had been aimed at them, they shrank instantly downward. For in the dim sylvan light walked slowly before them two others, their heads hidden by the evergreen branches, but their feet perfectly authenticated and as instantly identified. One pair were twos, one were elevens, and both belonged to the Committee on Decorations. An arm that by nature pertained unto the elevens was about the waist that pertained unto the twos, and at the moment of discovery, as well as could be judged by certain sinuosities of lines below, there was a distance between the two pairs of lips less than any assignable quantity.

LII

LEVITICUS

THE two maidens were still laughing as they re-entered their gate.

"They can stand it, if we can," said Fannie. "We're merry, but they're happy." She threw an arm sturdily around her companion's waist and sought to complete the pantomime, but checked herself at the sight of a buggy drawing near.

It was old, misshapen, and caked with wet and dry mud, as also in all respects was the mule which drew it. In the vehicle sat three persons. Two were negro women. One of them—of advanced years—was in a full bloom of crisp calico and a flaring bonnet which must have long passed its teens. The other was young and very black. She wore a tawdry hat that only helped to betray her general slovenliness. From between them a negro man was rising and dismounting. A wide-brimmed, crackled beaver rested on his fluffy gray locks, and there was the gentleness of a ripe old age in his face.

The spring sap seemed to have started in the elder woman's veins. She tittered as she scrambled to rise, and when the old man offered to help her, she eyed him with mock scorn and waved him off

"G'way fum me, 'Viticus Wisdom—gallivantin' round here like we was young niggers!—Lawd! my time is come; I cayn't git up; my bones done tuk dis-yeh shape to sta-ay!"

"Come, come!" said the husband, in an undertone of amiable chiding; and the buggy gave a jerk of thankful relief as its principal burden left it for the sidewalk, diffusing the sweet smell of the ironing-table.

While the younger woman was making her mincing descent, Fannie and Barbara came toward them in the walk.

"Miss Halliday," said Leviticus, lifting his beaver and bowing across the gate, "in response to yo' invite we—O bless the Lawd my soul! is that my little—Miss Barb, is that you?"

Before he could say more Virginia threw both hands high. "Faw de Lawd's sake!" She thrust her husband aside. "G'way, niggah! lemme th'oo dis-yeh gate 'fo' I go ove' it!" She snatched Barbara to her bosom. "Lawd, honey! Lawd, honey! Ef anybody 'spec' you' ole Aunt Fudjinny to stan' off an' axe her baby howdy, dey betteh go to de crazy house! Lawd! Lawd! dis de fus' chance I had to hug my own baby since I been a po' ole free niggeh!" She held the laughing girl off by the shoulders.

"Honey, ef it's my las' ac', I"—she snatched her close again, kissed one cheek twice and the other thrice, and held her off once more to fix upon her a tearful, ravishing gaze. "Lawd, honey, Johanna done tole me how you growin' to favo' my sweet Miss Rose, an' I see it at de fun'l when I can't much mo'n speak to you, an' cry so I cayn't hardly see you; but Lawd! my sweet baby, dough you cayn't neveh supersede her in good looks, you jess as quiet an' beautiful as de sweet-potateh floweh!"

"You haven't spoken to Miss Fannie yet, Aunt Virginia; have you?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Lawd, no! Howdy, Miss Fannie?" She gave her hand and courtesied.

"Howdy, Uncle Leviticus?" said Barbara.

The old man lifted his hat again, bowed very low, and looked very happy. "I'm tol'able well, Miss Barb, thank the Lawd, an' hope an' trus' an' pray you're of the same complexion." Still including Barbara in his audience, he went on with an address to Fannie already begun.

"You know, Miss Fannie, yo' letteh say fo' Aunt Fudjinny an' me to come the twentieth, yes, ma'am, we understan', but, you know, Mr. Mahch, he come down an' superscribe faw this young—ah——"

"Girl," suggested Barbara, with pretty condescension; but Fannie covertly trod on her toe and said, "lady," with a twinkle at the dowdy damsel.

"P'cisely!" responded Leviticus to both speakers at once. "An' Mr. Mahch, he was bereft o' any way to fetch her to he's maw less'n he taken her up behime o' his saddle, an' so it seem' like the Lawd's call faw us to come right along an' bring her hencefah, an' then, if she an' his maw fin' theyse'ves agreeable, then Mr. Mahch—which his buggy happen to be here in Suez—'llow to give her his transpotes the balance o' the way, to-morrow, in hit."

"And you and Aunt Virginia will stay through the golden wedding as our chief butler and chief baker, as I wrote you; will you?"

"Well, er, eh"—the old man scratched his head—"thass the question, Miss Fannie. Thass what I been a-revolvin', an' I sees two views faw revolution. On one side there is the fitteness o' we two faw this work."

"It's glaring," mused Fannie.

"Flagrant," as gravely suggested Barbara.

"P'cisely! Faw, as you say in yo' letteh, we two was chief butler an' chief baker to they weddin' jess fifty years ago, bein' at that time hi-ud out to 'Squi' Usher—the ole 'Squieh, you know—by Miss Rose' motheh, which, you know, Miss Tomb' she was a Usher, daughteh to the old 'Squi' Usher, same as she is still sisteh to the present' Squieh, who was son to the ole 'Squieh, his father an' hern. The ole 'Squieh, he married a Jasper, an' thass how come the Tombses is remotely alloyed to the Mahches on the late Jedge's side, an' to you, Miss Barb, on Miss Rose's Montgomery side, an' in these times, when cooks is sca'ce an' butlehs is yit mo' so, it seem to me—it seem to me, Miss Fannie, like yo' letteh was a sawt o'—sawt o'——"

"Macedonian cry," said Fannie.

"Hark from the Tombses," murmured Barbara.

"And so you'll both come!" said Fannie.

"Why, as I say, Miss Fannie, thass the question, fo' there's the care o' my flock, you know."

"De laymbs," put in Virginia, "de laymbs is bleeds to be fed, you know, Miss Fannie, ev'm if dey is black—k-he!"

"Yass, ma'am," resumed Leviticus; "an' if we speak o' mere yearthly toys, Fudjinia's pigs an' chickens has dey claims."

"Well, whoever's taking care of them now can keep on till the twenty-second, Uncle Leviticus; and as for your church, you can run down there Sunday and come right back, can't you? Why can't you?"

"Uncle Leviticus," said Barbara, "we expect, of course, to pay you both, you know."

"Why, of course!" said Fannie, "you understood that, didn't you?"

"Yass'm, os co'se," interposed Virginia, quickly, while Leviticus drawled, "O the question' o' pay is seconda'y!—But we'll have to accede, Fudjinia, they can't do without us."

"I think, Fannie," said Barbara, looking very business-like, "we'd better have them name their price and agree to it at once, and so be sure——"

"Lawd, honey!" cried Virginia, "we ain't goin' to ax no prices to you-all! sufficiend unto the price is de laboh theyof, an' we leaves that to yo' generos'ty. Yass, thass right where we proud an' joyful to leave it—to yo' generos-'ty."

"Well, now, remember, the Tombses mustn't know a breath about this. You'll find Johanna in the kitchen.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She'll have to give you her room and sleep on the floor in Miss Barb's ; she'll be glad of the excuse——"

"Tha-ank you, Miss Fannie," replied Virginia, with amiable complacency, "but we 'llowin' to soj'u'n with friends in town."

"O, indeed! Well"—Arrangements for a later conference were made. "Good-evening. I'm glad you're bringing such a nice-looking girl to Mrs. March. What is her — what is your name?"

"Da-aphne."

"What!"

"Yass'm. Mr. Mahch say whiles I wuck faw he's maw he like me to be na-ame Jane, but my fo'-true name's Da-aphne, yass'm."

"Barb," said Fannie, "I've just thought of something we must attend to in the house at once!"

LIII

DELILAH

Daphne Jane was one of Leggettstown's few social successes. She was neither comely nor guileless, but she was tremendously smart. Her pious parents had sent her for two or three terms to the "Preparatory Department" of Suez University, where she had learned to read, write, and add—she had been born with a proficiency in subtraction. But she had proved flirtatious, and her father and mother had spent their later school outlays on her younger brothers and sisters. Daphne Jane had since then found sufficient and glad employ trying to pomatum the frizzles out of her hair, and lounging whole hours on her window-sill to show the result to her rivals and monopolize and cheer the passing toiler with the clatter of her perky wit and the perfumes of bergamot and cinnamon.

Cornelius Leggett had easily discovered this dark planet, but her parents were honestly, however crudely, trying to make their children better than their betters expected them to be, and they forbade him the house and her the lonely stroll.

The daughter, from the first moment, professed to look with loathing upon the much-married and probably equally widowed Cornelius, but her mother did not trust her chaste shudderings. When John March came looking for a domestic, she eagerly arranged to put her out to service in a house where, Leviticus assured her, Cornelius dared not bring his foot. John March, however, was not taken into this confidence. The maid's quick wit was her strong card, and even Leviticus did not think it just to her to inform a master or mistress that it was the only strong card she held.

So, thanks to Leviticus, the only man in Leggettstown who would stop at no pains to "suckumvent wickedness in high places," here she was, half-way to Widewood, and thus far safe against any unguessed machinations of the enemy or herself. In Suez, too, all went well. Before Mrs. March, Jane seemed made of angelic "yass'ms," and agreed, with a strange, sweet readiness, to go to Widewood and assume her duties in her mistress's absence, which would be for a few days only.

"And you'll go"—"yass'm"—"with my son"—"yass'm"—"in the buggy"—"yass'm"—"and begin work"—"yass'm"—"just as though"—"yass-'m"—"I were there"—"yass'm." Mrs. March added, half to herself, half to her son, "I find Suez"—"yass'm"—"more lonely than"—"yass'm"—"our forest home." "Yass'm"—said the black maiden.

John was delighted with such undaunted and unselfish alacrity. He was only sorry not to take her home at once, but really this business with Garnet and Gamble was paramount. It kept him late, and the next morning was well grown when he sought his mother to say that he could now take Jane to Widewood.

"My son, you cannot. It's too late."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear John."

"Where's the girl?"

"On the way to her field of labor."

"How is she getting there?"

"In our buggy."

"You haven't let her drive out alone?"

"My son, why should you charge me with both cruelty and folly?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who took her out?"

"One, my dear boy, who I little thought would ever be more attentive to the widow's needs than her own son; Cornelius Leggett." Mrs. March never smiled her triumphs. Her lips only writhed under a pleasant pain.

"Well, I'll be——"

"Oh!"

"Why, what, mother? I was only going to say I'll be more than pleased if he doesn't steal the horse and buggy. I'll bet five dollars——"

"Oh!"

"O, I only mean I don't doubt he's half ruined 'em by now, and all to save a paltry hour."

"My son, it was not mine to squander. Ah! John, the hours are not ours."

"Why, what are they? O! I see. Well, I wish whoever they belong to would come take 'em away!"

Cornelius was at that moment rejoicing that this one was peculiarly his. As he drove along the quiet Widewood road he was remarking to his charge:

"I arrove fum Pussy on the six o'clock train. One o' the fus news I git win' of is that you in town. Well! y'ought to see me!"

But his hearer refused to be flattered. "Wha'd you do—run jump in de riveh?"

"Jump in—I reckon not! I flew. Y'ought to see me fly to'a'ds you, sweet lady!"

The maiden laughed. "Law! Mr. Leggett, what a shoo-fly that mus' 'a' been! Was de conducto' ayfteh you?"

Mr. Leggett smiled undaunted. "My mos' num'ous thanks to yo' serenity, but I enjoys fum my frien' Pres*ident* Gamble the propriety of a free pa-ass ove' his road."

"Oh! does you indeed! *Is* dat so! Why, you makes me proud o' myse'ff. You hole a free pa-ass on de ra-ailroad, an' yit you countercend to fly to me!" The manner changed to one of sweet curiosity. "Does you fly jess with yo' two feet, aw does you comp'ise the assistance o' yo' ears?"

"Why, eh—why, I declah 'pon my soul, you—you es peart es popcawn! You trebbles me to respond to you with sufficient talk-up-titude."

"Does I? Laws-a-me! I ax yo' pahdon, Mr. Leggett. But I uz bawn sassy. I ought to be jess ashame' o' myseff, talkin' dat familious to a gen'leman o' yo' powehs an' 'quaintances! Why, you evm knows Mr. Mahch, don't you?"

"Who, me? Me know Johnnie Mahch? Why, my dea'—escuse my smile o' disda-ain—why, Johnnie Mahch—why—why, I ra-aise' Johnnie!"

"Why, dee Lawdy! Does you call him Johnnie to his face?"

"Well, eh—not offm—ve'y seldom. 'Caze ef I do that, you know, then, here, fus' thing, he be a-callin' me C'nelius."

"I think C'nelius soun' sweet'n—" The speaker clapped a hand to her mouth. "Escuse me! O, Mr. Leggett, *kin* you escuse me?"

"Escuse you?"—his sidelong glance was ravishing—"yo' beauty mo'n escuses you."

The maiden dropped her lashes and drew her feet out of her protector's way. "An' you an' Mr. Mahch is frien's! How nice dat is!"

"Yass, it nice faw him. An' it useful faw me. We in cahoots in disyeh lan' boom. O, yass, me an' him an' Gyarnit an' Gamble, all togetheh like fo' brethers. I plays the fife, Johnnie beats the drum, Gyarnit wear the big hat an' flerrish the stick, an' Gamble, he tote the ice-wateh!" The two laughed so heartily as to swing against each other.

"Escuse me!" said Mr. Leggett, with great fondness of tone.

"You ve'y escusable," coyly replied the damsel. "Mr. Leggett, in what similitude does you means you plays de fife?"

"Why, in the s'militude o' legislation, you know. But Law'! Johnnie wouldn't neveh had the sense to 'range it that-a way if it hadn't been faw my dea' oletime frien' an' felleh sodjer, Gyarnit."

"Is dat so! Well, well! Ma-ajo' Gyarnit! You used to cook faw him in camp, di'n' you? How much good sense he got, tubbe sho'!" A mixture of roguishness spoiled the pretence of wonder.

"Good sense! Law'! 'twan't good sense in Gyarnit nuther. It was jess my pow' ove' him! my stra-ange, masmaric poweh! You know, the arrange-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ments is jess this! Gyarnit got th'ee hund'ed sheers, I got fawty; yit I the poweh behime the th'one. Johnnie, he on'y sec'ta'y an' 'ithout a salary as yit, though him an' his maw got—oh! I dunno—but enough so he kin sell it faw all his daddy could 'a' sole the whole track faw—that is, perwidin' he kin fine a buyeh. Champion, Shotwell, the Graveses—all that crowd, they jess on'y the flies 'roun' the jug; bymeby they fine theyse'ves onto the flypapeh." The pair laughed again, and——

"Oh! escuse me!"

"My acc*ident*, seh. Mr. Leggett, hoccum you got all dat poweh?"

"Ah!" said the smiling gallant, "you wants to know the secret o' my poweh, do you? Well, that interjuce the ezacly question I'm jess a-honin' to ass you. You ass me the secret o' my poweh. Don't you know thass the ve'y thing what Delijah ass Sa-ampson?"

"Yass, seh. I knows. Dass in de Bible, ain't it?"

"It is. It in the sacred scripters, which I hope that, like myseff, fum a chile thou hass known them, ain't you? Yass, well, thass right. I loves to see a young lady pious. I'm pious, myseff. Ef I wan't a legislater *I'd* be a preacher. Now, you ass me the same riddle what Delijah ass Sampson. An' you know how he anseh her? He ass a riddle to her. An' likewise this my sweet riddle to you: Is I the Sampson o' yo' hope an' dream an' will you be my Deli—— Aw! now, don't whisk away like that an' gag yo'seff wih yo' handkerchief! I's a lawful widoweh, dearess."

The maiden quenched her mirth and put on great dignity. "Mr. Leggett, will you pleas to take yo' ahm fum roun' my wais'?" She glanced back with much whiteness of eyes. "Teck it off, seh; I ain't a-answe'ed you yit."

The arm fell away, but his whispering lips came close. "Ain't I yo' Sa-ampson, dearess o' the dear? Ain't you the Delijah o' my haht? Answeh me, my julepina, an' O, I'll reply you the secret o' my poweh aw any otheh question in the wide, wide worl'!"

"Mr. Leggett, ef you crowds me any wuss on dis-yeh buggy seat I—I'll give you—I'll give you a unfavo'able answeh! Mr. Leggett"—she sniggered—"you don't gimme no chaynce to think o' no objections evm ef I had any! Will you please to keep yo' foot where yo' foot belong, seh? Mr. Leggett——"

"What is it, my dark adelphiana—my sweet spirit o' nightshade?"

"Mr. Leggett"—the eyes sparkled with banter—"I'll tell you ef you'll fus' a-answeh *me* a riddle; will you? 'Caze ef you don't I won't tell you. Will you?"

"Lawd! I'll try! On'y ass it quick befo' my haht bus' wide opm. Ass it quick!"

"Well, you know, I cayn't ass it so scan'lous quick, else I run de dangeh o' gettin' it wrong. Now, dis is it: When is—hol' on, lemme see—yass, dass it, When is two—aw! pshaw! you ma-ake me laugh so I can't ax it at all! When is two ra-ace hawses less'n one?"

"Aw, sheh! I kin ans' that in five minutes! I kin ans' it in one minute! I kin ans' it now! Two hosses is——"

"Hol' on! I said ra-ace hawses! Two ra-ace hawses, I said, seh!"

"Well, dass all right, race hosses! Two race hosses less'n one when they reti-ud into the omlibus business."

"No, seh! no, seh!" The maiden cackled till the forest answered back. "No, *seh!* two ra-ace hawses less'n one when each one on'y jess abreas' o' the otheh!"

—"'Breas' o'—aw pshaw!" cried Leggett, "you tuck the words *right out'n* my mouth! I seed the ans' to it fum the fus: I make a wrong espunction the fus time on'y jess faw a joke! Now, you ans' my question, dearess."

But the dearest had become grave and stately. "Mr. Leggett, befo' I comes to dat finality I owes it to myseff an' likewise to my pa'ents to git yo' respondence to, anyhow, one question, an' ef you de man o' poweh you say you is, y' ought to be highly fitt'n to give the corec' reply."

"Espoun' you question, miss! Espoun' yo' question!"

"Well, seh, de question is dis: Why is de—? No, dat ain't it. Lemme see. O yass, whass de diffence 'twix de busy blacksmiff an' de loss calf? Ans' me dat, seh! Folks say C'nelius Leggett a pow'ful smaht ma-an! How I gwine to know he a smaht ma-an ef he cayn't evm ans' a riddle-diddle-dee?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I kin ans' it! I's ans'ed bushels an' bar'ls o' riddles! Now that riddle is estremely simple an' dis is de inte'p'etation thereof! The diff'ence between a busy blacksmiff an' a loss ca-alf — thass what you said, ain't it? — Yass, well, it's because — O thass too easy! I dislikes to occupy my facilities wid sich a trifle! It's jess simply because they both git so hawngry they cross-eyed! Thass why they alike!"

"No, seh! no, seh! miss it ag'in! O fie, fo' sha-ame! a man o' sich mind-powehs like you! Din't you neveh know de blacksmiff fill de air full o' bellows whilce de loss calf—aw shucks! you done made me fo'git it! Now, jess hesh up, you smaht yalleh niggeh! tryin' to meck out like you done guess it! Dis is it; de blacksmiff he fill de ca-alf full o' bellows, whilce——"

They both broke into happy laughter and he toyed innocently with one of her pinchbeck ear-rings.

"O! my sweet familiarity! you knows I knows it! But yo' sof' eyes is shot me th'oo to that estent that I don't know what I does know! I jess sets here in the emba'ssment o' my complacency a-won'de'n what you takes me faw!"

"How does you know I's tuck you at all yit; is I said so, Mr. Sa-ampson? Don't you tetch me, seh! right here in full sight o' de house! You's too late, seh! too late! Come roun' here, C'nelius Leggett, an' he'p me out'n dis-yeh buggy, else I dis'p'int you yit wid my a-answeh.— No, seh! you please to take jess de tips o' my fingehs. Now, gimme my bundle o' duds!"—the voice rose and fell in coquettish undulations — "now git back into de buggy—yass, seh; dass right. Tha-ank you ve'y much, seh. Good-by. Come ag'in."

"Miss Daphne, y' ain't ans' my interrogutive yit."

"Yass, I is. Dass my answeh—come ag'in."

"Is dat all de respondence my Delijah got faw her Sampson?"

"Mr. Leggett, I ain't yo' Delijah! Thass fix! I ain't read the scripters in relations to dat young lady faw nuthin! Whetheh you my Sa-ampson remain"— the smile and tone grew bewitching— "faw me to know an faw you to fine out."

"Shell I come soon?" murmured Mr. Leggett, for the old field hand and his wife were in sight; and the girl answered in full voice, but winsomely:

"As to dat, seh, I leaves you to de freedom o' yo' own compulsions."

He moved slowly away, half teased, half elated. At the last moment he cast a final look backward, and Daphne Jane, lagging behind the old couple, tossed him a kiss.

Quite satisfied to be idle, but not to be alone, the maiden so early contrived with her Leggettstown vivacity to offend the old field hands, that the night found her with only herself and her cogitations for company.

However, the house was still new to her, if not in its pantry, at least in its bureaus and wardrobes, and when she had spent the first evening hour counterfeiting the softly whimpered quavers of a little screech-owl that snivelled its woes from a tree in the back-yard, the happy thought came to her innocent young mind to try on the best she could find of her mistress's gowns and millinery. By hook and by crook, combined with a blithe assiduity, she managed to open doors and drawers, and if mimicry is the heaven of aspiring laziness, the maid presently stood unchallenged on the highest plateau of a sluggard's bliss. She minced before the mirror, she sank into chairs, she sighed and whined, took the attitudes given or implied by the other Daphne's portrait down-stairs, and said weary things in a faint, high key.

And then—whether the contagion was in the clothing she had put on, or whether her make-up and her acting were so good as to deceive Calliope herself—inspiration came; the lonely reveller was moved to write. Poetry? No! "Miss it ag'in!" She began a letter intended to inform "Mr. S. Cunnelius Leggett," that while alike by her parents and by Mrs. March she was forbidden to see "genlmun frens," an unannounced evening visitor's risks of being shot by Mr. March first, and the question of his kinship to the late Enos settled afterward, were probably — in the popular mind—exaggerated. The same pastime enlivened the next evening and the next.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She even went farther and ventured into verse. Always as she wrote she endeavored to impersonate in numerous subtleties of carriage the sweet songstress whose gowns she had contrived—albeit whose shoes she still failed—to get into. And so, with a conscience void of offence, she was preparing herself to find out, what so many of us already know, that playing even with the muse's fire is playing with fire all the same.

(To be continued.)

SHE AND JOURNALISM

By Harrison Robertson

I

REMINGTON was both managing editor and night editor of the *Tripod*, a morning paper in a certain inland city of about one hundred thousand inhabitants, although he might have shifted most of the duties of night editor upon Alvin Gale. Maddock, the editor-in-chief, had told Remington, on the occasion of the last "shake-up," that he might have a night editor, but as Maddock had designated Alvin Gale for the place, and as, in Remington's estimation, Gale was not "a newspaper man," and never would be, Remington had declined the proposition. Remington was too proud of the *Tripod*, and too jealous of his own reputation to trust to Alvin Gale work of such responsibility as that of night editor, especially as, from its nature, it could not have the personal supervision of the managing editor, unless performed by that individual himself.

Remington had just got rid of a man who wanted to write a series of European letters to the *Tripod*—the third person with a similar want whom he had disposed of that week, although it was only Tuesday afternoon—when a quick knock sounded on the partially open door of his office, and, glancing up, he saw on the threshold a slender, merry-eyed girl, a delicate flush on her fresh, young face, a smile half parting her red lips, and a bulky bundle of manuscripts in her hand.

"I am looking for Mr. Remington," she said, the smile brightening, the words charged with a dubious laughter as if at herself and her mission; while her air was one of singular frankness and self-confidence, modified by a restrained but perceptibly tremulous excitement. She made the impression of regarding her presence and purpose as in some sense an enjoyable joke, but a "serio-comic" joke, withal, which she was carrying through with a bravado of earnestness that might not be far removed from the tragic.

"I am Mr. Remington." And as the managing editor of the *Tripod* spoke, the youth, the manner, and the manuscripts of his visitor affected him for the moment to a forgetfulness of conventionality and to a responsive impulse of light and genial laughter.

"I wanted to get work on the *Tripod*," she said; "but—you are laughing at me already!" in a tone which seemed to indicate that while she protested she did not blame him. Meanwhile her smile, though not less bright, was perhaps momentarily more doubtful.

"No, I am not laughing at you," he answered; "I am laughing with you. Besides," offering her a seat, "you are so different from the others."

"The others?"

"Yes—the other ladies who come up and wish to write for the *Tripod*."

"Oh!" a little apprehensively, "I suppose there are a great many such applicants?"

"Yes; a great many."

"But then I do not wish merely to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

send in contributions: I should like to get a regular place on the—staff."

Remington laughed slightly again, and she laughed also, and in such a way that he felt that she did not hold him guilty of rudeness, of which he was consciously altogether free. "What work can you do best?" he inquired.

"I don't know. Are there different kinds of work on a newspaper?"

"Oh! So you have never worked on a newspaper?"

"No, indeed. Only, my graduating essay was published in one."

"In a daily?" Remington asked, for lack of something better to say, being determined this time not to laugh.

"No, sir. In a weekly, at Columbia, Tennessee, which was our home then."

"And you thought that was newspaper work?" gently.

Her smiling face was tinted a pinker shade as she replied: "I thought that newspaper work was just writing."

Remington's laugh was heartier than ever. "Essays?"

"Essays and—anything; just what you happened to think of or run across."

"And you believe you would like such work?"

"Oh! yes; I am sure I should. I have read over and over everything I ever had printed. And I think it would be lovely to get paid for it—to make a living that way."

"You wish to take up newspaper work as a vocation then?"

"Yes. I—want to do something, and I think I should like that better than anything else."

Remington no longer laughed, as, with a kindliness that was akin to pity, he explained to her something of the making of the modern newspaper: its various departments; the methods by which they are conducted; the routine and discipline which the beginner must undergo, the perseverance he must maintain, the zeal with which he must prosecute tasks of dispiriting and even repellent drudgery before he can secure anything like a sure foothold in the office of a big daily newspaper. "That, at the bottom, is the only entrance to real active journalism for the inexperienced, except in the cases of persons of special attainments which have a value of their own in supplying the constantly widening demands of the newspaper press."

As Remington spoke her face became even more serious than his, and as he finished she was gazing at him with an expression which seemed to indicate that she had just entered a new world in which she had hardly yet got her bearings, and that if there was anything definite in her first impressions it was a sudden realization of helplessness.

"Then," she said, after a little, in a voice whose subdued change touched Remington, "I presume—I don't see that there is much chance for me."

"Such a beginning is hardest, as you can readily see, upon women," he answered, "although there is, of course, some newspaper work which women are not expected to do. That in itself is a disadvantage to them, for the best journalist is the 'all-around' journalist—one who can fill every place on the paper, and fill it well."

"But some women succeed, do they not?"

"Very few, if any, as all-around journalists; while those who do succeed, on a narrower plane, frequently do so only through personal sacrifices which, if you will pardon me, you would not care to make."

"If I had to go to places where—where I could not go alone, perhaps old Aunt Dilsey could go with me."

Remington resisted the temptation to smile. "There are, of course, classes of newspaper work which women do especially well, and for which they are peculiarly adapted; but usually a woman must make a place for such work by its excellence and individuality. Newspapers can and do get on very well without it."

For a moment it seemed as if tears would dim the brightness of her eyes as she looked at him in silence. But they did not. If there were tears they were only in the laughter with which she broke the silence, adding, "I am sure I have no such unusual talent, and it was very kind of you to explain it all to me so clearly. I am sorry to have taken up so much of your time," rising to go.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Wait a moment, please." And again he did not join in her laughter. He felt too much her disappointment to even feign levity. "I have not told you these things to discourage you, but only to give you a truer insight into the life which you are proposing to enter. If you still think you would like it, perhaps we can arrange so as to give you a chance to make a trial."

Her face lit up so gratefully at this that Remington felt guilty of receiving a gratitude to which he was not entitled, knowing how little "a trial" might mean, and how unsatisfactorily it would probably result. "Oh! will you, indeed, Mr. Remington?" she cried, quickly. "I will do the very best I can, and I do hope I shall succeed!"

"So do I," he assured her in a tone whose sincerity admitted of no doubt, although his use of the word "hope" would not have fulfilled the purist's requirement of an element of expectancy. "But you must not attach too much importance to the trial itself. We are willing to give almost any one, if he is young and at all promising, a trial on the *Tripod*, but we pay little or nothing until he demonstrates he is worth something."

"That is certainly fair. And when may I begin, Mr. Remington? Right away?"

"As soon as you wish. I will call our city editor and let him have a talk with you. We usually put beginners in the city department," stepping to a speaking-tube. "By the way, did you mention your name?"

She laughed and blushed. "Did I not? And I brought a letter of introduction to you, too!"

She began looking through her bundle of manuscripts, one package of which she dropped to the floor, and, as Remington restored it to her, she explained, with an amusing air of indifference and self-commiseration warranted in the light of her newly acquired knowledge of journalism: "I was ignorant enough to bring these to show you what I could do. They are stories, and have been rejected by the leading magazines."

"Leave them with me, any way," Remington said, as he took them from her. "I should like to read them. Perhaps something may come of them." And as he placed them in his desk he was conscious that he had not only voluntarily violated his rule regarding such productions offered him as "samples" of what their writers could do in journalism, but that he fervently wished he might discover in the stories evidence of genuine talent.

The letter she handed him was from Maddock, the editor-in-chief and principal owner of the *Tripod*, who had sailed a few days before for a three months' trip abroad.

"My dear Mr. Remington," it ran, "this will be presented to you by Miss Lorrie Petrie, the daughter of Colonel Lorrimer Petrie, a most estimable gentleman, formerly of Tennessee, but who has recently removed to our city. Miss Petrie wishes to take up newspaper work, and I have promised her that you will give her an opportunity to make a beginning. Put her on the pay-roll, at $10 a week, until my return, by which time you can doubtless estimate the value of her services and let me know whether we can find a permanent place for her. I intended to speak to you about this before leaving, but forgot it in the confusion of departure."

Remington smiled as he read it. "Why, this is an order for me to give you a place, at least for three months, Miss Petrie; and yet a few minutes ago you were on the point of leaving without presenting it, and without the place."

"I was so agitated at first," she smiled, somewhat uncertainly in return, "and then so discouraged that I forgot all about the letter. Besides, Mr. Maddock said he always left such matters entirely with you."

"He always does when the applicants are people he wishes to get rid of. The exception in your case is, you see, wholly in your favor. To be frank with you, Mr. Maddock puts you on the paper, Miss Petrie, but—it is better that you should understand the situation—if you should not prove adapted to the work it will be my unfortunate duty to put you off the paper. Mr. Maddock has reached that period in his career when he may sip only the sweets of journalism."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Remington, though feeling that he should be thus plain with her, almost regretted that he had spoken, for her joyous face grew graver and paler, and there was a slight unsteadiness in her voice as she answered: "I understand, Mr. Remington, and I shall not blame you if I fail."

"But you must not fail," he said, heartily; "and I am sure I want to do everything in my power to give you the hang of things and make a brilliant success of you," grasping her hand with a grip of such vigor that he accused himself of brutality for the next five minutes.

II

One day, about six weeks later, when Remington reached the office of the *Tripod*, he found upon his desk this note from Tunstall, the city editor:

"*My Dear Rem:* I was about to give you to-night my final conclusions as to Miss Lorrie's availability in my department when I was flanked and put to flight by that delegation of silk-hat and sack-coat statesmen that blew in on you from the Eleventh Ward. As I shall be off on that New Orleans trip before you get down to-morrow, or rather to-day, I 'take this method' of communicating to you the aforesaid conclusions.

"There is not much to communicate, however, but that little is definite enough, and in line with the intimations I have made to you from time to time. The long and short of it is, Rem, I can't do anything with her. Miss Lorrie Petrie as a reporter, or a reporter *in posse*, is a charming failure. She is quick, bright, versatile, observant; she can put her impressions on paper in better English than most of my boys. But there is no such thing as reducing her to order, and she can't look at things from a news point of view. She is minus that sixth sense without which all the other senses are worse than useless in the local room of a newspaper. But I can't say I am sorry she will never make a reporter; for it would be a pity to spoil so fine a girl to make even the best of reporters.

"But she is worth her salary as a civilizing influence in my quarters, and I shall be sorry to see her go. Mingo was always an unabatable nuisance as a janitor until she came, but since then, if cleanliness is next to godliness, the old sinner must have become about ready for translation. The dust of ages has disappeared, to return no more. And there has been as great a transformation in Mingo himself as there has been in the domain of which he has charge. Miss Lorrie has given him a suit of Colonel Petrie's, whose dignity of cut and reminiscential fineness of texture the old darky is evidently trying to live up to with a full sense of the obligations of the station to which destiny has suddenly elevated him.

"Most of us, in fact, seem to have taken on, like Mingo, a few new responsibilities, which, though at some cost to our selfishness, we are glad to bear. Pre-eminently conspicuous of her many works of reform among us, hardly excepting Mingo himself, is Rus* Mussey. You certainly have noticed the transfiguration of Rus during the last few weeks. He not only wears cuffs now, but he has discarded, we think forever, those notorious black-and-tan trousers which made him 'the cynosure of all eyes,' and to which the office-roaches seemed never able to accustom themselves. His picture gallery, consisting of illustrious heavy, middle, and light weights, 'stars of the diamond,' lights or 'tights' of the stage, and kings and queens of the turf, has gradually disappeared, until now little of it is left except the chromo of *Nancy Hanks*, which, since it attracted the interest of Miss Lorrie, he has had framed in gorgeous gilt."

Remington was not surprised at the unfavorable character of Tunstall's report. Remington's interest in Miss Lorrie had kept him informed, in a general way, of her progress, or lack of progress, and this final adverse verdict only hastened his plan of taking her from the city department and assigning her to work under his direct supervision.

He made the change at once, giving her a desk in his own office, much to

* Abridged from "Rustler," the familiar sobriquet which the boys in the office applied to Mr. Cadwallader Mussey, the base-ball and turf-reporter, and expert authority on athletics, dog-, cock-, and prize-fights.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the dissatisfaction of Mr. Mussey, and instructing her in her new duties with a zealous solicitude which did not escape the vigilant eyes of the same gentleman.

Remington had from the first desired to be able to conscientiously recommend her permanent employment on the return of Maddock, and his desire had strengthened when he learned that her object in seeking such employment had not been the gratification of a girlish whim, but the practical assistance of her father by eking out with her earnings his meagre income. Colonel Lorrimer Petrie, whose full name his daughter bore, and for whom her devotion seemed at once reverential and tenderly maternal, had long been known to Remington, by repute, as an old man whose patient persistence for more than twenty years in endeavoring to secure from the National Government compensation for property appropriated by it during the Civil War, had given him an identity in all newspaper offices which pretended to print with any approach to comprehensiveness Congressional proceedings. Once or twice the old gentleman—for "gentleman" was the one designation which everybody in the building, even to the usually cynical elevator-boy, recognized as belonging to him, no less than his shabby Prince Albert and scrupulously worn gloves belonged to him—had appeared at the *Tripod* office to accompany his daughter home when she had been detained till nightfall. Then Congress had assembled and he had gone off to Washington, and when next Miss Lorrie had been in need of an escort, Remington observed that old Mingo, though his duties for the day were over, had returned in his suit of the Colonel's clothes, cheerfully willing to take the Colonel's place, notwithstanding the rheumatism which "inginerlly kep' him indo's o' nights."

The following day Remington had told Miss Lorrie that she need not bother about Mingo again; that some one would always be provided from the office to accompany her home after dark; and when she had protested against that as unnecessary trouble, he had silenced her objections by assuring her that such was the rule of the *Tripod* as to ladies on its staff. At least, if it had not been the rule in the past, he inwardly promised himself, it should be in the future.

And Remington saw to it that the some one always provided from the office to act as Miss Lorrie's escort, was Remington himself—a new function of the managing and night editor of the *Tripod*, which did not escape the notice of other members of the force, and certainly not of Mr. Mussey.

It was thus that Remington saw something of her home life. There were in the household, besides herself and her father, Miss Dinsmore, who was an elderly lady, and her brother, Hal Dinsmore, a boy of about seventeen. The Dinsmores were relatives of the Colonel's, of which fact Miss Dinsmore appeared to be highly appreciative. They lived in a remote part of the city, in a cottage whose furnishings had evidently survived a once more pretentious station. Through the reporters Remington knew something of Hal Dinsmore as a wild young fellow, who was more of a burden than a help to his relatives, and after Remington formed the acquaintance of Miss Dinsmore he heard considerably more of the family history through an occasional chat with that garrulous lady, who, next to Colonel Petrie's family-tree, was given to talking most of Colonel Petrie's daughter—when that young woman herself was not in hearing. It was from Miss Dinsmore that Remington learned more than he had seen of the beautiful relations of father and daughter—of the sweet-tempered old man's lack of worldly practicality, and of the protecting comradeship and the plucky efforts of the light-hearted young girl to relieve him as much as she could of his responsibilities as head of the house; how happy she had been when she had secured a place on the *Tripod;* how proud of her the Colonel was, how confident of her success, and with what cheerfulness he had left for Washington the last time, feeling that as his brave and brilliant daughter had now won her way, he need worry less about home affairs, while he pushed his interests at the Capital.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All this weighed on Remington greatly. The three months of his chief's vacation were drawing to a close, and it would soon be necessary for him to render the verdict which would mean so much to this noble girl. If he did his duty, he knew what that verdict must be. There was no mistaking the fact that the Colonel's "brave and brilliant" daughter was not adapted to newspaper work, and Remington knew that he could not tell Maddock she was worth even the small salary she was drawing. If the information he had gained from Miss Dinsmore had not thrown a new light on Miss Lorrie's motives in the matter, her failure would not have troubled him so much; for he had little sympathy for the shallow disappointments of those who venture into vocations for which they are unsuited. Besides, he was beginning to understand that his interest in Miss Lorrie was not, and never had been, merely professional.

The thought that it would soon be his duty to decide adversely the fate of this young journalistic aspirant, in whom his concern, personally, was so peculiar, disturbed him so much that he plunged into that almost-forgotten bundle of Miss Lorrie's manuscripts with a vague hope that through them he might find some avenue of escape.

The result was that he asked her if she would object to his publishing some of her stories in the Sunday edition of the *Tripod*, and if she would permit him an editor's license to revise them in such particulars as he might see fit.

That permission being readily granted, he set to work with such zest that after three or four hours—hours which he found in the early morning—he had almost rewritten one of the stories.

He published it in the *Tripod* the following Sunday, retaining its original title and Miss Lorrie's pseudonym, congratulating himself that notwithstanding the necessity of denying her a permanent place on the *Tripod*, he had found a method by which he could put her in the way of earning more than her little salary, thus preventing the disappointment of those cherished plans of which he had heard through the loquacious Miss Dinsmore.

His delusion, however, was not to last long. When Miss Lorrie came to the office Monday there was in her greeting of Remington a hint of gravity and shyness new to her usual airy and easy manner. Remington, entirely unsuspicious as to the cause of this change, handed her a check, remarking that it was in payment for her story, which, he added, was just the kind of story the *Tripod* wanted.

But Miss Lorrie would not take it. "No! no! Mr. Remington," she said, hastily. "I am very, very grateful to you, but I cannot accept payment for the story."

"Why," exclaimed Remington, with perhaps an effort to appear more astonished than he really was, "I think it a very good story, and worth the money."

"So do I," with a flash of her old smile; "but it is your story, Mr. Remington—not mine."

And she turned to her desk with a dignity which was such a decisive dismissal of the matter, and which was so gentle and womanly withal, that Remington was silenced into the torturing conviction that he had blunderingly offered a coarse affront to the sweetest girl in the world.

III

One evening Remington, having been notified by the foreman of the composing-rooms of an unexpected pressure of advertisements, handed Miss Lorrie the proof-slips of the routine proceedings of Congress, suggesting that she try her hand at "boiling down" the report to three hundred words. Five minutes later, glancing at her from his own work, he noted that the pencil in her hand was poised above the paper, while she was gazing blankly at the proofs before her. Then, after a little while, he saw the hand which held the pencil drop limply to the desk, and with the other hand she quickly touched a handkerchief to her eyes, looking up immediately afterward in furtive apprehension that her agitation might have been observed, only to discover that Remington was bending intently over his desk, apparently oblivious of her existence.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But a few minutes later Remington stalked with a handful of proofs into the city editor's room, and, with a sternness which was by no means habitual, directed Tunstall to cut to a "stick" the Bar resolutions on the death of old Starkweather and the address of the Grand Grandiose Grandee on the assembling of the Grand Central Conclave of the Celestial Cavaliers of the Crimson Crook. Returning, he said, with an effort at lightness:

"You need not trouble about that, Miss Lorrie. I find we shall have enough space without cutting Washington." She looked up a little dubiously, but he took the proofs from her desk. "There will be nothing more for you to-night, and if you are ready I shall be glad to take you home. I—want to meet that ten o'clock A. & V. train at the Fifteenth Street station, anyway."

Miss Lorrie insisted, weakly, that she was not afraid to go home on the street-cars, but Remington assured her that it would not take him two squares out of his way, and would not listen to her going alone.

As she turned to put her desk in order and close it, he hung on one of his files the proofs which he had given her, rapidly running his eyes down them as he did so. On the first sheet he almost instantly detected the cause of her emotion, in a paragraph of the Congressional report showing that the House bill for the relief of Colonel Lorrimer Petrie had, through a turn of "parliamentary proceedings," suddenly gone to the foot of the calendar; which meant that there would be no further chance for it during that session.

He put Miss Lorrie's wrap around her with unwonted care, feeling that he would like to devote his future to putting things around her. Then he threw on his overcoat and they left the building. The cottage in which she lived was in the outskirts of the city, fully half an hour's ride in the street-cars. As Miss Lorrie opened the door a bright fire was visible in the little "sitting-room" which adjoined the narrow hall. Remington, lingering in the entrance, abruptly cut short the story he was telling, and smiling at her, said:

"How cold it is to-night, and what a cosey-looking fire that is!"

She laughed. "Won't you come in and warm yourself? I was afraid you did not have time."

"Indeed, I will! That ten o'clock train would break a record if it got here at ten."

He did not sit down. "I fear it would be so comfortable it would be hard for you to get rid of me," he told her.

Standing at one end of the mantel, he looked down on Miss Lorrie at the other, as she lifted what he thought the daintiest of boots to the fender. "I wanted you particularly to come in this evening, Mr. Remington." She spoke hurriedly, and a flush stole into her cheeks too suddenly to have been caused by the fire. "I wished to—ask you about myself—if you did not believe me unable to do the work you gave me to-night?"

Remington's manner changed instantly, and he answered, with an impetuous earnestness: "I took it away from you because I saw it distressed you. I pretended not to notice it at the time, but I did notice it, and I learned from the proof-sheets the cause. It is an outrage—an atrocious outrage!"

"I was afraid you thought me a failure," she replied, uncertainly. "You know you have never told me how I was getting on. I—fancied I was removed from Mr. Tunstall's department because I did not give satisfaction, and I have never known whether you believed I could succeed."

"Miss Lorrie!"—Remington strode over to her quickly, almost fiercely, and seized her hand—"give it up! Don't wear yourself out in a life like that! Leave it all, and be my wife!"

There was no flush on her cheeks now. She was pale, and apparently calm, while her voice, though very low, was firm. "You are very good, Mr. Remington," she answered, "but you must not speak of this again."

Remington stepped backward, stupidly. "You surely do not mean that," he protested, in a dazed way.

"You must never doubt my meaning," she replied, quietly.

He bowed his head in silent acquies-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cence. Then he said "Good-night," and turned to leave. At the door he stopped, wheeled suddenly, and with something of his former fierceness took a step toward her again. "You must not—promise me you will not let this change your relations at the office! I shall expect you to-morrow, as usual!"

"I hope to be at my place as heretofore, Mr. Remington."

Then he left. If he had returned an hour later he would have instantly disobeyed the orders she had given him, for he would have found her sobbing on the floor, her face buried between her arms, which she had flung upon a chair.

IV

Remington did not realize until the next day how tremendously in earnest he had been in exacting of her the promise to go on with her work as if nothing had happened. When she failed to appear at her customary hour he began to show signs of restlessness, and he finally abandoned the attempt which he had been spasmodically making to read the morning papers. After several hours of doubt and dread he received a note from her—just a line to say that it was inconvenient for her to leave home that day, but that she hoped to be at her post the next. On reading this the relaxation of Remington's tension was so great that he collapsed into a chair. He was so relieved that he had not cost Miss Lorrie her place that, in the reaction, he almost forgot his own misery. He even smiled sympathetically when Rus Mussey, his hands in his pockets, came whistling into the room, surveyed wistfully Miss Lorrie's desk, and whistled himself lugubriously out again.

She returned next day, and for nearly a week things went on as before, she perhaps being somewhat more subdued in Remington's presence, and he trying, as best he knew how, to act as if nothing unusual had ever occurred between them. But this could not continue indefinitely. He only wished for her sake it could. He had the comfort of knowing that he had not driven her away from the *Tripod*, but how was he to avoid driving her away when Maddock came back? That would be, according to a letter which Remington had just received, in about three weeks.

It was a little before two o'clock at night, and Remington sat in his office, his hands clasped behind his head, pondering the problem whose pressure upon him was intensified by the notification of Maddock's return, now so near. Remington could not, consistently with his duty, recommend the employment of Miss Lorrie. Of that he was satisfied. If he told Maddock the truth as to her journalistic qualifications, he knew the result would be her prompt dismissal; for Maddock was a man who did not let sentiment of any kind interfere with his business. A "trial" was all that he ever conceded, on the score of friendship, to any applicant for employment on his newspaper. And yet Remington could not bear to think of taking any step which would mean the loss to Miss Lorrie of her place. What was he to do?

It was a wild night. A damp snow had fallen to the depth of nearly half a foot, turning finally into sharp sleet. The wind had now risen to a fierce gale, and a blizzard was sweeping down from the northwest, driving furious blasts of ice-needles against the windows of the *Tripod* building and causing the boys in the office to turn up their coat-collars and to "skirmish" around for fuel for building fires, to supplement the ordinarily sufficient steam.

Rus Mussey and two or three of the other reporters who had completed their assignments and were on the point of leaving for the night, had gathered in the hall, their overcoats buttoned closely, and were discussing with animation the latest robbery which was then puzzling the police and the press. On the preceding Saturday afternoon young Charlie Jarrett, a trusted clerk of a big factory, had gone to a bank, as was his weekly custom, and had drawn about $4,000 with which to pay the wages of the factory's employés. Less than an hour after leaving the bank he had rushed to a police-station and reported that on reaching an alley which intersected the street leading to the factory, two men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had rushed forth, seized him, dragged him into the alley, clapped a handkerchief to his mouth, and when he recovered consciousness the money and the men had disappeared. Jarrett's good reputation, the confidence imposed in him by his employers, his soiled and somewhat torn clothes, the deserted and disreputable part of the city in which the robbery was alleged to have been committed, and a handkerchief smelling of chloroform found by the police in the alley, constituted the evidence which was relied on to substantiate Jarrett's story.

The case excited unusual interest on account of the prominence of Jarrett's family, and the completeness with which the mystery had baffled both the detectives and the reporters. The papers had been full of it. Tunstall, whose force had more than once solved such crimes where the police had failed, had assigned his shrewdest men to it, and he had just been in to tell Remington that so far nothing beyond speculation could be based upon their efforts. Rus Mussey and the boys in the hall were arguing the case from every point of view; some advancing one theory, and some another; some expressing belief in Jarrett's story, and some scoffing at it as the invention of a thief. Rus Mussey stuck to this opinion, and was expounding it with fervor, when his exposition was abruptly broken off at sight of a queer-looking figure which staggered from the elevator and rushed across the hall into Remington's office. "Cæsar's ghost! wasn't that Miss Lorrie?" and Rus, followed by the others, hurried after her.

Remington sprang to his feet in astonishment. The hour was so late, her face was so white, her eyes so wild, her clothing so disordered, that her sudden appearance, as if a part of the storm itself, startled him even more than it had startled Rus Mussey. With an exclamation of bewilderment he hastened to meet her as she ran forward. "Mr. Remington!" she said, breathlessly, and reeling, seemed about to fall from exhaustion, when Remington caught her and placed her upon the one sofa which the *Tripod* boasted.

"Run across the street at once and get some brandy!" Remington ordered Mussey and his companions; and immediately there was a clattering of racing feet down the hall and the stairs.

Remington grabbed his hat, and began fanning Miss Lorrie vigorously. Keeping that up for a minute without effect, he sprang to the water-cooler. But there was no water, and in this desperate dilemma by which he was so suddenly confronted he considered for a moment the utility, as a substitute for water, of the patented liquid compound suspended in a tin pail and designed as a fire-extinguisher.

Then raising one of the windows he took a handful of snow from the ledge, but as he was about to dash it into her face, observing that her wind-loosened hair was powdered with sleet, he hesitated, uncertain whether warmth rather than snow would not be the better restorative.

He did not reach a definite decision of that question, for just then there was a flutter of Miss Lorrie's eyelids, and as Rus Mussey panted into the room with a decanter of brandy, she opened her eyes and gazed inquiringly at Remington, who tried to force some of the brandy between her lips. Then one of the reporters, who had taken more time than Rus, ran in with a glass of something topaz-colored and steaming, and upon Remington's direction Miss Lorrie swallowed a sip or two. "It is nothing," she protested, feebly. "I was only tired," raising herself resolutely on her elbow.

"Yes, we can see that," Remington answered; "but, my dear Miss Petrie, what in the world brought you here on such a night and at such an hour?"

She had been looking steadily at Remington, and had not appeared to notice that anyone else was in the office. At this her eyes fell and she pressed her hand for a moment over them. "I—oh, Mr. Remington, I have found out all about the horrible Jarrett robbery!"

The reporter who had brought the topaz glass clapped it on the mantel and slipped from the room, while Rus Mussey, who for a second seemed to have been stricken speechless, broke the silence with "Cæsar's ghost!" and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waving his decanter wildly in the air, shot through the door and down the hall into the local room, where he announced, jubilantly, and audibly even to Remington:

"Boys, Miss Lorrie has done us all! She has got the Jarrett robbery!"

Whereupon Remington heard, what he had never before heard in the *Tripod* building—a rousing cheer. And the voice of Tunstall, the punctilious disciplinarian, rang out among the rest.

Remington, as he closed his door, felt like joining in that cheer; for if what Miss Lorrie had said was true, not only were all his perplexities concerning her journalistic future solved, but she had won both distinction and promotion in the office of the *Tripod*.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, eagerly, as he returned to her, "that you have come all the way from your home alone, and through this storm?"

"Yes," she replied, faintly but quickly; "there was no one to come with me."

"But there are no cars running at this time of night. You did not walk?"

"I—ran," shuddering as if with still lingering terror.

Remington looked at her with dancing eyes. From a newspaper point of view he was very proud of her just now. "Surely," he said, after an interval of silent admiration, "you cannot be mistaken about the robbery?"

"No, no; there is no mistake!"

"Then," he exclaimed, grasping her hand, "I congratulate you with all my heart; for you have certainly made a great 'scoop' and also a reputation which will be invaluable to you in your work."

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried, hastily, in apparent alarm. "You do not understand. I did not come to put it in the paper!"

"Not to put it in the paper?" amazed.

"I came to keep it out of the paper!"

Remington sat down, drawing his handkerchief across his face as if he were suffering from an enervating heat. "Indeed, I do *not* understand," he gasped, gazing at her vacantly. Here was a girl who had done what the most vigilant reporters and the most experienced detectives in the city had been unable to do, and who by this one exploit had routed all doubts as to her newspaper possibilities and assured herself the success for which she was striving, and yet who, despite her natural timidity, had hurried, at two o'clock in the morning, through a lonely part of the city and through a terrific blizzard, not to get the story into her paper, but to have it suppressed!

After all, it was like Lorrie Petrie, he thought; and he could hardly keep from smiling.

Her explanation was in few and rapid words. Young Hal Dinsmore had been the accomplice of Charlie Jarrett in the "robbery." Hal had concealed the money in his room, and finally had taken to his bed, ill from fear and remorse. He had confessed his guilt to her that night, "and I," she added, "could not bear to have the money in the house an hour longer. I did not know what else to do with it, so I brought it to you at once. And, oh, Mr. Remington, won't you keep it out of the papers, and won't you return the money and do what you can to prevent them from being too hard on Hal?"

There were tears in her eyes now, as she extended to Remington a little hand-bag, which she had not released even in her unconsciousness.

"Don't worry another moment about it," he said, reassuringly, as he took the bag. "It shall not get into the papers, and there won't be any trouble about Hal. I know the president of the company, and he will be glad enough to recover his money, without spending any of it, or any of his time, in prosecuting the boy. Well, Tunstall," opening the door to the knock of the city editor, "it was only a false alarm. There is nothing for the *Tripod* in Miss Lorrie's story. Miss Lorrie's 'nose for news' is a little erratic as yet," forcing a laugh.

A few minutes later Remington, having wrapped Miss Lorrie in Rus Mussey's gorgeous fur-trimmed overcoat—the only one in local newspaperdom—put her in a cab and took her swiftly home.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

V

As Remington had predicted, the employers of Jarrett were satisfied with the restoration of their money, and the discharge of Jarrett, leaving Miss Lorrie's wild young kinsman to go unpunished by the law.

That matter adjusted, Remington's mind recurred to the predicament in which the return of Maddock would place him with reference to Miss Lorrie.

This problem was finally solved, and solved so simply, two or three mornings after the incidents of the storm, that he wondered he had not thought of the solution long before. He was sitting, pondering the puzzle, after the last "form" had gone to the stereotypers, when Alvin Gale came in and engaged in desultory chat about *Tripod* affairs.

"By the way, Remington," said Gale, "Miss Lorrie showed the right stuff the other night, even if she was 'off' in her facts, didn't she? I tell you, there's a girl who has a career before her!"

"Do you think so, Gale?" Remington asked, quickly.

"If she hasn't I don't know the ring of the true metal. I've read her 'copy' and I've watched her all along. Tunstall didn't seem to be able to take her measure, but you know the laws of the Medes and Persians were what old Carlyle would call fictile in comparison with Tunstall's hardly less antiquated laws and by-laws of journalism. I tell you, I'd rather tie to Miss Lorrie than to any of the younger boys on the paper."

"Do you really mean that, Gale?"

There was an earnestness in Remington's question which Gale noted without understanding; and this was soon followed by such evidences of preoccupation and lack of interest in Gale's subsequent gossip that it was not long before he withdrew.

Remington immediately wrote the following message, his pressure on the paper being so hard that he snapped the point of the pencil in writing it:

"*I resign. Leave city at once. Whom shall I place in charge?*"

He sent this by cable to Maddock, who was in London. During the hours which passed before the reply came Remington was not in the least uneasy as to its nature. He knew Maddock's partiality for Gale, whom Maddock had always assigned to the managing editor's work when Remington took his vacations, and it was generally assumed in the office that if Remington should die or leave the paper Gale would be his successor. Remington was not surprised, therefore, at Maddock's answer, which came the next afternoon:

"*Are you crazy? If in earnest, Gale succeeds you.*"

Gale did succeed him that night; and the next day Remington, whose whole professional life had been spent on the *Tripod*, who felt that paper a part of himself, and who put his desk in order and gathered up his belongings with a heaviness of heart he had never known before, was on his way to New York, bent on a European holiday which he had promised himself for years, and consoling himself with the reflection that if he had given up a place which had been his highest pride, the *Tripod* had gained a managing editor who would retain, without violating his sense of duty, the services of Miss Lorrie Petrie.

VI

It was more than two years before Remington returned to America, he having extended his trip to a leisurely lounge around the world. For three or four months after his departure Tunstall had kept him posted concerning matters in the *Tripod* office; then Tunstall, dissatisfied with the new managing editor, had left the paper and the city, and Remington's only information bearing on his former associates had been gained from the occasional newspapers which had fallen in his way. It was thus he had learned that Congress had finally allowed the claim of Colonel Petrie, an act of justice which had been so long delayed that it was soon followed by the old gentleman's death. At Honolulu, on his way back to America, he read an announcement of the death of his old chief, Maddock;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and shortly afterward, being in the city at the time of the deposition of Liliuokalani, he sent an account thereof to the *Tripod*, receiving by the next steamer a telegram from the Tripod Publishing Company asking him to take charge of the paper as editor-in-chief.

Three weeks later he walked into the counting-room of the *Tripod*. The young man behind the counter recognized him and showed him back into the private office, requesting him to be seated and assuring him that he would "telephone" his arrival at once. Remington spent the next fifteen minutes looking over the *Tripod* and noting in how many particulars it had retrograded. Then the door opened and closed, and a voice whose memory had clung to him over lands and seas sounded his name.

Miss Lorrie, blushing and smiling as when she had first entered his office in search of employment, stood before him, and he was not sure whether she was on the point of advancing to him or turning and running away.

The next instant he had dashed the *Tripod* to the floor, had sprung to her side and had clasped her in his arms.

* * * * *

A little later — just how long and after just what manner of *tête-à-tête* it is not in order to inquire—Miss Lorrie observed, with an arch toss of her head and a coquettish upward glance:

"And now, don't you think it is about time that a young man who—who receives a young lady as you have just done, should ask her to marry him?"

"Perhaps," Remington replied with mock gravity; "but suppose the young lady once ordered him never to speak of that to her?"

"Oh! that was when she thought he spoke of it because—because he was only sorry for her."

"And now he may speak of it because—because she is sorry for him," Remington smiled, drawing her to him again.

* * * * *

After another interval, which can perhaps best be represented by such celestial symbols as stars, she asked, with something suggestive of trepidation:

"Are you going to accept the *Tripod's* offer?"

"I am waiting now for the responsible representative of the *Tripod*," he answered. "Who is it, anyway?"

She looked up at him, smiling with her old-time bravado and timidity. "Me—I mean I," she replied, tapping her shoulder lightly and nervously.

"What, you?" Remington laughed incredulously. "Why, what prank is this you are playing now?"

She hung her head as if detected in some guilt. "Mr. Maddock died, and his controlling interest in the paper was for sale. I had poor papa's money to invest and—I bought Mr. Maddock's stock."

"Why, whatever induced you to put it in a newspaper?"

"Perhaps one thing was," braving his eyes again with her smile, "the belief that I had had something to do with sending the managing editor away and wished to bring him back."

* * * * *

"So you see, sir, I was determined to get into journalism, if not in one way, then in another."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POINT OF VIEW

A WRITER in a contemporary American magazine who compares English and American home life says that the most striking difference is that the chief end of an English home is the comfort of the man, but the chief end of an American home is the comfort of the woman. That accords with American tradition about the manners and customs of the English, and probably it is as nearly true as epigrammatical statements are wont to be. Still, one may wonder whether it would not be almost as illuminating to suggest that the chief end of English homes is the comfort of the proprietors, while the ruling consideration in American homes is the propitiation of servants. Unless current information upon the subject is misleading, both master and mistress in an English home can buy much more domestic comfort than the same expenditure could gain for them in America; and that mainly for the trite reason that English servants are better trained, more easily procured, and cheaper than in America. The French Government lately proposed to raise an annual revenue of twenty-five million francs by a tax on domestic servants, to be paid by their employers. The tax is reported to be extremely unpopular among the servants, who say that they will have to pay it in the end; and the assertion that there are forty thousand of them out of employment in Paris indicates such a condition of the domestic labor market as seems to give a substantial basis to their fears. Americans would smile at the idea of being taxed for their servants. A bounty on each one would better suit the sentiments of the average American housekeeper. Not that life in the homes of well-to-do Americans is such a savage experience, or that servants are not indispensable in such homes, or that the housekeeper blames them for what neither she nor they can help at present, or that she undervalues their work; but merely because they are hard to get, hard to manage, and hard to keep, and expensive, and she wishes she did not have to have them. The Englishman's idea of domestic comfort may be an establishment with a dozen servants, but the average American woman's ideal is very few servants and good, and no more of an establishment than they are willing to take care of for her.

The English way of having comfort with servants is to have plenty of them, assign them definite tasks and not more than they can do well, feed them cheaply, and pay them low wages. The American way is to have fewer, feed them more expensively, pay them much higher wages, and expect a greater and less definite amount of service. The Englishman is satisfied with his method, provided he can gather income enough to carry it out. But the American is not satisfied, and a tolerably ample provision of funds does not cure his dissatisfaction. He does not think he gets his money's worth of comfort, and it is quite possible that he is right.

There will be a cure presently for this predicament, but it will not come on any considerable scale through a closer approximation of his domestic methods to those of the English. It will have to be a cure that will be quite as popular with the servants as with the masters. The grandchildren of this generation will get more domestic comfort for less money than their grandparents did, and one reason why will

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be that they will have a much more accurate notion of what they want and what they are entitled to. Standards of living will be much more definite in America two generations hence. Servants' rights, duties, privileges, and wages will all be better defined. Housekeepers will know much more exactly and without need of personal experience what scale of living their incomes can support. Rents will be lower, and there will be a better notion than now as to what household luxuries and conveniences are really luxuries and conveniences, and what are mere showy impediments to domestic comfort. With a great and growing body of intelligent people anxious to work and an increasing number anxious to have certain work done for them, the adjustment of the supply of labor to the demand is bound to be perfected. And yet it will be an American adjustment, with somewhat less servility in it than in the English method, and characterized, as all other American labor is, by the superior efficiency of the persons employed.

PEOPLE who value themselves on living rigorously by common-sense, and people who value themselves on living superior to it, are alike apt to regard it as little more than a sort of brute instinct. Yet even in the things that engage attention most commonly, the sense is brought out, if not actually begotten, only by a long course of education. Thus, before it can compass so obvious a bit of wisdom as that one must be at the station in time if one would not miss the train, a term longer than the term of a college must be spent in fruitful study. As the study is done with none of the familiar pains of study, and in the full ardor and joy of infancy—by explorations and experiments undertaken, apparently, in the idlest of play; by questions that to the tired and confounded mother who is asked to answer them seem nothing but a wantonness—we hardly realize that it still is study, and that the fruits of it still are education. But no less is the fact; and, in a way, no man is uneducated. Our phrase, "a plain, common-sense man" carries only by convention its disparaging implication. What it rightly means is a man whose experience and observation, as far as they have gone, have educated him, have brought him wisdom.

But there is a point beyond which common-sense of the ordinary kind will not suffice. In the learned sciences, for example, the learned professions, and the nicer arts, the ordinary eye, the ordinary ear, the ordinary intelligence cannot come at even the ordinary meaning; and here there must be a special training. The result of such training, however, is but another grade or degree of common-sense. A series of special instincts, as it were, is developed; but it is developed in the whole class of persons on whom the training takes effect. Individual differences do not come into account, for they are as wide in one class as in another. In every grade of society, among non-professional men as among professional men, there are people whose common-sense is strong, and people whose common-sense is weak.

In adding to the common-sense of men in general the common-sense of a particular class, a man adds, however, greatly to his capability in the world, and at the same time achieves a task to which a majority of men have shown themselves unequal. Therefore the world is prompt to yield particular recognitions and rewards to the specialists. Whenever, in the common-sense of their class, they prove a perfect strength and mastery, we do them the honor to pronounce them men of talent; and we are not unlikely to flatter them, nor are they unlikely to flatter themselves, with the idea that, being men of talent, they are men apart—men different not simply in training, but in very nature, from those who, lacking special acquirements, have "only common-sense."

Infallible proof of the secure abidance of even men of talent within the bounds of common-sense is apt to be supplied the moment they have to do with the only men whose sense is truly uncommon, namely, men of genius. In a genius of the highest order we have a man who knows almost without learning; who almost sees without eyes, hears without ears, smells without nostrils. None of his fellows is a guide or a rule to him. He is, we say, created, not made. Strangely enough, the men most obdurate against coming into sympathy with him, into nice understanding of him, are those who are prone to impute to themselves somewhat of his quality—the men of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talent. The poet, artist, or statesman cutting off into new ways, disdaining convention and tradition, and lighted by a higher, farther star than the ordinary eye can see: —who is first to bid him halt, cry warnings in his ear, and fling hard words at his back? The critic—a man of talent, an expert, the very embodiment of common-sense. And after the poet, artist, or statesman has had the crown of immortality on his brow for half a century, the men of common-sense will still be disputing whether anything so out of the usual order can "properly be called" poet, artist, or statesman. "The power, oh, yes, there is no denying that," they will by this time be conceding; but they will still be asking anxiously whether, put to such strange uses as it was, it may be put under any of their approved good labels.

It seems always to be a question of more or less perplexity to the novelist, how far he shall allow the talk in his novels to go. To the reader, in the main, the matter is quite simple: he likes abundant talk, and if there is too much of plain narrative he does not disdain to skip. But it is very certain, though he may not know it, that he owes his superior relish of the talk to a measure of reserve in the author in supplying it. A novel all talk would be as cloying as a dinner all tarts: very few readers like to read plays. Therefore, the novelists all consent that they must needs exercise a reserve; but concerning the degree and nature of the reserve, they differ widely.

At one extreme of opinion and practice is Flaubert, who, ascetic in everything pertaining to his art, professed nothing less than a "hatred" for dialogue in novels, and put such rigor into the duty of keeping it *characteristic*, that no room was left for slipping in the smallest speech designed merely to help forward the story. At the other extreme is Charles Reade, who cautioned himself, "When in a novel you find yourself about to say anything, pull up and ask, 'Can't I make one of my *dramatis personæ* say it?' If you *can*, *always do*."

Probably no novelist has repressed his people absolutely and infallibly to the degree urged by Flaubert. In any novel will be found speeches that in themselves disclose nothing of the nature or mood of the speaker, and are but a convenient shift for trailing the tale along. On the other hand, Charles Reade himself could not have had unfailing confidence in his precept; for of one of his novels, he expresses a fear that it contains too much conversation. This no novel could do, if to make whatever of the story could be made into conversation were a true principle: unless, indeed, the novel contained matter unnecessary to the full development and relation of the story; which, in his own case, seems not to have been the ground of Charles Reade's fear.

The common course, while lying between the two extremes, is not exactly a middle one. As the novel in its progress, responsive to life itself, has lost more and more the early fervor and force of incident, the novelist has been driven, out of sheer poverty, to depend more and more on talk. This necessity inclines him, at the present moment, perhaps rather more to Charles Reade's position than to Flaubert's. The most scrupulous forbearer from romancing is under more or less urgency to be dramatic, to have his people do something. And when people in real life do nothing but talk, the illusion is easy that talk is in itself dramatic.

Urging the novelist further in the same direction is that quickening of the conscience which all artists have experienced lately with reference to truth and reality. So much talk that is entirely characteristic is still not defining. Instead of taking the speaker out of the crowd, it puts him in it. Under the ardor of a pursuit of reality, some novelists have allowed their people to be blunt and copious in talk of this sort. Thus novels have seemed to be growing of late, not only more talkative, but talkative in a much smaller way: so that one wonders whether the shameless reader for mere pleasure will not be driven to reverse his wonted order and, skipping the dialogue, read only the direct narrative.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ENGRAVED BY F. S. KING.

ULPIANO CHECA'S "AN UNLUCKY MEETING."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 312.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED